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FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.*

THAT there are powers above us and around us, unseen, but having intimate relations with us, is a world-wide belief. Few nations have been found so degraded as to have no idea of Deity presiding over and controlling the powers of nature; and none that have any traditional literature are without the notion of a world of spirits occasionally manifesting itself to mortals. The charm of all ancient poetry—Oriental or Classical, Scandinavian, Romantic, or Teutonic—lies mainly in this, that it represents man in relation to the invisible world; man exercising his corporeal powers, aided or thwarted by incorporeal natures—Divine, angelic, demoniac, or human—which ex-

ercise their forces in a far more direct and powerful manner than through the cumbersome organization of flesh and blood. We may disbelieve every word of each particular narration—so perhaps did those who first listened to it; but if we as well as they had not a deep-seated belief in the general principle, and an instinctive desire toward that disencumbered nature, this lore would have no such charm for us.

The traditions of men on this subject are confirmed as to their general principle by the records of inspiration. The Bible tells of miracles which were wont to attest every direct revelation of God to man; of visits which men used to receive from angels, (*ἄγγελοι*,) messengers not always nor even often making it plain whether they were disembodied spirits of men, or belonging to some other order

* *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World.* With Narrative Illustrations. By ROBERT DALE OWEN. Trübner.

of intelligent beings. It tells also of principalities and powers of darkness continually acting as the enemies of God and man. In accordance with human tradition it represents flesh and blood as always quailing in the manifested presence of spirits, however friendly in their character; and it denounces as the grossest wickedness and rebellion against God the conduct of those who seek a forbidden confederacy with them, for the purpose of knowing what he has hidden in the future, or acquiring a power over the elements of nature beyond what he has permitted. The whole Bible is based on the idea of a spiritual world standing in intimate relations with our own.

In the infancy, whether of individuals or nations, supernatural agency affords the easiest and most acceptable explanation of all phenomena of which no other cause can be traced. Let children be told that the thunder which they hear is the voice of God, the lightning the flashes of his eye, and they will reverently believe that some dreadful wickedness has been committed to call for such expressions of anger; just as Christopher Columbus is said to have persuaded the American Indians that an eclipse of the sun was the sure token of Heaven's displeasure against them for their evil intentions toward him and his companions. But as individuals or nations advance toward maturity, they learn that all natural phenomena depend on approximate causes more or less distinctly understood. The thunder, which was once regarded as a personal voice, turns out to be the echo of electric explosions among the clouds; the eclipse, which darkened the sun at mid-day, is found to be occasioned by the moon intercepting his beams, according to a well-known law of her evolutions. We are taught that even the winds and waves, which appear so uncertain in their action, are subject to rules of sequence as invariable as those of the rising and setting sun. The beams of knowledge dispel the fairy frost-work of fancy; and the myths of infancy are surrendered for the studies of manhood. Now the reaction of our minds against the credulity of our ignorance is likely to drive us for a time into the regions of skepticism; and only by slow degrees, do we learn to hold an even and steady course in that path which is illuminated by the light of science, blended with that of faith.

It was the misfortune of European society that the ages of its ignorant faith were under the dominion of a crafty and avaricious priesthood, who worked on the credulity of the people to promote the aggrandizement of the Church. Hence the numberless and monstrous legends of medieval miracles, apparitions of ghosts, demons, and what not, the fabrications of willful deceit; or, at best, the offspring of imaginations perverted and diseased by the unnatural influences of monastic life. As the most profitable of all the lying wonders of Rome was the purgatory of a future life, so the very *bathos* of superstition was the belief that those regions of punishment lying beneath their feet might actually be entered from an opening on the surface of the earth; and that the man who could endure the discipline now in the flesh would be exempt from the liability to suffer it hereafter in the spirit. The purgatory of St. Patrick lay, relatively to the rest of Christian Europe, in the direction which mankind from the remotest ages had supposed to be the place of departed spirits—the somber regions of the setting sun, not absolutely inaccessible to the adventurous pilgrim. Here was a cave under the care of a small staff of Augustine monks, which was for ages the wonder and glory of Christendom. Whoever was bold and pious enough to endure for twenty-four hours the terrors of the purgatory to which it led might thus expiate all his sins, past and future, which otherwise would cost him ages of torment. Numbers from all parts of Europe made the attempt, and more perished than ever returned to tell their adventures; for, according to Jacobus Vitriaco: "Whoever went into it, not being truly penitent and contrite, was presently snatched away by demons, never more to be seen." In the case of those who were found alive when the cave was opened by the monks after the twenty-four hours, their experience in the various fields of punishment, the extremes of cold, followed by those of heat, fiery serpents, toads, spits, while tempting demons surrounded and threatened—all was carefully written down by the priestly guardians of the place for the edification of the faithful throughout Christendom. If the reader supposes that this was an obscure superstition, prevailing chiefly among that class of people who in modern times have resorted to the island for penance, let him turn to the

patent rolls of Edward the Third's reign, and, under date 1358, he will find the copy of a testimonial of which the following is a free translation:

"The King to all and singular to whom the present letters shall come, greeting. Malatesta Ungarus, a noble gentleman and Knight of Rimini, coming into our presence, hath declared that lately, leaving his own country, he has, with much toil, visited the purgatory of St. Patrick, in our dominion of Ireland, and for the usual space of one whole day and night remained shut up therein as one of the dead; earnestly beseeching us that in confirmation of the fact we would deign to grant him our royal letters. Though the assertion of so noble a man might be accepted by us as sufficient, yet considering the extreme perils of this pilgrimage, we are further informed concerning it by letters from our trusty and well beloved Almaric de St. Amand, our Justice of Ireland, also from the prior and convent of the said place of purgatory, and from other men of credit, as also by clear proofs that the said nobleman hath duly and courageously completed his pilgrimage; we have therefore thought proper to give to him favorably our royal testimony concerning the same, that there may be no doubt; and that the truth of the premised may more clearly appear, we have been induced to grant to him these letters with the royal seal. Given at our palace at Westminster, the twenty-fourth day of October."

There is also the copy of a safe-conduct, or passport, granted by Richard II. in 1397, to enable Raymond, Viscount of Perilhos, Baron of Seret, Knight of Rhodes, and Chamberlain of Charles VI. of France, to visit the purgatory with a retinue of twenty men and thirty horses; which Raymond afterward wrote a narrative of his adventures in the Limousin dialect, with all the usual horrors. "The most gifted tongue could not relate, the most forcible and copious writer could not adequately describe, such dreadful tortures and punishments. Woe to sinners! Alas for those who do not repent in this world! All the ills of this life, labor, poverty, exile, imprisonment, disgrace, misery, calamity, wounds, and even death itself, are nothing to the pains of purgatory." Such were some of the medieval "footfalls on the boundary of another world."

The light of the Reformation dispelled, at least from the English mind, the terrors of purgatory, and the notion that a mitigation of its tortures might be procured through priestly influence. But there remained a general belief in disem-

bodied spirits, good and evil, and the possibility of intercourse with them; as well as a solemn sense of the sin of any commerce with evil ones. In the seventeenth century we find Jeremy Taylor, in his episcopal capacity, investigating a ghost story, which was afterward communicated in writing by his lordship's secretary to the editor of *Sadducismus Triumphatus*. The leading facts of the story are, that the ghost of a man named James Haddock appeared first on horseback on the highway to one Taverner, whom he had known in the flesh, "a lusty, proper, stout, tall fellow," and desired him to carry a message to those who were wronging his fatherless boy in the matter of a lease which ought to have stood in his name; the reason alleged for appearing to him being, that he was a man of more resolution than others. But Taverner did not care to meddle with what did not concern him; and the ghost returned again and again, threatening to tear him in pieces if he did not carry the message. Whereupon Taverner, who was in the service of the Earl of Donegal, consulted his lordship's chaplain; and the chaplain took him for a further consultation with the incumbent of Belfast, whose only difficulty, after hearing the details, was whether it would be lawful to do the errand in case the spirit was a bad one. However, considering the justice of the case, it was determined to go, and the chaplain accompanied the man. It would seem the details of the wrong were admitted to be as the ghost had revealed them. A few days afterward the Bishop was holding a court at Dromore, and, having heard of this strange transaction, he summoned the parties before him for an investigation. Alcock, the secretary, who was present throughout, says that "my lord styled it a strange scene of Providence," and was satisfied that the apparition was true and real. He adds: "This Taverner, with all the persons and places mentioned in the story, I knew very well, and all wise and good men did believe it, especially the Bishop and the Dean of Connor, Dr. Rust." That the narrative, whatever its merits, was no fabrication, either of the Bishop's secretary or the editor of *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, who published it, appears from the fact that the same particulars were afterward related by the Countess of Donegal to Richard Baxter, with more minute particulars as to the

nature of the wrong done to the boy, with the subsequent fact that a new lease was drawn in his favor, and sealed by the earl her husband.

We learn from several of the books in which such narratives appear, that there were in those days persons who avowed their disbelief in apparitions, and held witchcraft and sorcery to be mere juggling and fraud, instead of a true commerce with the devil. We gather also that those who denied the possibility of communication with the unseen world, generally doubted its very existence; and, like the Sadducees of old, said that there was "no resurrection, neither angel, nor spirit." Bishop Burnett characterizes this skepticism about witchcraft as "atheism, which was then beginning to gain ground, chiefly by reason of the hypocrisy of some, and the fantastical conceits of the more sincere enthusiasts."

Descending to the eighteenth century, we find the belief of the supernatural becoming fainter and fainter, but not wholly extinguished, or even without respectable patronage. Dr. Johnson used to say, that "all reason was against it, but all experience for it;" and he puts this speech into the mouth of Imlac, the sage in *Rasselas*:

"That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could make credible. That it is doubted by single cavaliers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears."

In the same age Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, says, concerning occult powers in connection with evil spirits: "To deny the possibility, nay, actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery, is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages both of the Old and New Testament; and the thing itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath in its turn borne testimony, either by examples seemingly well attested, or by prohibitory laws which at least sup-

pose the possibility of commune with evil spirits."

Before that century closed, unsanctified philosophy had attained the *acme* of skepticism, and several of the leading men of the day proclaimed their belief that there was nothing real, except body, in the universe—neither God, nor devil, nor soul of man; and that all the functions that had been attributed to a spirit in man were but operations of his material organization. These views, however, were the vagaries of a few, carried away by metaphysical speculations. The men of science, properly so called,—the students of physical nature—took a different course. They found that many things hitherto deemed *preternatural* were assignable to natural causes; that many of the wonders of sorcery (so called) were tricks of machinery, chemistry, or sleight-of-hand; and that a great deal of the ghost-lore of the country fireside might be traced to optical illusion, ventriloquism, and hallucination. They explored the mechanism of the universe, and, to some extent, traced the plan of its government; they found it to consist of a marvelous catenation of causes and effects; whereupon they judged that all natural phenomena must depend on natural causes; they decided that scientific study implies a "postulate of constant sequences, with determinate conditions of occurrence;"* and too many of them jumped to the conclusion that the idea of any superior agency is inconsistent with "the sense of the invariable course of nature, and the scientific explanation of phenomena." "This totality of finite things," says Strauss, "forms a vast circle, which, except that it owes its existence and laws to a superior power, suffers no intrusion from without. This conviction is so much a habit of thought with the modern world, that in actual life the belief in a supernatural manifestation, an immediate divine agency, is at once attributed to ignorance or imposture." On this principle these *savans* have not only taught the present generation to spurn all belief in ghost-lore, witchcraft, and whatever else implies spiritual or supernatural agency, but they have, in as plain terms as they dare, discarded the Scripture records of miracles, prophecy, and other superhuman phenomena, representing these writings as the productions of a period when "poetry, religion, and history

* Grote.

were all one;" when "legend had the certainty of fact, and fact might be treated with the freedom of legend;" when "history was rather a heroic poem than an accurate narrative, and the scientific scrutiny of witnesses had not begun to be practiced." They do not hesitate to avow that this goes to sap the very foundations of the Christian faith. The leading organ of this school* says: "Religions, bound up, as they have hitherto allowed themselves to be, in the legends of supernatural appearances upon earth, in interferences by divine power with the ordinary sequences of events upon it, die away in the light of historical knowledge with the traditions to which they have linked themselves." On the same principle the doctrine of Providence is cut away from under our feet; and man, who has always loved to think himself under the benignant care of some superior power, is consigned to the stern machinery of "invariable sequences."

But it requires only a moment's consideration to perceive that this is going too fast. Science gets beyond its sphere, if it asserts that all phenomena depend on natural causes which can not be either overruled or contravened. Science has discovered many of the laws by which the material forces of the universe operate; but it has not discovered their relations to the Creator, or proved that he has bestowed on them an inherent and absolute power to perform their work without reference to his further will, and dependence on his continued energy. And therefore science is not competent to say that there can not, and never could be, miracles, that is, events suspending or contravening the laws of nature; still less that there can not be an overruling providence working with those forces, in harmony with these laws. Science has made some discoveries of the laws of spirit in connection with matter; but it knows nothing of its condition apart from it; and it is not in a position to say whether it exists without any material vehicle when it leaves the body, or whether it assumes a lighter and more manageable one usually invisible to the human eye; and if so, whether this vehicle is capable of being made denser at pleasure, and palpable to the human senses. All that regards the human spirit and its relations to another

world, must be revealed from that world; and it seems fitting that, when mortals still in the flesh were made the medium of such a revelation, their mission should be accredited by signs from heaven. We, who accept the Scriptures in their plain and obvious meaning, must believe that there has been such a revelation, given through man, and especially through the man Christ Jesus, attested by "miracles and signs and wonders." On the same authority we believe that there have been missions to earth of subordinate spirits from the unseen world, chiefly with reference to temporal matters, leading us to look on them as serving (*δῆκονοι*) spirits, sent forth to wait on the heirs of salvation; while to himself, and to a human ministry, the Most High has reserved it to carry out the great work of redeeming and regenerating the fallen race. Hence, when the rich man begged that Lazarus might be sent to his father's house, he was not told that there was an impassable gulf, but that the mission would be useless. So when the disciples were terrified at the appearance of the Saviour's resurrection body, and supposed they had seen a ghost, he did not reprove them for superstitious credulity, and assure them that such apparitions were impossible; but he said: "Handle me and see; for a ghost hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." Likewise, when that command was promulgated, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," nobody supposes the crime denounced was that of obtaining money by false pretenses, which is that which our modern magistrates impute to all members of the occult profession, sentencing them to a short imprisonment, and marveling that, in these days of education, any one can be so ignorant and superstitious as to believe that foresight can thus be obtained.

It is important to mark this, because even the Christian part of the community in the present day do for the most part adopt a tone in speaking of these things which shows they have, however unwittingly, imbibed to a certain extent the principles of this scientific skepticism. They hold, in a general way, that it is the province of education to dispel all belief in apparitions, voices, and other preternatural manifestations; and they think that if the masses of the people were instructed in the principles of science, their fears, their hopes, and their actions would

* *Westminster Review.*

no longer be influenced by any thing supposed to be the effect of spiritual agency. But this is taking it for granted that science has proved spiritual agency impossible; the inevitable consequence would be, that such a thing has never been; and then there is no ground on which we can maintain the credibility of our holy books in their obvious meaning. By what process does that which we pronounce "incredible because impossible" become credible, when removed two thousand years into the past?

Here, then, firmly we plant our foot, and affirm that, neither miracles nor apparitions may be discredited as in themselves impossible; for we devoutly believe they have been. Whether they ever happen now is a question of fact, depending on testimony; and if any individual chooses to say that he has met with no case in which the evidence satisfied his mind, he is, for aught we see, at perfect liberty to hold his incredulity without incurring the imputation of being either atheist or Sadducee. But he is not at liberty to decide *à priori* that it can not be. Likewise it is sheer impertinence to insist on first settling such questions as, "What good end would it serve? Is it worthy the divine wisdom to act in contravention of ordinary laws for purposes so slight?" If we enter on the inquiry at all, our business is first with the evidence of the alleged facts. If the thing is true, doubtless there is a reason for it worthy of the divine wisdom.

If we seek an answer to the question whether occasional interference from the spiritual world is a reality or a delusion, we perceive at once that it is one on which we can not afford to give common fair play to evidence. Our native instincts teach us to trust the evidence of our own senses, but our education makes us distrustful of that of all others. The man who has seen or heard something which he can not account for, readily supposes it preternatural; but from the very consciousness of his own weakness, if weakness it is, at least from the knowledge he has that the human mind has a tendency to such beliefs, and has often been mistaken, he will scarcely rely on another who relates a similar experience. If the thing has only appeared or spoken, it may have been imagination or illusion. If it has revealed something which proves true, it may have been a mere coincidence; or

the prediction may have proved the cause of its own fulfillment, as in the case of a death; or it may have been trickery throughout; or, finally, it may have been the result of some natural law with which we are as yet unacquainted.

Many years ago the late Rev. Joseph Entwisle told us he had visited a lady lately recovered from her confinement, and she had mentioned to him that a few weeks before, when lying quite awake in the night, she heard a voice distinctly say: "This year thou shalt die." She immediately spoke to her husband; but he had been asleep and heard nothing. She was naturally led to apprehend that the crisis then approaching would prove fatal; and regarded the voice as a warning to be prepared for her solemn change; but now, she added, that it had passed over safely, she felt the fear had been salutary, and her deliverance from its realization merciful, for the sake of her family. A few weeks afterward she had a severe attack of inflammation, in which she seemed much more absorbed in the present suffering than in any apprehension of danger. As soon as this subsided, she sent for her husband, and told him joyfully how much better she was. In vain he suggested his fear that she was not really better; she was sure of it, and could not be persuaded to forego the hope of a speedy restoration, till he felt obliged to tell her that the pain had subsided only because mortification had supervened, and she had but a few hours to live. Surprised but not dismayed, she replied, "Ah! if that is the case, it's another thing," and calmly began to give her last orders, soon after which she expired. To have known the venerable Mr. Entwisle, was to give implicit credence to his statement; but perhaps nine out of every ten who could not disbelieve him would say the lady only fancied she heard a voice. The fulfillment of its prediction was certainly a remarkable coincidence, as there seems no reasonable ground for associating them as cause and effect. Who, in the nineteenth century, would dare to say what else it was or could be? Yet it must be confessed that the same evidence on any other subject would be regarded otherwise. Not long ago a man was hanged for a deed which he averred had been perpetrated by his mother in a fit of frenzy, admitting that he had killed her to save himself from a similar fate. Suppose a female of unquestionable vera-

city, in whatever state of health, had sworn that, being awake, or believing herself so, she overheard a boy's voice exclaiming, "Help, Joseph, mother is killing me;" and if, moreover, it was proved by several others, that she had mentioned this before she could know the fact of the murder; would it not have saved Joseph Clarkson's life? Would any judge or jury have listened to the counsel for the prosecution pleading that it must have been imagination, the circumstantial evidence on the other side being strong enough to condemn him? In jurisprudence it is taken for granted that a witness may believe his senses; there is no allowance made for the possibility of hallucination or illusion, unless that is proved; nor for fraud, unless some motive can be shown, or some self-contradiction is detected. But testimony is not so easily accepted concerning this sort of occurrences. Moreover, trustworthy evidence is scanty in comparison with the amount of the alleged fact to be substantiated; and scrutiny has been remiss in allowing descriptions of difficult and doubtful phenomena to pass unheeded from lip to lip, without an attempt to set them in their true light. Most of our ghost-stories are old and beyond investigation, because the subject has been under ban, at least during the life of all the present generation. Few have cared to give publicity to any strange experience they may have had, and still fewer would peril their reputation for common-sense by looking into it. Half afraid that the phenomena were preternatural, they have shrunk from instituting an examination, lest no natural explanation should be found, and they should be shut up to conclusions that would involve them in ridicule. We remember sojourning with a family well known and highly esteemed in the religious world, while they rented a house for the bathing season near the cliffs of the Isle of Thanet. It stood alone in its own grounds, and was extremely free from holes and corners, having scarcely even a cupboard in any of its sixteen square and naked-looking rooms. Here were terrific noises night after night, consisting chiefly of violent knocking on the floors and internal walls, with sounds of footsteps, rustling of paper, groaning, etc., heard by every inmate of the house, except, perhaps, the youngest children. The only assignable cause was, that, the house being untenanted for a

great part of the year, smugglers might have made it their resort, might have excavated a subterranean way to it from the chalky cliff, might have apartments under the basement-story, and might by machinery, if not by personal ascent within the walls and between the floors, have made those noises to frighten away tenants. The supposition was plausible enough. Why then did not the family lodge information with the police or revenue-officers, who on the evidence would have been justified in raising the floors and opening the walls at the places that could have been indicated? Just because in their inmost souls they apprehended that perhaps it was no mortal thing that disturbed them; and, rather than be involved in the possibly unpleasant result of an investigation, they left the house. So an excellent opportunity was lost for discovering, if it could be discovered, what in a house could occasion those disturbances which gave it the reputation of being haunted. Doubtless there are few persons who have not known similar cases of suppressed information, though every one knows that a single *éclaircissement* is enough to swamp a host of doubtful narratives. Perhaps it is well that evidence is generally so scanty and unsatisfactory that no one can be blamed for giving little beyond a vague and general credence to the doctrines of ghost-lore.

The author whose work is named at the head of this article has undertaken to settle the faith of the present generation—to overpower and silence its unbelief—by adducing an extensive array of facts, classified under the heads of dreams, hauntings, apparitions of the living, apparitions of the dead, etc. Some of them are taken from works already well known, as Macnish's *Philosophy of Sleep*, and Abercrombie *On the Intellectual Powers*; but a large number are of comparatively recent occurrence, and have been received by him at first or second-hand.

We offer our readers an abridgment of the story which takes our fancy, more than any others, in the book: it is so circumstantial and life like in its details, so satisfactory in its results; to say nothing of the decided preference we feel for a ghost that still keeps its head-quarters in living flesh and blood.

In the year 1828, a Mr. Robert Bruce was first mate of a bark trading from Liverpool to New-Brunswick. When near

the banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate were one day calculating their progress—the mate in the state-room, and the captain in the cabin near it. Being absorbed in his work, Bruce had not perceived that the captain had gone on deck; and, without looking round, he called out: “I make our longitude so-and-so; can that be right? How is yours, sir?” Receiving no reply, he repeated the question, glancing over his shoulder, and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still receiving no answer, he rose, and fronted the cabin-door, when the figure he had mistaken for the captain looked up, and disclosed the features of an entire stranger. Bruce, terrified at the grave and silent gaze, rushed upon deck, and the captain, of course, begged to know what was the matter. “The matter, sir! who is that at your desk?” “No one, that I know of.” “But there is, sir: there’s a stranger there.” “A stranger! why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?” “But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked up full in my face; and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him.” “Him! whom?” “God knows, sir; I don’t. I saw a man—and a man I had never seen in my life before.” “You must be growing crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger! and we nearly six weeks out?” “I know, sir; but then I saw him.” “Go down, and see who it is.” Bruce hesitated. “I never was a believer in ghosts,” he said; “but if the truth must be told, sir, I’d rather not face it alone.” “Come, come, man! go down at once, and don’t make a fool of yourself before the crew.” “I hope you have always found me to do what’s reasonable,” said Bruce, changing color; “but, if it’s all the same to you, sir, I’d rather we should both go down together.” They went—the captain foremost—but no one was to be found. Taking up the slate, the captain saw the words, plainly written on it: “Steer to the north-west.” Bruce averred it was not his writing; and the captain made him put down the same words, to compare them. The same he did with the steward, the second mate, and every man of the crew that could write at all; but none of the hands corresponded. Concluding now

that some one must be secreted on board, the captain ordered all hands up for a search; saying: “If I don’t find the fellow, he must be a good hand at hide-and-seek.” When every nook and corner of the vessel had been searched, from stem to stern, with all the eagerness of excited curiosity, but no stranger could be found, the captain seriously consulted whether the warning ought not to be obeyed; and, finally, he directed the mate to change the course to north-west, and employ a trusty man to look out. About three o’clock, an iceberg was descried, and afterward a dismantled ship entangled in it, with many human beings on board. On a nearer approach, she was found to be a mere wreck, her provisions exhausted, and her crew and passengers almost famished. Boats were sent for them; and as one of the men from the third boat was ascending the ship’s side, the mate started back in consternation; for it was the face, the person, the dress, of him he had seen at the captain’s desk three or four hours before. When the hurry was over, and the bark was on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. “It seems it was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir. The man’s alive. One of the passengers we have just saved is the same man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice.” Together they sought out the man; and the captain, inviting him down to the cabin, begged he would do him the favor to write a few words on his slate. “Suppose you write: ‘Steer to the north-west’?” The passenger, greatly puzzled at the request, complied nevertheless. The captain stepped aside, and giving him the slate again, with the other side up, he said: “You say that is your handwriting?” “I need not say so, for you saw me write it.” “And this?” said the captain, turning the slate over. The passenger was confounded. “I wrote only one of these. Who wrote the other?” “That’s more than I can tell you, sir. My mate says you wrote it here—sitting at this desk—at noon to-day.” Some further conversation took place, in which the captain of the wreck being present, joined. He explained that this gentleman had fallen into what seemed a heavy sleep, some time before noon, and, on awaking, after an hour or more, had expressed his confident hope of deliverance, saying that he had dreamed of being on board a bark, the appearance and rig of

which he described, exactly as it appeared when she hove in sight. The passenger averred that he had no recollection of dreaming that he wrote any thing. He got the impression, he knew not how, that the bark was coming to the rescue. "There is another thing very strange about it," added he; "every thing here on board seems quite familiar; yet I am very sure I never was in your vessel before." Whereupon Mr. Bruce told him all the circumstances of the apparition he had seen; and they agreed, in the conclusion, that it was a special interposition of Providence. This story was related to Mr. Owen by Captain Clarke, of the schooner Julia Hallock, who had it from Mr. Bruce himself, about eight years after the occurrence, and has allowed his name to be used; adding, that he has lost sight of Bruce, but that "he would stake his life upon it, that he had told him no lie."

An incident in the life of the late Dr. Adam Clarke is, in principle, the counterpart of Mr. Bruce's story. During one of his preaching tours he told his son one morning that he had had a pleasing dream about going home and seeing Mrs. Clarke, who was, he said, lying not in her own but the spare bedroom, and was looking very well. It so happened that Mrs. Clarke was in the spare bedroom for that night; and being, as she believed, quite awake, she heard the sound of her husband riding up to the house, putting up his horse and saddle, ascending the stairs, and entering the apartment; she then saw him walk round the bed, gazing upon her. Dr. Abercrombie has adduced another narrative extremely like this, about the Rev. Joseph Wilkins visiting his mother in a dream, as he thought, and terrifying her into the belief that he was dead or dying. Mr. Owen adds others of the same character. In each of them a visit is received, or believed to be received, by a person lying awake, from another who at the same hour dreams of paying such a visit, the conversation and all other details coinciding.

Here is a more startling case. Dr. Kerner relates* that on the twenty-eighth of May, 1827, about three o'clock in the afternoon, being with Madame Hauffe, who was ill in bed at the time, that lady suddenly perceived the appearance of herself seated in a chair, wearing a white dress; not that which she then wore, but

another belonging to her: she endeavored to cry out, but could neither speak nor move. Her eyes remained wide open and fixed; but she saw nothing except the appearance and the chair on which it sat. After a time she saw the figure rise and approach her; then as it came quite close to her, she experienced what seemed an electric shock, the effect of which was perceptible to Dr. Kerner; and with a sudden cry she regained the power of speech, and related what she had seen and felt. Dr. Kerner saw nothing.

There are numerous examples, as well authenticated as such narrations can generally be, of apparitions at the moment of death. None of those adduced by Mr. Owen are better than one which some of the elder members of the Wesleyan Conference may recollect hearing from a junior brother many years ago. He said that when a thoughtless, if not skeptical young man, he was sitting one evening with his sister and her little boy, when suddenly the window-blinds flew open, and the figure of the lady's husband, who was serving in the Peninsular war, became distinctly visible to all of them. The child exclaimed, "It's papa," and was running forward, when it disappeared. In due time they heard that he had fallen in battle, mortally wounded; and, when dying, on that day and about that hour, was heard to exclaim: "Oh! that I could see my wife and my child!"

Mr. Owen professes not to construct a theory, but to collect facts; those facts consisting chiefly of spontaneous phenomena, rather than those which are evoked. Nevertheless, he affords a pretty clear insight into both the scientific theory and the religious belief, which, at least in his mind, are bound up with these phenomena. The substance of the former is, that there is in man not only a spirit, but a *spiritual body*; that "these coëxist while earthly life endures in each one of us; that the spiritual body, a counterpart to human sight of the natural body, may during life occasionally detach itself to some extent or other and for a time from the material flesh and blood which for a few years it pervades in intimate association; that death is but the issuing forth of the spiritual body from its temporary associate;" and that it then becomes "entirely and forever divorced from it, and passes into another state of existence."

* Scherlin Von Prevorst, pp. 193, 199.

If Mr. Owen's work had so engaged our confidence that we could regard it as an authority in these matters, we could have wished that he had said more distinctly whether he considers the essence of this spiritual body to be what is usually called human electricity; whether it is this that forms the inseparable vehicle of the immortal spirit, and constitutes the means by which it makes itself seen or heard without the grosser frame of flesh and blood. We should also have been very glad if he had explained where the connection lies between these apparitions and modern table-rapping. The one he calls the spontaneous, the other the evoked, phenomena of the ultra-mundane; and he considers the former as a proper foundation for the study of the latter, into which he does not enter further than to relate how the mode of evoking spirits was discovered at Hydesville, about twelve years ago, and opened up, as he says, a new department in the science of the soul—the positive and experimental. We shall do our best to fill up this hiatus.

Without prematurely accepting the theory that electricity, or something akin to it, is the inseparable vehicle of spirit—that even during life the spirit can, with this vehicle, detach itself from the body under some peculiar circumstances, as deep sleep or trance; and that it finally departs with the spirit at death, and forms its residence till the resurrection—we may admit that such a supposition affords a very plausible solution of many undeniable psychological facts, of which at least no better explanation can be offered. That electricity is the means by which the spirit pervades and operates on the material frame, is now almost beyond question. No one has more satisfactorily proved its presence and power in the human body than Rütter, who has invented an instrument for ascertaining its comparative force in different individuals, and in the same individual under different conditions. It appears that the human body is a source of electricity, in the same sense as glass, wax, or hair; so that it can be elicited even if the body is insulated on a glass stool, whereas a machine requires to stand on the ground. The best-informed do not pretend to say whether human electricity is the same thing as chemical; for no one pretends to understand the essential nature of either; but those laws and modes of operation which are ascertained,

are similar. In some persons electricity is much more freely elicited than in others. During the winter of 1683, the wife of Major Sewell, in New-England, had but to shake her apparel in the evening, and sparks flew out with a crackling noise like bay leaves in the fire. Some ladies in this country, during frosty weather, can see sparks if they shake their woollen skirts while undressing in the dark; and it is very common to see them if a silk skirt is rapidly slipped down over a woollen one, after being worn all day.

Rütter's experiments go to prove that wounded or chapped hands produce a much more powerful current than whole ones.

The reader may, if he pleases, prosecute an interesting set of experiments on human electricity with very simple apparatus. We are all familiar with it—the shilling suspended in a glass bowl or large tumbler, by a piece of silk thread about eight inches long. If a man holds this thread between his finger and thumb, his left hand being open and loose, the shilling will presently begin to perform a rotatory motion from left to right, that is, a direct one. If another man now places his thumb on the palm of the operator's left hand, the shilling will perform a direct oscillating movement, like a pendulum; and the same, if a female places her forefinger on his left hand. Now, if a man places his forefinger, or a woman her thumb, the oscillation is transverse. Let a female hold the thread, her left hand being open and free, there will be direct oscillation; not rotation, as in the man's case. Let her clench the fist of the left hand, the oscillation becomes transverse. Let a man place his thumb in her open hand, there is a direct rotation; let a female do the same, there is reverse rotation. Let a man place his forefinger on her hand, there is reverse rotation; let a woman do the same, there is direct rotation. Let the lady take some feathers and hold them loosely, the oscillation is transverse; let her clench them tightly, it is direct—just the contrary from what she experienced with the left hand. Let a stick of sealing-wax be laid on the tips of her fingers, there is transverse oscillation in the shilling; let it be balanced on her thumb, it becomes direct. Let her put her thumb (left hand of course) in water, there is transverse oscillation; her forefinger, and it is direct. Here are deep secrets, of

which the strangest seems to be that the electric current from the man produces rotatory, and that from the female oscillatory, motion in the shilling; but that he can communicate the rotatory through her, and she can produce the oscillatory through him, by a light touch of the thumb or finger. For some of these experiments we are indebted to Rütter, who has invented a fixed instrument called a magnetoscope, to preclude the possibility of muscular action, and prove the phenomena to be purely electroid. If any one mistrusts himself in this respect, let him commit the thread to some one who does not know what ought to be the result, with directions merely to hold it quite steadily. In some of these experiments a change of motion is produced rapidly and easily; but in some it is tedious, so that the less patient and less experienced had better drop the shilling a second or two between each, and steady it again in the center.

What has all this to do with table-spinning? A great deal, indeed. Having proved the electric current within us, we apply it, not to a suspended shilling, but to a three-legged table on which we place the tips of our fingers, forming a human battery round it; and, after patient waiting, we see it begin to spin, and may subject it to further operations, and obtain from it results far surpassing any thing dreamed of before. We may deplore the trickery, the delusions, the impiety, and the immorality which have been unhappily connected with the development of this phenomenon; but we can not regard it as all trickery, still less reckon it inseparable from impiety. There have been cheats and jugglers enough in table-rapping; and it may be admitted that all professed mediums, plying their calling for money, are to be suspected and avoided. But the art has been practiced by hundreds of guileless young people at their own homes; and the pity is, that the results of the mere scientific experiment are not sought in a sober, intelligent, and Christian-like manner. The attempt to prove that table-moving is the result of involuntary and unconscious muscular force, is now generally acknowledged to have been unsuccessful; and the fact can no longer be gainsaid, that a table which requires the united strength of two persons to move it only a few inches, can, if several persons touch it gently with the tips of their

fingers, be moved several feet at a time, without the visible or conscious application of any force whatever. Now, they proceed to further tests; and, finding symptoms, however rude, of that intelligence and volition which have always been reckoned the peculiar attributes of an immaterial principle, they forthwith conclude that the table is now possessed by some spirit from the unseen world, with whom they may converse, and from whom learn lessons of wisdom and knowledge. To ourselves it seems inexplicable that sober-minded and even scientific persons, wedded to the doctrine of invariable sequences, should believe a thing so inconsequent; that having, by purely mechanical means, charged the timber from their own bodies with that which is the immediate agent of their muscular action, they should believe its action to be any other than their own. Does it not remind one of the ancient folly of making a god out of a stump of a tree, and falling down and worshiping it? The fact that thousands upon thousands—some say, several millions—in Europe and America have embraced this delusion within the last few years, is a startling proof of the indomitable disposition of man to believe in the supernatural, and to desire intercourse with the world of spirits. The frequent detection of *mediums* who have practiced mere deception and imposture, has not led to any general discouragement of the profession; and, night after night, the young and unsuspecting attend the *séances*. Here they listen to what they believe to be voices from Hades, teaching all manner of abominations in morals, as well as errors in religion. Those who have been nursed in piety learn to trifle with holy things; the virtuous are led to the very verge of impurity; and the fallen revel in lasciviousness.

This wonderful table-rapping, however, may be tested by sober people, without a thought of any thing ultra-mundane connected with their operations. It was so tested, to our knowledge, under intelligent though not highly scientific direction, at an evening party a short time ago. The table began to spin, when the operators had kept their fingers on it for the usual time, in the approved manner. They concluded that the electric current was established. They changed their respective places; it stopped, and would not work for about ten minutes. They con-

cluded that the current had been broken, and was now reestablished. One of them mentally willed it to stop, and it stopped, notwithstanding the desire of the rest that it should proceed. A gentleman willed it to lift up the foot that was under his hand, while he directed the opposite lady to bear as lightly as possible on her side of the leaf—the foot rose; several ladies strove in vain to pull it to the ground, and an athletic man succeeded only by using a force that seemed likely to break it. The table was asked several questions, to which it replied, by lifting its foot and rapping, or rather stamping, in the fashion of which every one has heard. They satisfied themselves and the company, that the responses were the mere echo of what was passing in their minds, and never went beyond their own intelligence. For instance: they asked how many persons were in the room. One of the operators had counted and knew there were twelve; another who had not, believed there were fourteen. The table rapped fourteen; and so they proved it in several instances when they differed in their own minds as to number; it went on to the highest that any of them thought of. Whenever they asked any thing that none of them knew, the table was quite at fault. Fraud and physical force were in this case alike and completely out of the question. The facts were curious, and would be startling to those who had never heard, or at least never believed, the wonders of table-rapping. So far as they went, they tended to establish the theory that it is possible for a company of human beings to constitute themselves a galvanic battery, and charge a piece of inert matter in such wise that it shall respond to their volition and intelligence, like a limb of their own bodies. What seems wanted is, that such experiments should be repeated, extended, and directed by scientific knowledge. A few good electric or magnetic tests it may safely be predicted, would satisfy any educated company as to what had got into the timber, putting out of the question any spirit, good or bad, other than their own.

It may be remarked that table-rapping bears a close analogy to the phenomena of house-haunting, so called. Those who have carefully winnowed among the stories of this class, bear witness that the predominant element in those best authenti-

cated is mischievous, freakish, boisterous, rather than either solemn or dreadful; and Mr. Owen suggests the idea of spirits of a comparatively inferior order, imps of frolic and misrule, not wicked, but tricky, a class for whom the Germans have framed the epithet *Poltergeister*. As an improvement, we should like to suggest the possibility of small quantities of electricity being produced in the walls or floors, by the action of mineral substances; or discharged from the tips of tiny fingers belonging to the "imps of frolic and misrule" in the nursery. The disturbances at the Epworth Rectory, which have been referred to by every biographer of the Wesleys, are, in some respects, strikingly familiar to the pranks of a spinning-table.

If it can be established, as doubtless it can, that a current of electricity from the human body can be made to enter inert matter, and there show itself responsive to the volition and intelligence of the immortal mind within the body from which it flowed, it will go of course very far toward proving that this is the connecting link between mind and matter, the immaterial and the material. And it seems, in the nature of things, very fitting that it should be so; that this mysterious agent which baffles every attempt to investigate its nature, this which in its very essence seems to hold a middle place between the material and the immaterial, should indeed be the medium of their action and reaction on each other. This opens a wide field for analogical reasoning and inference. For example: If electricity in the human body is the inseparable companion of intelligent spirit, can it be supposed that all the other electricity in the world is destitute of it? The hair of animals is highly electric; is it through this that they make those communications to each other of which there are undoubted proofs in the records of animal instinct? An interesting, and we think not irrelevant, example occurred under our own observation within the last few months. There were two cats in one house in the predicament of the two women who came to Solomon for judgment, one was the mother of a dead, and the other of a living, kitten. The bereaved one tried once and again to steal a visit to the little nursling, which was about ten days old; but she was driven off by the rightful mother, Patch, or Cross-patch, so called from her bad temper.

Soon after such a repulse, we saw her gently go up to Patch, who was about four feet from the kitten, and make strange-looking passes with her head about hers. It was not close rubbing; but there must have been a perfect contact of whiskers for several seconds, first on one side, then on the other. It was a bargain. Straightway she passed on to the kitten, and, lying down on her side, drew it to a close embrace, while Patch stood by consenting. We did not observe how soon the little thing appreciated the invitation to take nourishment from her, but from that day the two cats nursed the one kitten in perfect harmony.

Then, what of the electricity of the thunder-cloud? Will science lead us back to the beliefs of our nursery, and make us little children again? Or will she revive in a modified form the beautiful mythology of the Greeks, which peopled all nature with gods? Will some *savant* at a future day feel persuaded that the great Creator has committed the elements of the globe to subordinate intelligence, to be wielded according to his will, this all-pervading electricity being the medium by which their powers are brought to bear on inert matter? Will any future commentator conjecture it to be in this sense that "He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers" (*Anglicæ* "His messengers ghosts, and his servants") "a *flame of fire*?" Will science herself one day turn round on her votaries, and shiver to atoms their doctrine of invariable sequences, by assuring them that this all-pervading element is the immediate agent of self-determining intelligence?

It is satisfactory, at least, to find that those who now lead the van in experimental science manifest no disposition to assert that electricity is itself life or spirit, but only deem it to be its constant accompaniment; and that Mr. Owen's theory of the spiritual body supposes it to be not controlling, but controlled by the immaterial principle, and by it carried whithersoever it will. This is illustrated by some touching narratives of dying mothers going off in spirit to see their children at a distance; the apparition being visible to those who were with the children, while those who watched the flesh and blood deemed that it slept, and were informed, when consciousness returned, that the children had been visited. It seems a sad pity that Mr. Owen's ghost-lore, which is

for the most part very harmless in its tendencies, should be laid by himself as a foundation for the wicked delusions connected with rapping; that after demonstrating, to his own satisfaction at least, a vehicle of electroid character, subject to an immortal, heaven-born spirit, dwelling with it in the body, and traveling with it out of the body, he should lead his readers to suppose that this spiritual body with its master can be compelled to come and sojourn in a table at the bidding of any set of idle boys and girls that choose to place their fingers on the leaf, and that it must answer all their silly questions. It is no wonder that Mr. Owen found some difficulty in pointing out the connection between ghost-lore and spirit-rapping; and so concluded his work with the ghosts, speculating on the character and uses of their intermediate state.

If we could for a moment entertain the idea of table rapping being a means of communication with departed spirits, we must denounce it as that sin of witchcraft which all laws, human and divine, have represented as rebellion against Heaven. The most particular account we have in Scripture, of a witch's proceedings, is in 1 Samuel 28, where we are told that when the Lord departed from Saul, and "answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets," he resorted to a witch, and required her to bring up, not an evil spirit, but that of the holy prophet Samuel, who was displeased at the disturbance. Some have striven to show that the witch only pretended to bring up ghosts, and was herself terrified at the sight of Samuel. The obvious bearing of the whole passage, however, conveys rather that her alarm arose from the sudden discovery that her visitor was the king who had been wont to punish witches, and she supposed herself caught in a snare. When reassured by Saul, she described the ghost, which he at once identified, but, as it seems, did not himself see; and the conversation proceeded, either directly, or through the witch as medium. Although the former seems most literally on the face of the narrative, yet one would infer that as Saul did not see, neither did he hear, the prophet. Let this narrative be compared with 1 Samuel 15 : 23, and Isaiah 8 : 19, and no one can doubt for a moment that to attempt to elicit communications from spirits of the dead is a most presumptuous sin. On this subject

Mr. Owen says, that God protects his own mysteries, and has rendered it impossible to overpass the limits of permitted inquiry. "If God has closed the way, man can not pass thereon; but if he has left open the path, who shall forbid its entrance?" This will not do for argument with the Bible in our hands. Did Mr. Owen forget—

"Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our
woes?"

The path to it was open, and it was a "tree of knowledge," "a tree to be desired to make one wise;" yet God said: "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it."

But we have already said, that there is neither reason nor common-sense in sup-

posing this table-spinning to be connected with ultra-mundane intercourse. It is not only inconsequent in itself, but contrary to all tradition, sacred and profane, that spirits of the dead should be commanded by mere human power, exercised by mechanical means. It has ever been held that such control is obtained only through the prince of darkness, and by those who have renounced their allegiance to Heaven, and leagued themselves with the powers of evil; and herein the very essence of the sin of necromancy has always been considered to lie. It can of course be imputed only in a very modified degree to those who think they can summon the spirits without any one's leave. It would be as unjust to charge them with the sin, as it is impossible to believe that they enjoy its powers without committing it.

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DIDYMUS OF ALEXANDRIA.*

THE mind that is enlightened by the Spirit of God, when it surveys the world's mysterious history, discovers, not an aimless unprogressive rotation of events, but an advancing development of the race, which, though it may, seem tedious, is steady in its onward march. To such a mind it is perplexing to observe how whole nations will sometimes, after periods of great and fruitful intellectual activity, be thrown back into the very childhood of art and culture. The dismay produced by the sight of such reverses is felt with especial acuteness in the case of nations which, once great and glorious in the kingdom of God, fall as Babylon fell when her excellency was cast down to hell, or as Bethsaida and Capernaum fell when the Lord fulminated against them a judgment more intolerable than that of Sodom. There was a time when the dioceses

which encompassed the Mediterranean lay in beauty like the garden of God, diffusing the fragrance of Christian knowledge, purity, love. What are they now? Where is now the pearly girdle of the inland sea, the seat of infant Christianity and of the early Church? Alas! where formerly the eye was greeted with an unbroken array of flourishing churches, nothing is now to be seen except a few straggling Christian communities, dispersed over a scene of barbarism, which strives to conceal its hideousness under a flimsy show of civilization; the splendor of Episcopal sees exchanged for the poverty of humble villages and the solitude of weather-beaten ruins, whose very names are forgotten; the pomp of cultivated nature indolently abandoned to the wilderness; the population melted away under the baneful dominion of the crescent; the order and security of civil society hastening to ruin under the same curse; here and there perhaps a swelling bud heralding an approaching spring, but hindered

* This paper, written by *Semisch*, the well-known author of the monography on Justin Martyr, is extracted from Piper's *Evangelischer Kalender*.—Ed. B. & F. E. R.

by the ungenial climate from advancing to maturity. These are the judgments of God's avenging love, which, having long and patiently held forth the offer of its heavenly benefits in all their amplitude, is at length aroused to vengeance, and punishes the contemplated rejection of them by withdrawing even those common mercies which men may in a certain sense claim as their own. Asia Minor, Palestine, Alexandria, how highly were they exalted! But their candlestick was removed out of its place because they left their first love; because, seduced by secularity and luxury, they forgot the pearl of great price; because, instead of cherishing faith and love, the life and substance of Christianity, they gratified a vain and subtle intellect in hair-splitting controversies respecting doctrinal mysteries; because, instead of honoring and blessing their faithful teachers, they despised and anathematized them. Having inwardly apostatized from the Son of Man, they were given over for a prey to the hereditary enemy of the Church.

The Catechetical School of Alexandria, as it was designated, had flourished for more than two centuries as the nursery of a Christian and believing philosophy. From it as from a fountain a stream of intellectual life diffused itself over the Church. Its influence was felt in a narrower and more extensive sphere. In the former it conducted to the faith men of cultivated intellect among the heathen, who were inquiring after salvation, and educated young Christians of ability for the service of the Church. In the latter it promoted throughout the Church at large a deeper and more intelligent acquaintance with Scripture, and a scientific apprehension of Christianity, investigated in its ultimate grounds and digested into a living, comprehensive system; it gave assistance to the Church in appropriating the literary treasures and intellectual culture of antiquity, and accommodating them to the ends of the Gospel; and, in general, it promoted a higher and more refined contemplation of the universe, so as to represent the harmonious unity of knowledge and life. The decay of this school after the expiry of the fourth century, was one of the events which gave warning and token of that general corruption of the Oriental Church which first delivered her over—already suffering from internal division, entangled in the

meshes of monachism, and hide-bound in a system of lifeless formulas—to a self-imposed spiritual slavery, and then, as a natural consequence, subjected her to the external bondage of Islam. The Church's corruption, and the effects which flowed from it, are therefore naturally associated in our minds with the life and labors of DIDYMUS, the last teacher of note in the Alexandrian school.

It is a remarkable circumstance, and one in which we may trace the special providence which watches over the Church, that a deep obscurity often invests the outward life of those of her teachers who stood forth most prominently in their day. The information we possess respecting Didymus is very scanty. This is easily accounted for in his case, since his life flowed on with few vicissitudes in the tranquil round of learning and teaching. According to a highly probable calculation, his birth took place A. D. 309, in the trying time of the Church's last decisive conflict with the imperial power of heathen Rome. He may be said, therefore, to have received at his birth the baptism of blood for a life of self-sacrifice in the service of the Lord. Antiquity surnamed him "the Blind," because he lost his eyesight when he was no more than four or five years of age, and still incapable of acquiring the elements of education. But, like many other fathers of eminence—like Justin and Augustine—he from his childhood burned with an irrepressible thirst for knowledge. He was often overheard praying that God would vouchsafe to him not natural vision, but the illumination of the heart. As it generally happens, that when one sense is lost the others afford a steadier and stronger light, his mind, which was richly endowed by nature, developed its resources with such rapid and gratifying progress, that he not only excelled all his fellows in facility of apprehension, in retentiveness of memory, in solidity of judgment, but soon amassed an immense treasure of divine and human knowledge, and attained to celebrity as the master of all the learning of the age, even in those departments which might seem least accessible to one for whom a main avenue of knowledge was shut. The ear supplied the eye's lack of service; or, as his contemporaries said: "God gave him the eyes of the soul instead of the eyes of the body." Letters,

names, and, in general, every thing which could be known by the touch, he learnt with the assistance of tables on which the lines were traced. In the schools, probably of Alexandria, he acquired the knowledge of the rules of grammar and rhetoric. Turning from these to the study of philosophy, he mastered, with equal rapidity, dialectics, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music, so that he was able to solve the most difficult mathematical problems, and came behind none in intellectual adroitness and readiness. He would meditate on divine things whole days, and far into the night. As soon as the schools were closed, he caused some one to read to him; and, if the reader dropped asleep through fatigue, he ruminated on what he had heard, or repeated it from memory, so that he seemed not so much to have listened to what was read, as to have transcribed it on the tablets of his mind. Following the tendency characteristic of the Alexandrian school, he occupied himself principally with the study of the Holy Scripture. It was his daily bread by which he lived, the home of his soul in which his heart and understanding found repose. Whole books and innumerable texts he could repeat word for word. Nor was it only the words and substance of the sacred text that were present in his mind; he could give an account of the various readings, and the diversities which occurred in the translations of the Old Testament. Himself a wonder to all, he was called by the grace of God to be a spiritual guide to thousands. The great Athanasius, patriarch of Alexandria, invested him with the office of *catechist* in that city, and it is reported, with every appearance of truth, that this took place in the year 335, when he was not more than twenty-six years of age. For more than half a century he continued to discharge the duties of that influential situation, laboring with unbroken energy till his death in 395; at one time with the living voice addressing crowds of eager students, again dictating to amanuenses in his quiet retreat. To learn and to labor for others was his very life. Strangers flocked to the city to see and to hear the man whose fame was so great; Egyptians, Greeks, Latins, and all alike received an affectionate welcome. No question submitted to him was dismissed without a response; and many of his writings were composed in compliance with the requests

of visitors. Those who had studied under him were proud to call him their master. Of the more famous church-fathers, Palladius, Evagrius, Isidore, Rufinus, Jerome, sat at his feet. These marvelous effects were doubtless owing in great part to the instructiveness of the very presence of a man who, notwithstanding his blindness, had attained a culture so extensive. Much was due also to the stimulating power of his oral teaching, which, altogether devoid of such thoughts and expressions as serve only to confuse the hearer, was felt to be the utterance of his inmost life, and kindled a glow in every breast, alluring by its thoughtful simplicity, its deep knowledge of Scripture, its dialectical skill, whether in the establishment of truth or confutation of error. Cotemporaries themselves felt that his writings furnished an imperfect representation of the power which made itself felt in his oral instructions. Rufinus relates that his literary productions were held, indeed, in general esteem, but his living discourse left a far deeper impression of loveliness and a certain divine majesty. Didymus was one of those who owe what they are to their personality. It is certain, at least, that he was not a man of creative genius. In the great Origen he revered the sun, whence his theology derived its light and color. He has been denominated aptly, and with truth, the last faithful follower of that illustrious Alexandrian.

Taking his stand on the fundamental idea of Origenism, his aim was to cast it into the mold of the orthodoxy of his age, and employ it in the interest of the Church; and in him the pious mind of his deceased master so entirely transformed itself into this type of orthodox thought, that he was in the habit of explaining the feelings of mistrust with which many regarded Origen, as arising solely from their inability to comprehend his ideas. In this respect, his writings furnish important assistance in the development of the later Alexandrian doctrine, and of the mystical theology, as this presents itself in the writings of Pseudo-Dionysius. But notwithstanding his avowed attachment to Origen, his thinking, in its essential elements, sprang from the common sentiment and life of the Church; and accordingly, his Polemical efforts were all put forth in the defense of her dogma. Her chief enemies in that age were the Arians and Manicheans, of whom the former in an ignorant zeal for

the unity of the divine essence, sought to reduce the incarnate Son of God, in whom the fullness of the Godhead dwelleth bodily, to the level of the hybrid creature-gods of the heathen mythology; the latter, by their doctrine of the natural necessity of evil, undermined the foundations of morality. His polemics were directed against them both, and that not merely in elaborate works, but in fugitive pieces, by the publication of which, as occasion demanded, he was ever ready to administer against them a vigorous stroke. The doctrine of the *Holy Trinity* he deemed of supreme religious importance. From the Trinity "cometh all salvation. The Father calleth us to the adoption of sons. The only-begotten Son hath saluted us as sons, and given us warrant to call God our Father. The Holy Ghost dwelling in the regenerate, redeemeth them from death and sin." Since regeneration, which is wrought by the Holy Ghost, is the supreme blessing of Christianity, the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, the denial that the Spirit is the same in substance with the Father and the Son, very God of very God, is the greatest sin a man may commit, and one for which there is no forgiveness. Now it is evident that the same sin may be committed, the same denial may be made, respecting the Father and the Son, so that it behoves us to exercise the greatest caution, lest we fall into error in our investigations respecting these divine persons.

To the Arians, Didymus proved a most formidable antagonist, because uniting as he did Platonic wisdom to skill in the dialectics of Aristotle, he was able to turn their favorite weapons against themselves. The orthodoxy thus signally displayed in the article of the Trinity was afterward imputed to him as a special honor by those who accused him of heresy. But as in the heat of combat, words and ideas often fly beyond the mark, thus it happened in the case of Didymus notwithstanding his good intentions. The Manicheans, having, like all the Gnostic sects, insisted on a fantastic disruption of the Old Testament from the New, and rejected the former as the working of the evil principle, Didymus went to the other extreme, and denied that the veil which was over the countenance of Moses and the prophets is any ground for believing that the faithful under the New Testament occupy a position of superiority to those ancient

saints as members of the kingdom of Christ. "How can Abraham be regarded as inferior—Abraham who beheld God, and in whose bosom all rest who fall asleep after Christ? How can Moses and Elias be regarded as inferior, who appeared to the Lord in the radiance of the transfiguration, since they even saw him who was born of the Virgin?" We find instances also in which mischievous elements, derived from the erroneous system he is assailing, insinuate themselves into his own views. Thus, for example, while he does not doubt that marriage, though it was not without spot under the Old Testament, is now spotless and undefiled under the Gospel, because the incarnation of the Son of God has made an end of all sin; nevertheless, he holds that there is something divine in celibacy, and that marriage, although in itself no sin, may still be described as comparatively sinful. It appears to him to be sin in relation to the higher, purer state of celibacy.

As an expositor of Scripture Didymus enjoyed the highest renown among his cotemporaries. He composed commentaries on almost all the sacred books; but with the exception of some considerable fragments, especially from the commentaries on the Psalms, Proverbs, John, and the Catholic Epistles, these works are now utterly lost. Highly as he valued secular learning—the use of which he justified by the example of Moses, who was trained up in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and of Daniel, who was reported to have excelled in the Chaldean philosophy—and thoroughly accomplished as he was in metaphysical inquiry and the art of scholastic argumentation, the Bible was ever esteemed by him as at once the foundation and the source of all theology. His writings, especially those on the Trinity and on the Holy Spirit, contain an ingeniously woven tissue of innumerable texts of Scripture, by which he seeks to demonstrate the truth of the dogma under consideration, even to its minutest details. They edify, not so much by aiming expressly and ostensibly at awakening pious feelings, as by the breath of deep love which pervades the whole, like a salutation from the heavenly world, enlivening and fructifying the driest speculations.

In another respect also, he followed the stream of the Alexandrian theology. While not indifferent to the obvious and

proper sense of Scripture, as it may be determined by the literal terms, the contexts, and historical bearings of the passage, he made it his chief endeavor to bring to light the mystical sense which was supposed to lurk within it. In every sentence of the Psalms he beholds the countenance of Christ under a prophetic veil. "The tree by the rivers of waters," in the first Psalm, is the knowledge of God; its "fruit," the mystical or spiritual sense of Scripture. The "leaves," which conceal the fruit, signify the expressions that are intelligible to every reader; and these, besides their primary design of concealing the fruit, serve for spiritual nutriment to the simple. To understand the Scripture every where, according to the literal sense, appears to him to be absurd. In Psalm 35: 10, for example, "All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee?" the bones which are to praise God, and to testify that no creature is like him, are not the bones of the outward man, but of the soul — its spiritual powers and the doctrines of the orthodox faith. Even in those places where the Scriptures treat of articles of faith, it is evident, he thinks, that there must often be a double sense. When the Saviour, for example, declares that the Father is greater than he, this shows the sameness of his divine nature with the essence of the Father, and, at the same time, his subordination to the Father, with respect to his human nature. Didymus, for the most part, holds to the literal sense in the exposition of the New Testament, and when he is refuting opponents by testimonies of Scripture to which they themselves appealed. His penetration, which was often eagle-eyed, was apt to discover resemblances between things the most diverse, and, in handling Old Testament texts, was apt to grope about till it came upon those golden veins of Messianic prophecy which were assumed beforehand, to be every where present. Thus the simplest letters of Scriptures became hieroglyphics, from which, with the divining rod of Rabbinical alchemy, he labored to draw forth the most various ideas and mysteries. He infers, for example, the irreproachable morals of Judas, before his call to the apostleship, from the fact that Jesus sent out the twelve "like sheep among wolves." In like manner expounding Psalm 98: 48, "Who is he that liveth and shall not see death?" his attention is attracted by

the interrogation, "Who?" This leads him to make the following distinctions: "The word Who, denotes, in the Scripture, sometimes an inquiry, as in the text, Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Sometimes it denotes what is extraordinary, as when it is said, Who is that faithful and wise servant? Or what is impossible, as, Who hath known the mind of the Lord? Sometimes it denotes that a thing is regarded with contempt, as, If God be for us who can be against us?" This sort of playing on words was to the taste of the age. Of course it often led to the intrusion of human fancies, ingenious, perhaps, but arbitrary and trifling, into the very word of God; it led men also to neglect the difference between the adumbrations of truth delivered under the ancient preparatory dispensation, and the clear revelations now delivered since the accomplishment of redemption; but, on the other hand, it not less frequently originated in a profound perception of the exuberance of truth in the divine word, and the unity of the two dispensations. A large share of the respect which the age paid to the talents of Didymus for exposition, was due to his skill in the management of allegory, especially since he kept it as much as possible in the track of approved doctrine. He had himself a vivid consciousness of this. "Many," he said, "have undertaken to interpret the Scripture, but all do not discourse well! For they are few who have received from God the necessary gifts; on the part of many there is nothing but babbling and trifling. The word can not be salutary and powerful in the soul of the heterodox."

From allusions in the Work of the Trinity, it would appear that Didymus was married and had a family. But his principles made him favorable to the ascetic life, and latterly he completely abandoned himself to it, although he did not go so far as to assume the obligations of the monastic profession. His stringency of life won for him the special veneration of the Egyptian monks, and led the admiring age to surround his head with the halo of a worker of miracles. When St. Anthony, the father of monachism, made his appearance in Alexandria, like one who had dropped from heaven, to resist the rapid spread of Arianism, he honored Didymus with a thrice repeated visit, and is said to have addressed to him these

words: "Let it not distress thee, Didymus, that thou hast been deprived of the eyes of the body. Thou lackest the eyes which are possessed by us in common with flies, moths, and other contemptible insects; but rejoice that thou hast eyes like the angels—eyes whereby God is seen and his light is enjoyed." On one occasion, when Julian threatened the Church with new persecutions, Didymus, unable to eat bread, and oppressed with anxiety, sat on his chair till the night was far advanced. As he prayed, he fell asleep. Suddenly, in a vision, he beheld horsemen mounted on white steeds flying through the air, and heard them proclaiming: "This day, at the seventh hour, Julian died; carry the tidings to Bishop Athanasius." He took note of the day and hour; and it fell out as he had seen.

So long as Didymus lived, no one entertained a suspicion of his orthodoxy; and his relation to Origen was as far from causing any abatement of his renown in the Church, as he was far from affecting to conceal it. Jerome was the first to affix the stigma of heresy, and he did it after his own hateful fashion, ere the grave was well closed on the object of his enmity. He had once, on the occasion of a passing visit to Alexandria, attended the lectures of Didymus for thirty days. The universal applause in which the revered teacher lived; the amplitude of his knowledge; his serene, gentle spirit, intent on the Highest, yet accessible to every human sympathy, arrested even Jerome. Scarcely could he find words thenceforward to sound the praises of the wonderful old man. He praised him not only as the most cultivated man of his age, and as an apostolical man in the gravity of his views, and the simplicity of his teaching, but was disposed to compare him to the seers of the Old Testament, on account of the profound reach of his Biblical expositions. Didymus, he said, had exhibited to the world the manner of the ancient prophets; he had beheld with the eye of the Bride in the Song of Songs, yea with the eyes which Christ commands to be lifted up to see the fields ripe unto harvest; so that he might well be named *the Seer*. Jerome professed the desire that other learned men of the Latin Church should, with himself, participate in the eloquent Alexandrian's stores of erudition; and, accordingly, he trans-

lated into Latin the work on the Holy Spirit.

But Jerome had an idol to which he ruthlessly sacrificed the holiest feelings, and for which he set at naught the weightiest obligations. It was the fame of unspotted orthodoxy, the ambition to stand always in the front rank of those who maintained and defended whatsoever the age deemed sacred. He was at bottom of a character changeful and shallow, a worldling in the monk's hood. Accordingly, when the controversy arose about the orthodoxy of Origen, and in the course of it notice began to be taken of the relation in which he stood to the Origenistic Didymus, he permitted no feeling of pious gratitude to restrain him from a fierce attack on the man whom he had exalted almost to heaven. He would not even yet deny, indeed, that Didymus was a scholar of rare erudition, and orthodox in the article of the Trinity. But he would not tolerate even so great a master when he defended as pious and catholic what all the Church rejected. "Manifest defender of Origen," that was the cry. The reproach, it must be allowed, was so far founded on truth, that Didymus, besides inheriting Origen's enthusiasm for liberal and scientific research, and the leading principles of his theology, embraced also some of his cherished unscriptural opinions. The philosophical theory of the pre-mundane existence of souls, according to which the earth is for them only a place of pilgrimage, that the body is a prison, and which explains the early death of some children, by supposing that in their prior state their sins were less aggravated than the most, and required that they should do little more than touch the prison of the body; the doctrine that Christ, as the Saviour of heaven and of earth, died not only for sinful men, but for all intelligent spirits; the doctrine of a universal recovery of all fallen creatures, not excluding Satan himself: these hypotheses conduct into the very center of the Origenistic conception of human freedom and universal redemption. But in the writings of Didymus, and probably also in his public lectures, these errors were not permitted to obtrude themselves into offensive prominence; in this point, too, he was careful to follow the example of his teacher. For more than a hundred years the splendor of his reputation resisted all the attempts

to render him suspected. No one would disturb in his grave one who had fallen asleep in peace with the Church. It was reserved for the blind zeal of the Emperor Justinian I., who handled the question of soundness in the faith as an affair of the state, to involve Didymus in the condemnation which had been pronounced against Origen. Sentence to that effect was passed by the provincial synod of Constantinople in 544; it was renewed by Martin I., Bishop of Rome, in 649, and afterward by the œcumenical synods of the Greek Church.

Thus the darling of his own age found a place in succeeding times in the catalogue of heretics. The inevitable result of this anathema was to suppress the memory of the man and his achievements. Writings that were abhorred or suspected by all the stricter sort could not fail to disappear, for no one read or transcribed them. It is matter for grateful astonishment that so many have been preserved to our times, either in whole or in part.

But the ecclesiastical heaven of a Jerome, or a Justinian, is not the heaven of that Redeemer who will not quench the smoking flax. The services of Didymus in the domain of theological science, and his devout faith ever grounded on the divine word in the Scriptures, are not these sufficient to cast into the shade his occasional aberrations in doctrine? Those ages of the Church were never the best in which a Christian's worth was measured solely by the recognized doctrinal formulas, and heaven was opened and shut according to the relation in which he stood to their definitions, without respect to his having lived in personal communion with the Lord, and given evidence of faith by the purity and constancy of a regenerate life. So long as the evangelical Church, besides cherishing a scriptural faith and life, continues to cultivate the science of a believing theology, she will have cause still to concede to Didymus the place she occupies in her cloud of examples and witnesses to the truth.

From the British Quarterly.

LIFE AND TIMES OF COUNT CAVOUR.*

M. BRIANO is evidently a screech-owl. The noisome thickets in which he took up his nest have been cleared by the minister whom he vituperates, with a view to make room for luxuriant vegetation, and he croaks over the change as if the sight of a rapidly increasing prosperity conveyed poison to his brain. The essence of all social abuses consists in sacrificing the interests of the many to the aggrandizement of a few. The greater the selfish aggrandizement, the greater the abuse, and the more savage the howl with which the interested parties assail the re-

former who invades their asylum and hinders them from battenning upon the general interests of the community. That the greatest statesman of our era should have had his detractors—not only to traduce him while living, but to raise a war-whoop of triumph over his bier—is to our mind in conformity with the nature of things. Indeed, we should very much doubt the worth of the statesman who, in the task of reconstituting a disorganized society, did not incur the attacks of a band of inveterate assailants. When the reformer did not live to complete his work, when the harvest of his labors lies still ungarnered, it is but natural to expect that the class whose sinecures he has curtailed will not even respect his tomb. But the reader would do well to accept

* *Le Riforme Italiane e il Ministero Cavour.* Di GIORGIO BRIANO. Torino: Artero E. Cotta. 1857.

Storia particolare del Ministero. Articolo Count Cavour. Di GIORGIO BRIANO. Torino: Artero E. Cotta. 1857.

every growl these gentlemen raise as proof of some abuse extinguished, and to conclude that vituperation is never more excessive than in those cases where their victim has conferred some signal advantage on mankind.

The retrogradists have paid greater tribute to the merits of Count Cavour by the extravagance of their censures, than his panegyrists by their adulation. He has been compared by some of his admirers to the late Sir Robert Peel. Others have thought they were adorning his brows with the most conspicuous wreath of laurel by placing him on the same platform as Ximenes and Richelieu. But neither Ximenes nor Richelieu can be said to have built up fragmentary and mutually conflicting states into one harmonious kingdom. Neither of these statesmen effected, in the long course of a powerful administration, what Cavour effected in the short course of a weak administration. They did not change in the space of eight years, a third-rate state into a first-class monarchy. They labored for the interests of a despotic dynasty, Cavour in behalf of regenerated humanity. We yield to none in respect for the capacity of the late Sir Robert Peel. Yet great as is our opinion of his capacity, we are bound to assert that all his talents would hardly fill up a corner of the colossal mind of Cavour. Sir Robert stimulated by enlightened public opinion and by the example of his opponents, reformed the tariff; but Cavour reformed the tariff in front of a strong parliamentary opposition, and in the teeth of benighted public opinion. England impelled Sir Robert to inaugurate a free-trade policy; but Cavour of his free choice embraced the same policy, and forced it upon a reluctant country. Sir Robert did not reorganize the elements of a bankrupt and utterly dilapidated state of society, and leave it in a healthy condition. He did not evoke order out of chaos. He did not extricate his country from the social trammels of the fourteenth century and adapt its institutions to the loftiest requirements of the nineteenth century. He did not strew that country over with a network of railways, and quadruple both its naval and military defenses. He did not reform the Church. He did not unite or redeem a jarring race, and crush beneath his heel the two-headed hydra, which nurtured their discussions and secured their subjec-

tion. He did not lead a whole continent of people from bondage to freedom. Now, all these things Cavour accomplished, almost in the same space of time during which Sir Robert was trifling with the sliding-scale. All the reforms which cost France a world of blood, which England only carried out through a long course of centuries, he achieved by pacific means within the space of a few brief years. He changed a feudal and ecclesiastical *régime*, having its roots profoundly interlaced with the institutions of society, into a constitutional *régime*, in the midst of international and domestic catastrophes the most serious that a people can undergo. To seek the Count's equal we must retire from the ground of fact to the ground of fable. We must go back to the legendary days of Greece. Even if we ransack the archives of those times in which gods were supposed to mingle with men, we shall find the most mighty of their offspring fall short of the requirements exacted from an equal of Cavour. It is only by piecing together two or three of these mighty worthies that we can get the rival of this man. Hercules cleansed his country of monsters. So did the Piedmontese statesman. Orpheus, by harmonious laws and methodized contrivances reconstructed his state. So did Cavour. But he added to the tasks of Hercules and Orpheus the functions of Theseus. He not only cleansed the earth from abuses, and reconstructed the institutions of his country, but tore down the barriers which effaced the *prestige* of his race, and formed out of the fragments of its broken people a united nation.

In order to appreciate fully the extent of Count Cavour's services to Piedmont and to Italy, it is necessary to cast a glance upon the condition of both on the eve of his accession to office. Up to 1848 the aims of the Italians seldom went beyond the expulsion of the foreigner. Though anxious to achieve their political independence, they had no intention of merging their separate states into one kingdom. Indeed, the tendency of their struggles pointed the contrary way. Genoa made several attempts to detach itself from Piedmont. Lucca withdrew from Tuscany; the Legations from the Pope. The larger States, supported in their proud isolation by the traditional glories of the Middle Ages, had not the remotest conception of allowing their own

personality to be absorbed by jealous neighbors whose claims to precedency they had for centuries contested on the battle-field and in the diplomatic circle. While desiring for their countrymen the same freedom from foreign intervention which they claimed for themselves, they had no more idea of linking their fortunes with them in one state, than country neighbors who desire to get rid of locusts have of founding upon that common aim a design of flinging down their garden-walls and living as members of one household. Even Gioberti, in whom, previous to Cavour, the idea of national unity reached its highest practical development, would have left the Pope at Rome, the Bourbon at Naples, and the Grand-Duke at Tuscany. The ill-starred attempts of Mazzini, who would have freed Italy by the mask and stiletto, only to reduce her to the slavery of the worst forms of Communism, never obtained any favor from the thinking classes of the community. These outbreaks being confined to the Reds only, led to greater acts of repression, and even if successful, must have culminated in an overpowering despotism. The great merit of Cavour is that, while allying order with liberty, he led his countrymen to place all their hopes of prosperity in the extinction of their provincial barriers, and to conspire with him so to manipulate events as to lead to the foundation of a constitutional kingdom.

As regards Piedmont, the results of Cavour's labors are of a still more marvelous character. That country, upon his accession to office, had just been disemboweled at Novara. Its standards were trailed in the dust. Its spirit cowed. Its little army almost annihilated. The finances of the country were in a state of almost irretrievable bankruptcy. Its commerce annihilated; its institutions disorganized; moreover, it stood perfectly isolated. Its ill-judged policy had left it without a friend in Europe. Now, in all these cases Cavour, with a rapidity which might almost appear the result of magical enchantment, raised Piedmont from the lowest depths of depression to the loftiest pinnacle of hope. He quadrupled the commerce and agricultural riches of the country. He rehabilitated its finance. Sardinian loans became as easily negotiable in the exchanges of Europe as English treasury bills. During the period when cholera, the vine disease, and a succession

of bad harvests were desolating Piedmont, and its institutions were undergoing rapid transformation, its bonds were as marketable as French coupons, or the English three per cents. He created an army whose prowess on foreign fields won for it the admiration of Europe. From a state of isolation he connected his country so closely with the leading first-class powers as to oblige them to recognize its claims to be admitted upon a footing of perfect equality in European councils. He poured courage into its heart, placed a sword in its hand, and flung it on the path of glory. Piedmont became in this manner identified with Italy. Cavour taught Italy to regard his country as a sort of model state, and to place their only hope of prosperous independence in fraternizing with its institutions. Hence was accomplished that union for which Rienzi had vainly sighed, and which even eight years ago would have been pronounced impossible, unless by the direct interposition of Heaven.

Count Cavour's career is distinguished more than that of any other statesman we know by straightness of aim and inflexibility of purpose. From the day of his birth (10th August, 1810) to that of his death, (6th June, 1861,) one code of doctrines kept absolute possession of his mind. He had no old opinions, no murky prejudices to extricate himself from. He seems to have gained his liberal opinions by instinct along with his manly independence of character; and these appear to have increased with his growth, until they flourished as indigenous products of his mind, rather than as the results of an acquired experience. He had, however, the good fortune to be connected by birth with the nobility, which prevented his liberal tendencies from degenerating into a licentious freedom. His father, who had been one of the leading bankers at Turin, was ennobled by Charles Albert for his financial services to the Government. But if we may believe Librario, the family is descended in a direct line from the Counts of Maarienne, whose ancestor Thomas I., assumed, as conqueror of Piedmont, in the year 1244, the title of Prince of Achaia and Morea. A sister of the first Napoleon, the Princess Maria Borghese, stood sponsor for the Count at his baptism. His early education up to his fourteenth year was intrusted to Abbé Trezet, known as the author of a French history of the

House of Savoy. But neither the courtly teaching of the priest, nor the reactionary principles of the father, could lead the boy to repress his honest convictions, or bind him to the sphere in which his family designed him to move. He was first attached as a page to the court of Charles Felix; but his independent bearing, and an incautious use of his tongue, soon caused his dismissal from that office. He then pursued mathematics under the astronomer Plana, at the Military Academy of Turin, which he quitted with the rank of Lieutenant of Engineers. His liberal opinions, however, and his close habits of study, nearly estranged him from his family and his profession. While overlooking the construction of some fortifications at Genoa in his twenty-first year, the open expression of his sympathy for the French patriots of the three glorious days caused the authorities to send him, by way of punishment, to do garrison duty at Bard. Disgusted with his profession, and feeling the atmosphere of Piedmont, which was fast drifting into a profound lethargy under the guidance of Della Margherita, too cramped for his large spirit, the young engineer flung up his sword, and withdrew to England.

To the Count's stay in this country, his love for her institutions and laws, his study of her social and fiscal reforms, must be ascribed nearly all the great features of the policy which distinguished his ministerial career. It ought to be an Englishman's pride that the policy which made Piedmont instrumental in the resurrection of Italy, was imparted from this country. We afforded a great proof of how liberty can be secured without revolution, and stability allied with progress; nor was the Count slow in learning the lesson. Even before returning to Turin, he preached the great evangel of British civilization to Ireland. He demolished with inexorable logic the arguments of the school committed to the repeal of the union. He showed that, instead of detaching themselves from this country, the true interests of the Irish lay in tightening the bonds of alliance.* He also, in a separate publication, developed the principle of relative rights which is systematized in the British Constitution, as an effective counterpoise to the spread

of communistic ideas, with an acuteness of analysis and an amplitude of comprehension, which remind his reader of Burke.† He had, previously to his arrival on these shores, turned over the works of the great Scotch economists. Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* formed one of his earliest introductions to a knowledge of the English language. It was his catechism. He slept with it under his pillow. When Sir Robert Peel began his series of fiscal experiments, the Count raised his voice across the Alps to recommend the new commercial policy to the adoption of his country.‡ Nothing, during his five years' residence with us, could possibly escape him, from the latest invention in machinery, or the newest model farm, to the least improvement in the accouterments of our Horse Guards, or the smallest bulletin from our Chambers of Commerce. It is amusing to find him in Italy getting up agrarian agitations, tilling his land, and directing the Parliamentary Chambers at Turin, quite in the same manner as if he had been a corn-law agitator of Manchester, a constitutional lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, or a bluff farmer in the wolds of Kent. He devoutly believed that England was the leader of the world, and he determined to make Piedmont the England of Italy.

From England he passed over to France, whose language had been the tongue of his infancy, and in which country he had many connections on his mother's side. The social phenomena of Paris were interesting to him, as they afforded an *experimentum crucis* of the axiom that the want of what constituted the glory of France, proved the ruin of Italy. He left Piedmont under the old feudal régime which oppressed France before the Revolution. He had therefore the opportunity of examining with his own eyes the benefits which accrued to France from the abolition of that régime, and of increasing his conviction that similar results would follow similar reforms in his own country. If England furnished him with the commercial and constitutional model, France supplied him with the ecclesiastical model. While, however, accepting the results of the Revolution, Cavour

* Sur l'Etat actuel de l'Irlande, et Sur son Avenir, which subsequently appeared December, 1843, and June, 1844, in two successive numbers of the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of Geneva.

* *Dea Idee Communiste e dei Moyeni d'en combattere lo Sviluppo.*

† Dell'Influenza che la Nuova Politica Commerciale Inglese deve esercitare sul Mondo Economico, e sull'Italia in particolare.

had a holy horror of the means by which they were realized. If Italy was to be regenerated, it must be by progressive reforms, and the development of its industrial resources, rather than by erecting barricades in its streets, by storming its prisons, or gutting its palaces. Cavour wisely thought that people long bent beneath the yoke of feudal and ecclesiastical misrule, could only be ripened for free institutions by discipline, by patient forethought, by hard labor. With this bias he wrote, during his stay in Paris, a series of papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the establishment of railways in Italy, and the means of extending its commerce by the adoption of low tariffs. After some stay in Geneva, the birth-place of his mother, he returned to Turin, after a self-imposed expatriation of eight years.

From the year 1842 to 1847, Cavour's existence in Turin might be summed up in three words—patience, industry, hope. He founded an Agrarian Society, through the *Agricultural Journal* by which he made his country acquainted with all the improvements made in English husbandry. This society gradually brought within its sphere twenty thousand of the most intellectual portion of Piedmontese society. Under the pretext of discussing the rotation of crops, or the relative value of different manures, they broached social problems which it is just possible, had they been openly announced, would have led the jealous government of Soltera dell Margherita to visit the society with unceremonious extinction. On the accession of Pius IX., when the strong cry of liberation arose, the veil was discarded, and the society became a sort of political focus. Through it the liberal party consolidated their forces, and pressed on Charles Albert the consideration of moderate reforms. It was at this juncture that the *Risorgimento* was established. Cesare Balbo assumed the principal direction of the journal, but was assisted by Cavour, D'Azeglio, Santa Rosa, Alfieri, Buoncompagni, and by Briano, who now lifts his voice to assail his early coadjutors. This party, strong in intellectual resources and the inexpugnable position which they took up, stood between the democrats on the one hand, and the feudal aristocracy and the clergy on the other. By advocating representative institutions and progressive reforms they sought to ward off

a collision. During the opening weeks of 1848, deputations crowded into Turin from the leading towns of Piedmont, to clamor for a constitution. The Turin municipality joined in the request. Cavour and Santa Rosa were deputed by a general meeting to carry a petition to that effect to the foot of the throne. Cavour sent to the King through the post the minutes of the preceding meeting, the publication of which the censorship would not permit. In two days after the presentation of the petition, the constitution was granted.

Cavour was returned to the Chamber of Deputies by the first electoral college of Turin. Charles Albert had previously drawn his sword against Austria, (23d March, 1848,) grounding his resolution on her atrocities in Venice and Milan, but in reality impelled by the fervor of his subjects, and by the secret conviction that the issue of the struggle would leave him master of Northern Italy. Six weeks afterward, at the first ominous turn in the fortunes of the war, the deputies met. Cavour had become unpopular by denouncing the democrats of Paris, whose tumults he had the sagacity to predict would end in conducting Louis Napoleon to the throne of the empire;* and by opposing the principle that Italy could make herself—*l'Italia fara de se*. He urged the executive to accept the proffered alliance of France. Hence the first words he uttered in that assembly, which was shortly to be the scene of his greatest triumphs, were greeted with a storm of hisses. In the succeeding autumn, even after the retreat of Milan and the humiliating armistice of Jalasco, because he predicted nothing but misfortune for Piedmont in the renewal of hostilities, he was denounced by his opponents as a croaking prophet of evil. Avigdor, a fellow-deputy of Nice, called him into the field, thinking to acquire some fame by sending to his account the man who had become so unpopular with his country. At the approaching general election, in January, 1849, a radical, who was unfit to carry his messages, was preferred to him. If, however, he was prevented from answering his opponents in the Chamber amidst the tumultuous hisses of the galleries, he gibbeted them in the columns of the *Ri-*

* These prophetic words appeared in the *Risorgimento* of the 16th November, 1848.

sorgimento. When he could not warn his country from the tribune, he did so from the newspaper. At length the fatal fight of Novara realized the truth of his predictions. The Old Chamber would not vote the treaty dictated by Austria sword in hand at the gates of Turin. The new King appealed to the country to return a Parliament more in accord with the necessities of their situation. Cavour was returned by his old constituency. On his proposition the treaty of Novara was voted in dignified silence.

A statesman of Cavour's powers could not be kept long out of the cabinet. Whether he expounded his views on commerce, on finance, or on foreign affairs, each of the ministers who held the portfolios of their departments regarded him as their superior. Zanga consulted with his colleagues, in 1850, on the expediency of resigning finance in his favor, but the death of Santa Rosa suddenly left the Bureau of Commerce vacant, and no one was thought so fit for the appointment as Cavour. As soon as he entered on his duties, a new spring was felt in every department of the administration. The movement of his own bureau, before and after his accession, might be compared to the progress of a carriage on wheels and the pace of a rattling express-train. In one short year he concluded commercial treaties with every country in Europe, on the basis of free-trade. He made known to all the world that Sardinia was ready to abolish her tariffs in favor of any country who would reciprocate her distinction. Even such towns as Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg did not escape him. Into the smallest Rhenish principality he sent his agents, paper in hand, saying: "Will you sign this business with me?" His commercial overtures reached the sunny shores of the Bosphorus, as well as the misty peaks of Norway. Nor were even the least significant of British colonies overlooked.

It was said at Downing street, during this period, that an entire staff of clerks were required to readjust Sardinia's new relations with our dependencies alone. Into whatever harbor he could send a ship, in whatever port he could establish a depot, in whatever town he could plant a consul, the spot was immediately hunted out and the business done. With the first-class states these trading compacts became of infinite importance in a moral

point of view. They withdrew Sardinia from the isolated position in which the revolution had left her. No one had a readier perception than Cavour of the speed with which fiscal relations develop into political relations.

The aim of Cavour in these enterprises was not so much to increase the revenues of the state, as to amass individual wealth, and to shake off the fatal lethargy which oppressed his countrymen, by plunging them into direct competition with other nations. The result showed that he could sacrifice large duties without diminishing the receipts of the treasury, while he lightened the springs of industry, and quadrupled the material resources of his country. The growth and manufacture of silk has increased three times in extent since the passing of the last custom laws in 1853. Cotton manufacture has grown five-fold. The construction of machinery has progressed in a similar ratio. According to the report of the Sardinian Minister of Commerce, both exports and imports show a fluctuating increase, though the latter have risen far above the former, as the Piedmontese are not such fools as to expend their own labor upon products which the new tariff laws enable them almost to pick up for nothing in foreign markets. In 1853-54, the increase of exports amounted to one hundred and sixty-six millions of francs, that of imports to ninety millions. In 1855-56, the advance upon the preceding year was, for exports alone, two hundred and two million nine hundred and twenty-three thousand francs, for imports, seventy-three million one hundred and thirty-three thousand francs. It must likewise be taken into account that this rapid augmentation in trade took place at a period when a large share of the internal capital of the country was withdrawn from commerce to be invested in the establishment of cheap means of transit and quick channels of communication. During the joint administration of Cavour and Paleocapa four hundred and three kilometres of railway were laid down at an outlay of £5,600,000: three hundred and forty-six additional kilometres were laid down by private companies, which Cavour encouraged by guaranteeing dividends, traffic, and other advantages. How immensely internal traffic has been extended by railways in Piedmont may be inferred from the fact that in 1857 they yielded a gross income of

£520,000, and in 1858, £580,000. Telegraphs have been constructed with a similar lavish hand, and with proportionate success; for, while equal in number to those of Belgium, they exceed them in receipts. The submarine lines link Turin with the Isle of Sardinia, with Malta, and Africa; while those overland bring the Government in connection with every city in Piedmont and every capital in Europe.

In the face of facts of this character, it is somewhat amusing to have the administration of Cavour traduced as unfortunate to the material interests of his country. Yet this attempt has been made by the Ultramontanes in our own Parliament, amidst the cheers of the great Conservative party! Mr. Thomas Boyer, and his colleague of King's county, are strong in statistics. The latter gentleman went over to Piedmont in the winter, and brought home a box of documents to prove that Piedmont had lost her trade, destroyed her shipping, played the bankrupt with her exchequer, and taken the last farthing out of the pockets of a starving people, by indulging the whim of Italian nationality. The figures quoted by this stump orator might be in the main correct, but that the inference from them expressed just the reverse of the truth, is evident upon the slightest examination, though such an acute logician as Lord John Manners pronounced the conclusion irrefragable. The declension in the freights of the Sardinian ports is evidence of nothing else than a change in the means of transport. It is calculated that three fourths of the commerce of Sardinia lies with France. Before the inauguration of railroads only one sixth of this took the overland route. The rest went round by Genoa and Marseilles. But since the line has been opened to Susa, which is to connect Turin with Paris, the land-traffic has considerably increased, and the shipping declined in proportion. A similar revolution has been effected by the line through Novara to the Lago Major, which is to connect Turin with Switzerland through the Simplon. Had Mr. Henessy lived in the days of the Melbourne ministry, he might have proved satisfactorily to his Conservative backers that British commerce had received a fatal check from the adoption of the Reform Bill, and based his argument on the decline of stage-coaches.

The other gravamen of the charge, that

Cavour tripled the debt of Sardinia and materially increased the taxation, may also be admitted without exposing his financial administration to the charge of bankruptcy. England in the sixteenth century had no debt. Her taxation, also, did not amount then to one fortieth of the sum it has reached in our day. But what political economist would be so hardy as to affirm that the England of the sixteenth century was richer than the England of the nineteenth century? That Sardinia could bear eight new imposts, and the augmentation of some half-dozen old ones, is to our mind an irrefragable argument that her people had thrived under the new system. At all events, the rate in the increase of population sprang from three for every hundred to six for every hundred. To estimate the financial condition of a nation, as well as that of an individual, we must balance its assets against its debentures. If its property increases in a far greater ratio than its debts, it is in a prosperous condition. This is precisely the condition of Piedmont. The money invested by the government in public railroads alone, and which it could realize by selling them to-morrow, would more than liquidate the pecuniary burdens which Cavour imposed on the nation. But the great bulk of the loans which he borrowed went to the creation of a vast naval port at Spezzia, the transformation of sailing into steam-frigates, the fortifications of Casal and Alexandria, the establishment of military schools, and the boring of Mont Cenis. By these undertakings, the nation came into possession of property quite equal to the money invested by which it was enabled not only to defend the wealth it possessed, but to acquire more.

That Cavour increased the debt of Sardinia from 225,649,316 francs to upward of 760 millions of francs ought to form a matter of very little surprise. When we consider the end he had in view, the great task he had to perform, and the magnitude of the result he accomplished, the marvel is not that he borrowed so much, but that he did not borrow more. He merely increased Sardinia's debt by shillings, to the same extent in which Pitt increased ours by pounds. But there is this difference between Pitt and the Piedmontese statesman, that while Pitt raised his loans upon terms utterly ruinous to the nation, and squandered the money reck-

lessly in purchasing defeat, Cavour never paid more for his loans than the fair market price,* and applied the proceeds in augmenting the material riches of his country, or fitting it for the encounter which was to terminate in the absorption of the whole of Italy. Besides, he foresaw the operation which has just been performed, when the debts of the extinct governments would be consolidated, and the Peninsula made jointly responsible for the loans which Sardinia had contracted in its liberation. The debt, however, would have been still smaller, had it not been for Cavour's practice of applying a surplus to the conversion of the funds upon the basis of a reduced rate of interest rather than to the extinction of the capital. By this means he kept the industrial energies of his country unshackled, while he indulged the conceit which forms the weakest point in his financial system, that no minister can regard his country as advancing with great strides in the path of progress, until she enjoys a large credit. Had he lived a month longer, his wishes would have been gratified to an ample extent. The consolidated debts of Italy have been recently returned at two milliards and a half of francs, which is equal to the whole debt of Holland.

Up to the spring of 1852, Cavour, as Minister of Finance, gave his hearty support to D'Azeglio's administration. But the revival of the French Empire immediately changed the situation. Before the *Coup d'Etat* he believed representative institutions in danger from the Reds; he, therefore, with the right opposed the left center. After the *Coup d'Etat* he believed the institutions of Piedmont in danger from absolutism, and flung in his lot with Ratazzi, the chief of the liberal opposition. The consequence was the defeat of the D'Azeglio ministry, in opposing the election of Ratazzi to the Presidency of the Chamber. An appeal to the country followed. But the premier's tendencies were not sufficiently liberal for the new Parliament. The King, after trying one or two other possibilities, sent for Cavour. The Count declined to form a ministry, on account of the Archbishop of Genoa (Chavari) seeking to impose conditions favorable to Rome. The King interposed, and allowed Cavour to choose

his colleagues unshackled by any ecclesiastical pledges.

Cavour has incurred the odium of the clerical party by his support of the Civil Marriage Bill, and the prominent share he took in carrying to a successful issue Riccardi's measure for the abolition of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in all matters within the sphere of the civil law. As soon as he felt that his administration was strong enough to enable him to do a little business in this way upon his own account, he showed that the clergy had not misreckoned their man. There existed three hundred and twenty-one convents in Piedmont. They had been enfeoffed with land at the Restoration valued at a hundred millions of francs. This either lay out of cultivation, or was cultivated so badly that its produce might be said to be completely lost to the state. It was amenable, like other lands in mortmain, to no tax. Cavour determined to suppress all such institutions which were not directly concerned in the exercise of some useful function, and to apply the proceeds to the extension of schools, and the augmentation of the revenues of the poorer clergy. He also rendered the establishment of conventual institutions illegal without the direct sanction of the state. Canons were likewise excluded from the Chamber of Deputies, on the ground that their functions implied residence near their cathedral. The clergy raised a cry that the ministers were the sons of Satan. Some predicted an immediate return to heathenism. The Pope fulminated the sentence of mass excommunication against all concerned in the passing of the iniquitous enactment. The government was charged with mimicking the worst follies of the French Revolution. All the penalties which the apostolic constitutions and the sacred canons inflict on those who despoil the Church of its property, were heaped on their heads by an indignant priesthood. Yet Cavour and his colleagues declared they had not touched an obolus. They left the Church in possession of its entire revenue of seventeen million francs, which was equal to the tenth part of the effective produce of all the goods of the state, and more than four times the income which the Belgian Church possessed for attending to the spiritual concerns of a larger population. Whence, then, the occasion of this mighty tempest? Had Cavour treated the Vati-

* Sometimes three, certainly never more than five per cent, without bonus of any kind.

can too cavalierly? He had attempted to gain by a concordat with the Pope only one tenth part of the privileges which Pius VII. conceded to the First Consul, under fear that France would otherwise become Protestant by a decree of General Bonaparte. The Vatican was not very consistent in charging the Sardinian minister with undermining the foundations of the Church by acts which its chiefs had occasionally performed themselves, and which they had frequently allowed to others.

Two courses were open to Cavour in bringing the Church of Piedmont in harmony with the wants of the age and the spirit of the new constitution. He might have reduced the Church to the Belgian model, as Ratazzi advised, by a wholesale confiscation of its property, and brought the priests in complete subjection to the state. This policy would have despoiled the clergy of their material weapons, and rendered them the creatures instead of the assailants of the government. But Cavour set his face against violent and wholesale proscriptions, even when they tended to his advantage. The course of moderate reform might be slow, but it was sure. It led to no reaction; it was in harmony with nature; hence Cavour preferred to leave the clergy with means in their hands of imperiling the safety of his government, rather than risk the attainment of his ultimate purposes by any radical spoliation. What their hostility was, the reader may form some conception of, who has witnessed the clerical agitation in Ireland during a general election. Every parish furnished the focus of an association for upsetting the government. Every chapter-house was a magazine of sedition. The confessional, the pulpit, the weekly *prône*, the parochial visit, each were turned into a channel of virulent attack upon the government. When the time for choosing a new Chamber came round in 1857, all the armory of attack was consolidated and extended. Those who voted for the ministerial candidate were menaced with deprivation of the sacrament. Those who refused to support the clerical candidate would have to answer for the crime at the day of judgment. Both were threatened with exclusion from Christian burial. All the powers of heaven and hell were convoked to intermingle in the election of a representative for the petty municipality of a

little state, and the celestial hierarchies were made to tremble upon the issue of the fray, as if the destinies of the universe depended on the victory of the fat conservative mayor over the lean radical professor. Ministers, splashed with a torrent of fiery talk, and haunted by monsters conjured up from the depths of Phlegethon, quailed for a moment. Cavour resigned in favor of Durando, April, 1855. But the latter gentleman could not form a ministry. The bishops gave way; and Cavour and his colleagues, strong in the justice of their cause, ultimately triumphed.

As soon as Cavour had matured his Convent Bill, he exchanged the Home Office, which he had previously presided over in connection with that of Finance, for Foreign Affairs. His preceding ministerial career had only been prelusive; but now he was to draw up the curtain on the first act of that eventful drama which was to end in the unification of Italy. The difficulties which involved the Western Powers in the early stages of the Russian war, had led them to knock at the doors of every principality in Europe for assistance. Even the late King of Naples was invoked to put forth his arm on the occasion. But no statesman either in Germany or Italy seemed to understand the advantages which might be drawn from the crisis but Cavour. He told his countrymen the way to free Italy was not to indulge in idle tirades against Austria, or to write school-boy declamations on the sacredness of liberty as imaged in the virtues of Timoleon and Brutus, but to take a sword in their hands, and display their prowess on the battle-fields of Europe. The overtures of the Anglo-French alliance were accepted. Cavour dispatched no mean force to the Crimea, which on the banks of the Tchernaya, by their gallant resistance to the Russians in the sight of two fine armies, earned for themselves the applause of Europe. In the subsequent Council of War, held in Paris, their chief, La Marmora, took his seat along with the other commanders in the expedition. In the subsequent Congress, Cavour found himself discussing, for the first time, with the leading plenipotentiaries of Europe, high questions of policy affecting the loftiest European interests. After attaching Napoleon to his interests, by supporting his views on the union of the two Principalities and on the free navigation

of the Danube, in opposition to Austria, he dexterously availed himself of the occasion, in a note to Lord Clarendon, (25th March, 1856,) to draw the attention of Congress to the abnormal state of the Pontifical Legations, and Austria's infringement of the Vienna treaties, by her protracted occupation of Central Italy. His views found an echo in the breasts of the English and French plenipotentiaries. But Count Buol, on the part of Austria, declared his incompetence to discuss any questions not arising out of the Eastern war. Though the Congress closed without any decision being taken, Cavour had gained his object. He had taken the Italian question out of the chamber of conspirators, and carried it before the councils of kings. He had many expressions of the warmest sympathy, not from a club of excited revolutionists or reckless partisans, but from the lips of the representatives of the kingdoms of the first rank in Europe. Italy leapt up at his words. At last she had found the clue to her regeneration. Busts and medallions were showered on the Turin premier upon his return. The spark had been applied to the train which was to lead to the resurrection of his country.

For some years past an estrangement had been rapidly increasing between the Courts of Turin and Vienna. The liberal policy of the Government, and the ecclesiastical reforms which had drawn upon it the hostility of the Holy See, doubtless furnished the nucleus of the hatred which was on the eve of breaking out into open war. The sequestration of the goods of such Lombard subjects as became naturalized subjects of Sardinia, on the occasion of the Milanese riot in 1853, and the supercilious silence with which the Viennese Court treated Victor Emanuel's notification of the death of his wife, the Archduchess Maria, doubtless blew the smoke into a flame. The abuse with which the Piedmontese press greeted the Emperor's visit to Milan in 1855, and Cavour's gracious reception of the deputations which thronged into Turin from all parts of Italy, to thank him for his exertions in behalf of their country at the Congress of Paris, furnished the occasion of a diplomatic war, which ended in the mutual recall of their ambassadors. Austria also took umbrage at the activity displayed in manning the fortress of Alexandria, and at the erection by public

subscription of a monument to the bravery of the Sardinian army at Milan. In the diplomatic fence which followed, Cavour certainly had the best of the argument. The Austrian fortifications at Piacenza justified Sardinia in mounting cannon at Alexandria. He could not, when public sympathy was offered to Piedmont for her services in the cause of Italy, reject it. Austria was as anxious as Turin to get public opinion on her side. Count Buol was told that the Sardinian press was amenable to the laws, and that Count Paar, the Austrian envoy at Turin, might cite it before the proper tribunals. The Emperor, indeed, should be the last person to complain of the virulence of the Turin press, in the sight of the tirades which issue against Sardinia from his own. For the most virulent attacks of the Piedmontese journals could do the Emperor no harm, as they were not admitted into his dominions, while those of Vienna were found in every café of Turin. Besides, Victor Emanuel's Government had no power over its own press, and disapproved of its virulence. But the journals of Vienna might be suppressed by royal edict, while the abuse which appeared in its columns was evidently inspired by people breathing the atmosphere of the court. Buol affirmed in reply that the allusion to the Viennese press was a feint to get out of a difficulty, and that it was inconsistent with the dignity of the Austrian envoy to be dragging every day the editors of journals before the legal tribunals. Paar demanded his passports, and said he would return when the attacks of the press ceased. Cavour recalled Cantono from Vienna, and appealed to the Western Powers for a confirmation of the justice of his cause. At that juncture the *Morning Advertiser* was distinguished for its daily tirades against Austria. Cavour asked, why did not the Austrian Legation quit London? Why complain at Turin, and leave St. James's without a remonstrance? Why such susceptibilities with the weak, while so tolerant with the strong?

There can not, we think, be a doubt, from the bold tone assumed by Cavour in these dispatches, and from his defiant attitude, there was an understanding between the courts of Turin and Paris, even on the breaking up of the Paris Congress, that in case of war Sardinia might depend on the aid of France. The

visit to Plombières in the middle of the succeeding year (1858) only sealed the compact that Piedmont was to yield Savoy for Lombardo-Venetia. Cavour, from his French education and his maternal kinship, had been a constant advocate of a French alliance. In his visits to the Tuileries during the short interregnum of office in 1852, when he was accompanied by Ratazzi, and in the autumn of 1853 when he accompanied the King, he doubtless was not backward in pointing out to Napoleon the many advantages that would accrue to him from aiding Sardinia to expel Austria from Italy. These floating ideas doubtless assumed form and consistence before Cavour began his career of Italian agitation, and threw up breastworks at Casal and Alexandria. The new year's salutation which Napoleon addressed to Hübner, and the marriage of his cousin with the Princess Clotilde, which followed in due sequence, showed that war was inevitable. The speeches of the Savoy deputies in the Turin Chambers also plainly revealed what was to be the price of its success. But Cavour had taken his measures so well as to outwit the Emperor. He had arranged with the liberal party in Modena, Parma, Tuscany, and the Romagna, as soon as the Austrians were expelled, to rise and fraternize with Piedmont. Hence, while Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel were driving the enemy within the confines of the quadrilateral, Cavour was busy suppressing the divisions between Piedmont and Central Italy, and preparing the way for its complete annexation. And those states fell into his lap like ripe pears from a shaken tree. While Cavour was complacently bagging the spoil, Napoleon pulled up at Villafranca. The appropriation of Central Italy was more than he had bargained for. This never entered into his idea. It was not in the bond. He resolved to leave Austria in Italy that Sardinia might not be independent of France.

The ensuing peace extinguished Cavour's administration and the rising hopes of Italy. Ratazzi and Marmora succeeded, but Cavour, though behind the scenes, was the power which still directed the moves. By him the Central States were emboldened to persevere in their resolve to consummate their union with Piedmont. The overtures of the emissaries of the expatriated princes, of Austrian

spies, and Napoleonic agents were firmly resisted. The confidence of Italy was reassured. Napoleon could not employ an army to dragoon the people into his views, and he was bound in honor to prevent Austria from doing so. Cavour was recalled to the helm in the January of 1860. He boldly accepted the votes of the inhabitants of the liberated States, and annexed them to Piedmont. Napoleon, after demurring, and sacrificing his foreign minister who had pledged his word for the return of the exiled dukes, demanded Savoy and Nice as the price of his acquiescence in the appropriation. These were of much greater extent than Venice. He had, therefore, a claim to the fulfillment of the original compact. Cavour knew that resistance was useless. The retention of Savoy was of little moment to Piedmont. But the concession was of great moment to Napoleon, as it brought France more in harmony with his dynasty, by making the Alps the monument of his victories, and feeding the minds of his subjects with military glory.

Cavour had made a despot subservient to his designs of founding a great constitutional kingdom. He was now to turn the services of an extreme republican to account in the enlargement of a monarchy. That Cavour was not loved by Napoleon, that he was positively hated by Garibaldi, only projects into bolder relief the great ability of the statesman who could mold agents so incongruous to his purpose, and employ minds of so stubborn a texture to give a death-blow to the progress of their own opinions. Cavour had always crushed the democrats in the Chamber, yet we find them ready to become his allies in the field as soon as the prospect of a rupture with Austria approached its culmination. While Europe was amused with the feint of a congress in the spring of 1859, Cavour called out the contingent, and threw thirty thousand men into Casale, and signed the commissions of Cosenza, Garibaldi, and Medici as chiefs of the new corps of hunters of the Alps. The ascendancy over heterogeneous materials, evinced by the alliance of the red republicans with the soldiers of an iron despotism in the succeeding war, was, however, surpassed by the dexterous manner in which the same democrats were flung with a forlorn hope into the Neapolitan territory, and the

skill with which they were appropriated by a minister whom they were anxious to dethrone. The advantages which Garibaldi and his companions achieved over large masses of Austrian troops in the Como district emboldened them to join their co-revolutionists in Sicily. If the Sardinian cabinet did not suggest, they certainly favored the expedition. Though Cavour had just united the deputies of eleven millions of Italians in one parliament, his position did not promise much stability. France had tolerated rather than approved of the annexation of Central Italy. Europe had been estranged from Piedmont by her cession of Savoy and Nice. The Pope was collecting a large force under an able general upon the Sardinian frontiers. The King of Naples had an immense army ready to move as soon as the Emperor Francis Joseph gave the word. It was evidently Cavour's interest, that the democrats should be prevented from instigating public opinion to coerce his government into any rash enterprise, by alluring them to take the initiative, and to turn to account any new situation which might arise favorable to his own government. His bold yet delicate handling of the events which accompanied and arose out of the Sicilian expedition furnish the crowning features of his political sagacity.

Sardinia, in bad odor with European courts through the surrender of her ancient monarchy, disavowed the undertaking. Yet she fed its first successes with arms and men. As soon as King Francis had quitted Naples, Cavour landed one thousand Bersaglieri upon its shores. A few days after, eleventh September, he advised the King to receive a deputation from Umbria and the Marches, claiming deliverance from the new Papal mercenaries who stifled the expression of public opinion, and subjected the inhabitants to grievous exactions. The occasion was critical. Garibaldi, who had just entered Naples, threatened to march on Arne, and make a breakfast meal of Lamoriciere's condottieri on his way. He even went so far as to write to Victor Emmanuel demanding the dismissal of Cavour and his colleagues. The resolute minister at once ordered Cialdini to advance into Umbria, and defended in a memorandum to foreign courts his violation of neutral territory on the ground of national requirements. The exceptional character

and the legitimate interest of the situation, showed how much it behoved monarchical states to have those interests settled by a regal and well-ordered government rather than by the emissaries of revolution. The victory of Castel Fidar-do led the Sardinian army across the confines of Naples just as Garibaldi had received his first check under the walls of Capua. Its arrival was all the more welcome. The soldier of the people resigned his dictatorship into the hands of the King. The inhabitants of Sicily and Naples on the twentieth of October voted themselves members, with Piedmont and Central Italy, of one common country. The eleven millions of subjects under Victor Emmanuel became at a stroke twenty-two millions. His dominions, a few months before shut up between the Po and the Alps, extended from Susa to Pello.

In the spring of this year, Count Cavour opened the first Parliament of the kingdom of Italy. To interpellations respecting Rome and Venice, he replied that he had no specific means of untying the knot which detached those states from the rest of the country. The problem was difficult. The mathematicians of diplomacy had not the requisite data for its immediate solution. Without Rome, however, for the capital of the new kingdom, there could be no satisfactory adjustment of the Italian question. But the completion of the nationality of Italy was only a question of time. Austria, since the unification, would find every day her difficulties increase with regard to Venice. For the moral world was governed by laws analogical to the physical, and bodies attracted each other in proportion to the mass. Catholic Europe would also feel that its august chief was likely to be more free and independent in the exercise of his functions when surrounded with the love and respect of twenty-five millions of Italians, than as defended with twenty thousand foreign bayonets. The minister was right in thus counseling patience. He could afford to preach caution, as he had shown himself, as often as the proper opportunity presented itself, the most daring of statesmen. There was, in addition, a world of work to do in completing the consolidation of the North with the South. States so dissimilar as Naples and Piedmont are not amalgamated by a decree scrawled

upon a scrap of paper. Nor can new administrative ties be improvised in the course of a single week. They require months of conjoint action and of ministerial labor. Had the Count been spared, no one entertains a doubt that, in the course of a year or two, he would have found some opportune juncture to set the corner-stone to the structure of Italian nationality. But fortune had favored him too much to allow him to consummate his triumph on the steps of the Capitol. Like his country's most cherished bard, as the laurel wreath was on the eve of preparation, he sank, the victim of his physician's unskillful treatment of a fever brought on by over-work. He expired in the same house, in the very room, in which he was born.

Count Cavour is represented in the ordinary accounts of his career as being the inheritor of a large fortune. But this is a mistake. As the cadet of the family, he had only a few hundreds a year; but he early increased this small patrimony by private speculation. It seems ridiculous to state—which is really the truth—that by selling matches he gained the great bulk of his fortune. When lucifers first made their appearance in Italy, by his large investments in the trade he realized thirty thousand pounds. He also reaped a considerable harvest by introducing guano and other manures into Piedmont. He prepared himself, by constructing his own fortunes, for becoming the architect of the fortunes of his country. This is a far greater standard of fitness for office and command in the state than the highest university distinction. What he gained easily he spent with a lavish hand. He never allowed the consideration of ways and means to stand between himself and his objects, or financial restraints to curtail the grandeur of his plans, or check the profuse liberality of his disposition.

Cavour's habits of work were somewhat terrific. While minister, one bu-

reau seldom sufficed him; he generally held two of the offices of state in common. During the Austrian war of 1859, he held four portfolios in his grasp. His ordinary hour for rising was four o'clock. In conference, he came at once to the point at issue, and did not allow his time to be wasted by idle garrulity. But in the evening he would receive a few of the deputies at dinner, and talk over state affairs with his intimate circle at the opera. But when midnight came round, he was frequently so exhausted as to be overtaken with sleep while taking off his clothes.

His attainments out of the region of mathematics and political economy were not profound. To accurate scholarship he had not the slightest claim. Even his Italian was never pure. It was the French idiom strained through an Italian translation. None of his speeches can be called eloquent in the same sense in which Mirabeau's or Canning's can be called eloquent. While his writings are distinguished for limpid clearness of thought and clever repartee, and most clenching logic, they are sadly deficient in musical rhythm of language, in scholar-like neatness of phrase, and vigor of expression. Literary studies seem not have arrested his attention. Of the grand regions—the seductive vistas—of the ideal world, he knew little and cared less. The whole vigor of his intellect was absorbed in the practical element. He is the only example on record of a great statesman whose mind never traveled beyond the material aspects of humanity, leading a passionate people to throw off by the sheer force of enthusiasm their foreign oppressors, and reënter on the path of their ancient glory. What the scathing iron of Machiavelli, the classic eloquence of Rienzi, the boiling imagination of Dante, could not achieve for their highly susceptible countrymen, was accomplished by the matter-of-fact student of Scotch political economy.

From the London Review.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.*

It is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that fiction, so long exposed to indiscriminating reproach, has stepped at last into a certain place among the literary "powers that be." Thirty years ago many sober people had strong things to say against fiction. Some averred that, like olives, it was nauseous to the natural taste; and that the child's invariable question—"Is it a true story?" attested the first uncorrupted instincts of youth. Some went so far as to declare that fiction was falsehood, because it was not fact. Fairy tales were banished from the nursery not less rigorously than three-volume novels were declared contraband in the parlor, thirty years ago. Such restrictions were then possible. Children spent more time in active employments, more time in the kitchen, the stable, the garden, the farm-yard; less, a great deal less, with books. With no cheap crimson and gold volumes for presents, no circulating library at the corner of the street, no monthly serials to introduce the poison in a diluted form, young people could be easily limited by domestic police to the perusal of unobjectionably stupid books, or—of none at all. But this becomes impossible when hosts of periodicals and cheap books offer supplies of fiction suited to every class and age. All sorts of philanthropic societies, with the Religious Tract Society at their head, fight against the most vicious part of the press with its own weapons, and seek to invade the

enemies' camp by furnishing truth and morality with the pass-word of fiction. But this service, be it observed, is done by stories, not by novels; at least not by novels in their three-volume form. Serials stand on a ground of their own: and, though many sober people read novels without scruple in their pages, they would be shocked to call them by their right name. It would seem that an unquestionable novel ceases to be the poisonous thing it is, when it appears in monthly numbers. But only let the stories in *Chambers* or *Fraser* be bound up in that particular brown calf which stamps the circulating library, and they become in a measure tabooed, to be pushed off serious drawing-room tables, and excluded from serious book-clubs. Doubtless all our readers could point out certain households and literary circles to which magazines are readily admitted, while three-volume novels are forbidden.

So far from taking this view of the case, we contend not only that stories and novels stand on the same ground, but that they stand on the same ground as all other books, and must be judged by the same rule. If fiction is not in itself sinful—and those who allow stories yield this point; if it has a special purpose to serve—and those who give stories to their children yield this point; then, a work of fiction is to be judged by its own merits as a work of fiction, just as a sermon is judged by its own merits as a sermon. It is a separate question whether novels which give innocent amusement and recreation, may not be turned into a source of injury by being made a predominant and habitual study. We must not confound the good of novels with the evils of novel-reading, any more than we should confound the wholesomeness of sugar with the mischief of a surfeit. As to our bodily food, the common experience of mankind determines whether sugar is eatable or not, and afterward the chemist determines whether sugar is adulterated or not; but finally, each individual must

* *Oceola*.—*The War Trail*. By MAYKE REID.
Felicita.—*The Romance of Agostini*. Blackwood.

The Neighbors. By MISS BREMER.
DICKENS'S WORKS.

Framley Parsonage.—*The Three Clerks*.—*The Bertrams*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Vanity Fair.—*The Newcomes*. By THACKERAY.

Hypatia. By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Adam Bede.—*The Mill on the Floss*. By GEORGE ELIOT.

Tom Brown's School Days.—*Tom Brown at College*.

The Caxtons. By SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

The Heir of Redclyffe. By MISS YONGE.

Zanoni. By SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

determine whether sugar agrees with him or not. Just so, when the common-sense of mankind has decided that fiction does minister to the refreshment of our mental faculties, it is the part of the analyzer to test each particular sample, and discover how much is nourishment and how much is sweet clay or poison; but when that is done, each individual reader must decide whether it shall minister to health by moderate use, or to disease by excess.

Perhaps the lowest sort of novel is that which derives its interest from wild adventures or horrors; and in these the author of *The War Trail* and *Oceola* greatly excels. We should have judged that his popularity would be almost limited to school-boys, who rejoice in wild adventures, and call every thing that belongs to the softer sentiments "bosh;" but, considering how much all uneducated people delight in horrors, we incline to think he may be popular among the lower order of readers; and, indeed, we have often seen Mayne Reid's works in the hands of adult second-class railway passengers. It would be hard to say that this style of writing does harm; much more hard to suppose that it does any good; but, like the clay with which the wild Indian fills his stomach when he can not get food, it may possibly allay a craving without doing injury. The wild improbability of these stories is in favor of their harmlessness. When we plunge into Indian wars and stratagems with *Oceola*, in the swamps of Florida, we find ourselves in a sphere completely separated from our own. It is not *our* life; not *our* joy and grief, *our* good and evil. We do not weigh or consider it—we pass no judgment, learn no lesson; we look on it as a spectacle, and that is all. If we are but young enough or ignorant enough to lose sight of the gross improbability, then, the more wonderful and appalling the incidents, the better we shall enjoy the phantasmagoria of our adult magic-lantern.

Something of the same influence hangs over us in the perusal of novels of a higher class which profess to give us pictures of civilized but foreign life: such as the two pretty Italian stories which have lately appeared in *Blackwood*, and the well-known novels of Miss Bremer. Just so far as the life presented to us is like our own, we look on it with the interest of sympathy; just so far as it is unlike our

own, we look on it with the curiosity of spectators: and the two feelings meet in a suspension of judgment highly favorable to the authors of such works. Every thing that is true and good is set down to their credit as well drawn; while every thing that is silly or coarse is set down to the discredit of the life they have sketched for our benefit. When the young Italian, in *Felicita*, calmly discourses to the cousin he loves, about the intended wife whom he does not love, it does not jar on our feelings as it would do in the mouth of an English lover. When little Lucy makes her wild compact of endless trust with the young Roman painter—when that young Agostino himself suddenly rises from an idler into a hero—in short, when the whole story bears on its face the romance which it bears in name, we read it with indulgence, and are willing to accept the faults of the story as part of the social system that belongs to Italy rather than to England. This is equally the case with Miss Bremer's novels. If some of her scenes seem vulgar, some of her characters ill-drawn, some of their sentiments high-flown, we scarcely venture to apply these terms to such unfamiliar phenomena: perhaps they are only Swedish life and Swedish feelings. When the young married couple find their respected *chère mère* fiddling to her dancing servants on Sunday afternoon; when she slaps and pinches the young bride, and gives them a bundle of veal-cutlets for their breakfast the next morning; when a wife of twenty-seven and a husband of forty scuffle and romp till he is rolled into a ditch—we stare and laugh, but pass no judgment, for perhaps these are Swedish manners. In short, we accept the home life of *The Neighbors*, with its quiet wisdom and right feeling, as part of our common humanity; and we accept every thing peculiar or fantastic as a Swedish slide in the magic lantern which amuses us by its novelty, and with regard to which we never pause to decide how far its tragic and comic figures are caricatures of life.

We would fain hope that many of the French novels which we do *not* here notice, owe much of their circulation in England to this suspension of judgment. Unwatchful and dangerous as such suspension is, we would rather think that our innocent boys and girls are thrown off their guard by the novelty of these features of foreign life, than that, seeing all the human loath-

someness that lies beneath the French clothing, they should yet read and enjoy such depraved books.

The union of life interest with the interest derived from spectacles unlike our own life, is characteristic of one of our most popular English novelists—Dickens. Sometimes he gives us horrors and adventures, robbery and murder, storm and shipwreck, great Fire of London, spontaneous combustion; oftener he gives us scenes of foreign life—for what are the lives of thieves, beggars, clerks, footmen, prisoners, and policemen, but foreign to the mass of his readers? But his chief forte consists in delineating that particular aspect of life which admits of high caricature. On this ground he stands forth the unrivaled master of his art. His harlequin slides in the magic-lantern are inimitable; but, when he rises into the higher regions of feeling and passion, his tendency to caricature becomes ridiculous; and when he rises into principles, he shocks us. Yet in the simpler emotions that belong rather to pathos than passion, Dickens is more successful. Little Nelly, for instance, in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, has been greatly praised; yet we suspect most readers turn with a feeling of relief from her to the incomparable Richard Swiveller. Generally speaking, we like a little pathos interspersed with his delightful fun, as we like a wafer with an ice, less for the sake of the wafer than for the better enjoyment of the ice. As for his principles, they may be said to resolve themselves into three cardinal points, continually implied though never formally expressed, in his writings. First: that no woman ought to be judged hardly who is led astray by her affections. Secondly: that illegitimacy is no sort of disgrace. Thirdly: that it is an excessively harsh thing that society should make us eat the fruit of our own doings! There is scarcely one of his works which does not contain something uncomfortable or revolting, and something altogether distorted by caricature. He is especially unfortunate in his sketches of women. His ungentle women, Mrs. Dombey, Miss Wade, and Rosa Dartle, are monsters; and his gentle women have a particular aptitude for making mistaken marriages. Madeline Bray would have married the wretched usurer Arthur Grice; Florence, the young lady, marries Walter the sailor-boy; Ada marries poor lost Richard Car-

stone, and Esther would have married Mr. Jarndyce, if he had not had sense enough to prevent her just in time. And then what sad stories are found in his works; what sin, and sorrow, and disgrace! Illegitimacy in *Oliver Twist*, *Bleak House*, and *Little Dorrit*—seduction in *David Copperfield*—plotted adultery in *Dombey*—hatred between father and child in *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Dombey*—murder in *Oliver Twist*—suicide in *Nicholas Nickleby*—murder and intended parricide in *Martin Chuzzlewit*; and, saddest, though not worst of all, gradual deterioration of character, and waste of gifts of high promise, in Richard Carstone and Steerforth; and all these dark spots and stains relived, not so much by contrasted brightness, by energy in action, or heroism in endurance, as by drollery and broad fun. Perhaps these flaws are less evident in *David Copperfield* than in any other of his works; it has less caricature, either tragic or comic, less stilted emotions, less broad merriment, and is more like life in its subdued gayety and pathos, and pleasant cheerfulness. Yet, even in *David Copperfield*, Rosa Dartle and Miss Mowcher are outrageous caricatures. Authors have a standing jest against the sagacity of critics, based upon the fact that such alleged caricatures are often the only characters in the book that have been actually sketched from life. As if that altered the case! The most exact of all likenesses, sun-drawn likenesses, are often unpleasant caricatures; and for this reason, that they do what an unskillful author does when he makes an exact copy of nature, apart from the accessories with which nature surrounds her living models. Nature has atmosphere and movement to tone down all her peculiarities; but if a writer does not tone them down to compensate for the want of movement and variety which is found in life, and which surrounds our social existence as the atmosphere does our outward forms, we shall have an exact likeness, all the more a caricature as it is exact. Dickens's sketches are not always devoid of malice, but we trust they have done little harm. This, at least, must be said for the caricaturist, that if he teaches us any thing wrong, he does his best to undermine his own influence, by having accustomed us never to look to him for any sort of teaching. We do not under-rate the office of the comic writer: as *Punch* is to politics, Dickens is to our

social life; and, in the laughter they have both raised, they deserve a place, we will not say how high a place, among the benefactors of mankind. Some of Dickens's characters are admirably drawn. Sam Weller, Tom Pinch, and Mr. Bucket will live—ah! we dare not say how long they will live; for the short-lived peculiarities of the age are woven around them; and when England outgrows the nineteenth century, we take it for granted she will outgrow Dickens. What matter? If we minister to our own age, it is as much as man or God requires of us. Merely to amuse is not a high vocation or one with which any man should be content; else were the privileged half-witted jester as high in creation as ourselves. Nevertheless, when mirth is innocent and in the right place, the benefit it confers on health and spirits, and the barrier it raises against sourness and ill-temper, is what no wise man will despise.

Next to the great master of comedy and caricature stands one of the pleasantest writers of the present day. He gives us pictures of our own veritable English life, but with a less disturbed atmosphere; for Anthony Trollope is less an Englishman than a Greek. Gay, good-humored, a reveler in pleasant things, a firm believer in the general rightness and brightness of the course of human affairs, he is quite sure they ought to come right, and quite determined that they shall come right, as far as he can manage it. This by no means implies the absence of sorrow and suffering, weakness and wickedness; for these things are deeply mixed with our mortal life, and must needs appear in all true pictures of it. But then they are introduced in manageable proportions; and our sympathies are enlisted with the smooth working of the great social machine, which demands not only that gentleness and goodness should prosper, but that weakness should suffer, and wickedness be punished. Yet he is a very tolerant and patient master of his puppets; and if there be any strength to battle with the weakness, or lingering worth to balance the wickedness, he is sure to give them new opportunities, and lend them a helping hand. But his unmitigated scoundrels, like Undy Scott, never go scot-free; indeed, our humanitarians would be shocked at the unction with which he expresses his vehement desire to hang Undy, instead of consigning him to the

disgrace and ruin of a detected black-guard. In *The Three Clerks*, poetical justice is fully carried out: Charley Tudor, thrown, as a mere boy, into bad company and bad circumstances in London, must be helped by friends and circumstances; Alaric, more free to choose right, and therefore more culpable in choosing wrong, must suffer more deeply, and struggle back through suffering; and Henry Norman, always good and pleasant, but a trifle "spoony," must have a smooth and prosperous conclusion. Not that Anthony Trollope ever *says* any thing like this; it is one of his great merits, that he narrates without perpetually stopping to comment and moralize. He shows us what he wants us to see, and makes his speakers say what he wants us to hear, scattering here and there his own maxims of good-humored, serviceable worldly-wisdom.

"Those high political grapes had become sour," my sneering friends will say. Well! is it not a good thing that grapes should become sour which hang out of reach? Is he not wise who can regard all grapes as sour, which are manifestly too high for his hand? Those grapes of the treasury bench, for which gods and giants fight, suffering so much when they are forced to abstain from eating, and so much more when they do eat; those grapes are very sour to me. I am sure that they are indigestible, and that those who eat them undergo all the ills which the *Revalenta Arabica* is prepared to cure. And so it was now with the archdeacon. He thought of the strain which would have been put on his conscience, had he come up there to sit in London as Bishop of Westminster; and in this frame of mind he walked home to his wife."—*Framley Parsonage*, chap. xxv.

Again:

"It is not surprising that at such a moment Gertrude found that Alaric's newer friends fell off from him. Of course they did; nor is it a sign of heartlessness or ingratitude in the world, that at such a period of great distress new friends should fall off. New friends, like one's best coat and polished patent-leather boots, are only intended for holiday wear. At other times they are neither serviceable nor comfortable; they do not answer the required purposes, and are ill adapted to give us the ease we seek. A new coat, however, has this advantage, that it will in time become old and comfortable; so much can by no means be predicated with certainty of a new friend."—*The Three Clerks*, chap. xlii.

But Anthony Trollope has higher morality than this: if it be not the very highest, it is sound and true, as far as it goes.

He never teaches us to call right wrong, or wrong right; and rarely forces on us a tolerance of wrong, by the personal argument that we, too, under the same temptation, might have felt or done the same. We should hold him to be a keen politician; for some of his severest observations are political hits. Conservative as we desire to be in all good things, we think the following remarks have been amply deserved:

"At that time men had not learnt thoroughly by experience, as now they have, that no reform, no innovation, stinks so foully in the nostrils of an English Tory politician, as to be absolutely irreconcilable to him. When taken in the refreshing waters of office, any such pill can be swallowed. Let the people want what they will, Jew senators, cheap corn, vote by ballot, no property qualification, or any thing else, the Tories will carry it for them if the Whigs can not. A poor premier Whig has none but the Liberals to back him; but a reforming Tory will be backed by all the world—except those few whom his own dishonesty will personally have disgusted."—*The Bertrams*.

Framley Parsonage is, perhaps, the best of Trollope's novels, when read in numbers; but it is a question whether the frequent dialogue may not make the book too prolix as a whole; yet we should be loth to curtail its conversations, especially those of the ladies, so full of wit and tact, of tenderness or spite. The delineation of female character is one of Trollope's chief excellencies. Gertrude and Mrs. Woodward, in *The Three Clerks*, are well drawn, and almost all the female figures in *Framley Parsonage* are admirable sketches. Fanny Robarts especially is a perfect woman, without the flatness which generally belongs to perfection; graceful, spirited, true-hearted, and loving, a pattern friend and wife. The scenes in which she is introduced are charming, especially that in which her husband, driven to extremities, confesses the folly and weakness which have entangled them all in debt. She comes to him in his study, and sees his misery in his face:—

"O Mark! is there any thing the matter?"

"Yes, dearest; yes. Sit down, Fanny; I can talk to you better if you will sit."

"But she, poor lady, did not wish to sit. He had hinted at some misfortune, and therefore she felt a longing to stand by him, and cling to him."

"Well, there; I will, if I must, but, Mark,

do not frighten me. Why is your face so very wretched?"

"Fanny, I have done very wrong," he said. "I have been very foolish. I fear that I have brought upon you great sorrow and trouble." And then he leaned his head upon his hand, and turned his face away from her.

"O Mark, dearest Mark, my own Mark! what is it?" and then she was quickly up from her chair, and went down on her knees before him. "Do not turn from me. Tell me, Mark! tell me, that we may share it."

"Yes, Fanny, I must tell it you now; but I hardly know what you will think of me when you have heard it."

"I will think that you are my own husband, Mark; I will think that—that chiefly, whatever it may be." And then she caressed his knees, and looked up in his face, and getting hold of one of his hands, pressed it between her own. "Even if you have been foolish, who should forgive you, if I can not?"

And then he told it her all, beginning from that evening when Mr. Sowerby had got him into his bedroom, and going on gradually, now about the bills, and now about the horses, till his poor wife was utterly lost in the complexity of the accounts. The only part to her of importance in the matter was the amount of money which her husband would be called upon to pay; that, and her strong hope, which was already a conviction, that he would never again incur such debts.

"And how much is it, dearest, altogether?"

"..... If I will have to pay it all, it will be twelve or thirteen hundred pounds."

"That will be as much as a year's income, Mark; even with the stall." That was the only word of reproach she said—if that could be called a reproach.

"Yes," he said; "and it is claimed by men who will have no pity in exacting it at any sacrifice, if they have the power. And to think that I should have incurred all this debt without having received any thing for it. O Fanny! what will you think of me?"

"But she swore to him that she would think nothing of it—that she would never bear it in her mind against him—that it could have no effect in lessening her trust in him. Was he not her husband? She was so glad she knew it, that she might comfort him. And she did comfort him, making the weight seem lighter and lighter on his shoulders as he talked of it. And such weights do thus become lighter. A burden that will crush a single pair of shoulders, will, when equally divided—when shared by two, each of whom is willing to take the heavier part—become light as a feather. And this wife, cheerfully, gladly, thankfully took her share. To endure with her lord all her lord's troubles was easy to her; it was the work to which she had pledged herself. But to have thought that her lord had troubles not communicated to her, that would have been to her the one thing not to be borne."—*Framley Parsonage*, chap. xxxiii.

Framley Parsonage, like *The Three Clerks*, is a comfortable book. It would have been easy to make Lady Lufton's prejudices triumph over her affections, and so produce estrangement between her and her son, high tragedy between him and Lucy, and unassisted difficulties to Mark. But why should a Greek, who loves bright faces, make mischief by wrong-doing, if he can make happiness by right-doing? No, Lady Lufton's loving heart shall triumph over her temper and her prejudices, her son and Lucy shall be happy, and Mark shall suffer no more than he well deserves. But this benevolence shall not degenerate into weakness; and Mr. Sowerby, who has given others a bitter cup to drink, shall himself drain it to the dregs. As for the minor characters, let them have their heart's desire; we do not love them enough to visit them with discipline. Griselda Grantly, with her Dives taste for purple and fine linen, shall have a life of purple and fine linen; and so shall the Duke of Omnium—Nemesis behind them, waiting for the day when Lazarus takes his turn.

In speaking of Mr. Trollope's merits, we shall ignore one of his works, counting it an exception to the usual course of his genius. *The Bertrams* is a bad book. What right has any author to bring before the public a woman—a lady—so destitute of all the refined instincts of her sex, that she could marry one man at the very time when her heart was so full of another that her utmost pride and self-command could not banish his haunting image? What right has any one to bring the two lovers together, (one, now another's wife,) and let them recall remembrances and exchange assurances of love that would not die? Doubtless, wrong may be so brought before us as to help the cause of right. We are not so squeamish as to think that every narration of immorality must, in itself, be immoral. There are questionable scenes in Charley Tudor's London life, in *The Three Clerks*; but they are set before us in all their coarseness and degradation, to warn, and not to tempt. And perhaps this was the writer's purpose in *The Bertrams*; perhaps he only meant to warn, by describing the wretchedness that follows one great false step; forgetting the temptation that arises in the reader's mind to excuse, almost to tolerate, error, if the erring are made too

wretched, too much oppressed by their hapless doom. In that sad interview between Bertram and Lady Harcourt, in which their love and misery are so touchingly told, we think any reader might be conscious of a wish to excuse, or even to indulge them in a few more loving words: pity overpowering indignation, at the sight of such extreme wretchedness. It is immoral to make us feel thus. It is immoral to hide the inward guilt and stain which belong to such words of love, under the reckless despair that dictated them, or under the self-command which prevented them from ending in outward shame. And Trollope is guilty of another immorality: he allows a past false step which has ceased to be under our control, to serve as excuse for a present false step over which we still have control. That Bertram was too harsh to Caroline when he broke their engagement, is allowed in plea for his being too tender to Lady Harcourt. That Caroline was wrong in marrying her husband while she still loved another, is allowed in plea for deserting him when the return of her lover makes her feel the dreadful conflict before her. But enough of *The Bertrams*. We trust its faults will prove a solitary exception to Mr. Trollope's high excellence as a writer of fiction.

After the young Greek follows an old one, probably of the cynic school. Thackeray gives us to understand that he writes as a moralist:

"My kind reader will please to remember, that this history has 'Vanity Fair' for a title and that Vanity Fair is a very vain, wicked foolish place, full of all sorts of humbugs, and falsenesses, and pretensions. . . . People there are living and flourishing in the world. . . . with no reverence except for prosperity, and no eye for any thing beyond success. . . . faithless, hopeless, charityless: let us have at them, dear friends, with might and main."

And how does Thackeray carry out this intention? He makes us almost like Becky Sharp by endowing her with those deservedly popular qualities, tact, wit, good-humor, and good temper; and by putting her in contact with other persons equally wicked but not equally pleasant, and with one or two worthy people whom he contrives to make ridiculous or contemptible. We are inclined to pardon Becky's wickedness in "doing" every one she comes across, when every one she comes across so well deserves to be "done." Especially has he failed in put-

ting her in contrast with Amelia, that mean-minded, whimpering little woman, whose loving temperament never inspires her with one noble sentiment. Becky has at least one element of greatness; she honors even her enemies when they are worthy of honor; while Amelia is incapable of appreciating true merit even in her friends. We pardon her infatuation for George Osborne, that "selfish humbug, that low-bred cockney-dandy," as Becky rightly calls him; we pardon it as a delusion of early youth, riveted by the premature death of her husband on the battle-field; but we can not pardon her low estimate of, and petty tyranny over Dobbin; we can not even pardon her hasty marriage, bringing, as it was sure to do, ruin on the man she loved. That hard intellectual type of woman-kind which is commonly stigmatized as "strong-minded," is frightening authors from the study of qualities essentially womanly. It is woman's vocation to be strong, not in mind, but in noble and generous impulses; that, while her husband and sons know best what is expedient, logical, or wise, she should know best what is true, gallant, and right. *Vanity Fair* is a remarkable book, brilliant, entertaining, life-like, (as far as life is bad and base;) but if we plunge beneath the sparkling surface, it is a dreary book. It gives the real, and utterly omits the ideal: it strips away the veil which our love or trust throws over our neighbors' actions, and holds them up in all their possible selfishness and falseness. The blossom of the gay epicurean is gone, and we are fed to satiety on the cynic's bitter fruit. Are we so silly as to imagine that there is such a thing as disinterested service and love? Pooh!

"What love, what fidelity, what constancy is there equal to that of a nurse with good wages? They smooth pillows, and make arrow-root; they get up at nights; they bear complaints and querulousness; they see the sun shining out of doors and don't want to go abroad; they sleep on arm-chairs, and eat their meals in solitude; they pass long, long evenings doing nothing, watching the embers, and the patient's drink simmering in the jug. Ladies, what man's love is there that would stand a year's nursing of the object of his affections? Whereas a nurse will stand by you for ten pounds a quarter."

As for affection;—Miss Crawley

"had a balance at her banker's which would

have made her beloved any where. What a dignity it gives an old lady, that balance at the banker's! How tenderly we look at her faults! If she is a relative, what a kind, good-natured old creature we find her! Your wife is perpetually sending her little testimonies of affection; your little girls work endless worsted baskets, cushions, and foot-stools for her. What a good fire there is in her room when she comes to pay you a visit. The house during her stay assumes a festive, neat, warm, jovial, snug appearance not visible at other seasons. You yourself, dear sir, forget to go to sleep after dinner, and find yourself all of a sudden (though you invariably lose) very fond of a rubber. Is it so, or is it not so? I appeal to the middle classes."

As for kindred ties:

"You who have little or no patrimony to bequeath or to inherit, may be on good terms with your father or your son, whereas the heir of a great prince, such as my lord Steyne, must naturally be angry at being kept out of his kingdom, and eye the occupant of it with no very agreeable glances. 'Take it as a rule,' this sardonic old Eaves would say, 'the fathers and elder sons of all great families hate each other. . . . If you were heir to a dukedom and a thousand pounds a day, do you mean to say you would not wish for possession? Pooh! And it stands to reason that every great man, having experienced this feeling toward his father, must be aware that his son entertains it toward himself; and so they can't but be suspicious and hostile.'"

Don't let us trust any one, dear friends. Not our lovers, lest while we picture them "bivouacking, or attending the couch of a wounded comrade, or studying the art of war in their own desolate chamber," our angel-thoughts happily find the barrack-gates shut, and can not pass through to "hear the young fellows roaring over their whisky-punch." Not our wives; for

"the best of women are hypocrites. We don't know how much they hide from us: how watchful they are when they seem most artless and confidential; how often those frank smiles which they wear so easily, are traps to cajole, or elude, or disarm. I don't mean it in your mere coquettes, but your domestic models and paragons of female virtue. . . . A good housewife is of necessity a humbug: and Cornelia's husband was hoodwinked as Potiphar was—only in a different way."

Not our friends' kind thoughts and remembrance:

"Did we know what our intimates and dear relations think of us, we should live in a world that we should be glad to quit, and in a frame

of mind, and a constant terror, that would be perfectly unbearable. . . . Could the best and kindest of us who depart from the earth have an opportunity of revisiting it, I suppose he or she would have a pang of mortification at finding how soon our survivors were consoled. And so Sir Pitt was forgotten—like the kindest and best of us—only a few weeks sooner."

Not in such an old-fashioned thing as constancy:

"Perhaps in *Vanity Fair* there are no better satires than letters. Take a bundle of your dear friend's of ten years back—your dear friend whom you hate now. Look at a pile of your sister's: how you clung to each other till you quarreled about the twenty pound legacy! Get down the round-hand scrawls of your son, who has half-broken your heart with selfish undutifulness since: or a parcel of your own, breathing endless ardor and love eternal, which were sent back by your mistress when she married the nabob—your mistress, for whom you now care no more than for Queen Elizabeth. Vows, love, promises, confidences, gratitude, how queerly they read after a while! . . . The best ink for *Vanity Fair* use would be one that faded utterly in a couple of days, and left the paper clean and blank, so that you might write on it to somebody else."

But we must eat the fruit of these ways, my brothers:

"The bustle, and triumph, and laughter, and gayety which *Vanity Fair* exhibits in public, do not always pursue the performer into private life and the most dreary depression of spirits and dismal repentances sometimes overcome him. . . . The success and pleasure of yesterday becomes of very small account when a certain (albeit uncertain) morrow is in view, about which all of us must some day or other be speculating. O brother, wearer of motley! are there not moments when one grows sick of grinning and tumbling, and the jingling of cap and bells? This, dear friends and companions, is my amiable object—to walk with you through the Fair, to examine the shops and the shows there; and that we should all come home after the flare, and the noise, and the gayety, and be perfectly miserable in private."

How should we not be miserable and depressed, when good people are the only ones in this upside-down world who do not eat the fruit of their own ways? How many are destined

"to perform cheerless duties; to watch by thankless sick-beds; to suffer the harassment and tyranny of querulous disappointed old age! How many thousands of people are there, women for the most part, who are doomed to endure this long slavery!—who are hospital nurses without wages—sisters of charity, if you

like, without the romance and the sentiment of sacrifice—who strive, fast, watch, and suffer, unpitied; and fade away ignobly and unknown. The hidden and awful wisdom which apportions the destinies of mankind is pleased so to humiliate and cast down the tender, good, and wise; and to set up the selfish, the foolish, or the wicked. 'Vanity of vanities, is all vanity.'"

Oh! what a dreary book! Give us its narrative, its comedy, its brilliant jesting and wit, and let us laugh and be merry; but spare us these reflections, O bitter cynic! if you would not drive us to despair. The grave irony that praises baseness, or the grave censure that condemns it, leaves us equally helpless and hopeless if you show us no way of escape. When did the bitterness of the fruit ever prevent men from clutching at the fair outside? We want something better, something substantial on which to rest and feed, in the place of this universal negation, this desolate hollowness and barrenness of life. Human nature is bad enough; but while God reigns over the world, and while his Spirit is abroad in it, we rejoice to think that glimmerings of truth and trust and kindness, of faithful service and disinterested love, are ever breaking through the darkness, witnesses of that gracious Presence which offers light and peace to all.

There is a better and brighter tone in *The Newcomes*, due perhaps to those Solomons, the critics, against whose verdict on his former work the author jeers in his introduction. The narrative is less effectively told, but there is more variety and less cynicism. Points which are touched with bitter irony in one, are softened into pathos in the other. Characters are not so completely separated into milk-and-water and *sauce piquante*. We are given something to admire or love in the Colonel and Ethel, even in Clive and Lord Kew, and in Miss Honeyman, J. J. Ridley, and Madame de Florac. Nay, we find to our surprise, that there is such a thing as constancy and disinterestedness in affection; that it is possible for a younger brother to rejoice when the earl, his senior, recovers from the effects of a duel; more surprising still, we are told that there is something higher than the world's customs and maxims, with which the world is at odds:

"It is an old saying that we forget nothing; as people in fever begin suddenly to talk the language of their infancy, we are stricken by

memory sometimes, and old affections rush back on us as vivid as in the time when they were our daily talk, when their presence gladdened our eyes, when their accents thrilled in our ears, when with passionate tears and grief we flung ourselves upon their hopeless corpses. Parting is death, at least as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end, . . . and we see it no more: but it has been part of our souls, and it is eternal." "If love lives through all life; and survives through all sorrow; and remains steadfast with us through all changes; and in all darkness of spirit burns brightly; and, if we die, deplores us forever, and loves still equally; and exists with the very last gasp and throb of the faithful bosom, whence it passes with the pure soul beyond death—surely it shall be immortal? Though we who remain are separated from it, is it not ours in heaven? If we love still those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love?"

This is very beautiful. Again:

"Oh! to think of a generous nature, and the world and nothing but the world to occupy it—of a brave intellect, and the milliner's band-boxes, and the scandal of the coteries, and the fiddle faddle etiquette of the court for its sole exercise!—of the rush and hurry from entertainment to entertainment, of the prayerless rest at night, and the awaking to a godless morrow." "This book is not a sermon, except where it can not help itself, and the speaker pursuing the destiny of his narrative finds such a homily before him. O friend! in your life and mine, don't we light upon such sermons daily? don't we see at home as well as among our neighbors that battle betwixt Evil and Good? Here on one side is Self and Ambition and Advancement; and Right and Love on the other. Which shall we let to triumph for ourselves?—which for our children?"

This is brave, and yet—and yet—Thackeray does not surfeit us with any overwhelming quantity of Right and Love. It is disappointing to have no higher ideal of manhood than the noble-minded simpleton Colonel Newcome, the generous but weak and undisciplined Clive, or the kind-hearted *roué* Lord Kew. Thackeray seems unable to realize the union of strength and tenderness, of good principles and gay geniality. If any one is excellent, we must expect him to be weak or blundering; if any one is clever and agreeable, we must excuse him for being dissipated. When Ethel has struggled out of the abyss of vanity and selfishness, there is not a man in the book who is fit to touch her hand, (we except the Colonel and J. J. Ridley, who escape the world's brand, only as being unfit to

live in it.) As to poor, weak, womanly Clive, his utmost heroism is to bear the destiny he can never conquer. Lord Kew's return to better thoughts, after his duel, is well and happily told: nevertheless, we do not believe in Lord Kew; we do not believe that a young man can range through every form of sensuality from earliest boyhood, and yet remain "simple, kindly, and modest." In one respect we entirely agree with Thackeray; we do not want sermons in novels, but we want the very thing he never gives us—a purer atmosphere to breathe. If the novel-reader catches any thing from the novelist, he does it by sympathy, not by reflection; and in vain is the writer's touching pathos or cynical wisdom, whilst, surrounded by hazy views of right, and open tolerance of wrong, we grope with him through the black mist of worldliness, which, like a sooty London fog, hangs over all his pictures of life. If there is one truth which he is in earnest to proclaim in *The Newcomes*, it is this, that marriage without love is the seed of misery and ruin: yet he should rather have said that marriage without the qualities that excite love is the real source of misery. Men and women are not so unhappily constituted that, when thrown into that close relationship, they should not learn to look with kindness on each other, if there be ought to inspire kindness. But we can not reform this great social evil, while the influences that minister to it remain unchanged. Are women to bring their whole hearts to the altar, while men bring the burnt-out cinders of theirs? While men are thoughtless, selfish, and sensual, are women to be disinterested and pure? While men love wine and gambling, and the nymphs of the opera, and the gold that supplies these pleasures, are women *not* to love dress and diamonds, fine houses and carriages, and the rank and fashion which they symbolize? There is no remedy for the evil Thackeray deplors, except the higher standard which he never gives us. Let us rejoice if, scared by his terrible picture, one victim here and there may escape the dark abyss; *au reste*, let us take up his writings in our tired hours, as a source of infinite amusement, rapidly turning over the pages that bring reflections rather depressing than hopeful.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

XVI.

IN WHAT MANNER THE OBSEQUIES OF KING HENRY VII. WERE CELEBRATED,—SHOWING HOW THE FUNERAL PROCESSION SET FORTH FROM THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

THE time appointed for placing the late King within the tomb now drew nigh, and as the obsequies were the most magnificent ever celebrated in this country, or perhaps in any other, we may be excused for dwelling upon them at some length; the rather, that besides presenting a very striking illustration of the customs of an age that delighted in shows and solemnities of all kinds, the extraordinary honors paid to Henry on his interment, prove the estimation in which his memory was held by his subjects; and that notwithstanding the tyranny of his rule, he was regarded as a mighty monarch. By its unprecedented splendor, his burial worthily closed a reign which was one long pageant—a pageant for the most part gorgeous; sometimes gloomy, tragical, and even awful; but ever grand and imposing. Luckily, ample materials for accurate description are provided for us, and we shall avail ourselves freely of them, in order to present a full account of the most remarkable Royal Funeral on record.

Embalmed by apothecaries and surgeons of greatest skill in the art, wrapped in cerecloth of many folds, and in an outer cover of cloth of vair and velvet, bound with cords of silk, the corpse of the puissant monarch was at first laid out on the couch whereon he had expired, with a scroll sewn on the breast containing his titles and the date of his demise, written in large and small characters. The body was next cased in lead, and deposited in a second coffin of oak, elaborately sculptured, and of enormous size.

Enveloped in a pall of blue velvet, whereon was laid a silver cross, the pon-

derous coffin was removed to the privy-chamber, and set upon a large frame covered with cloth of gold, where it remained for five days; during which time lights were constantly burning within the chamber, a watch kept night and day by thirty gentlemen of the privy-chamber, and masses and orisons offered for the repose of the soul of the departed monarch by the chaplains.

Meanwhile, all the approaches to the chapel within the palace were hung with black, and garnished with escutcheons of the King's arms, descents, and marriages; while in the chapel itself the floor and walls were covered with black cloth, the sides and ceiling set with banners and standards of Saint George, and the high altar covered with black velvet, and adorned with magnificent plate and jewels. In the midst of the sacred apartment, surrounded by barriers, clothed with black, with a small altar at its foot, adorned like the high altar with plate and jewels, was set a superb catafalque, garnished with pensils and escutcheons, and having at each corner the banner of a saint beaten in fine gold upon damask. A majesty of rich cloth of gold, with a valance of black silk fringed with black silk and gold, canopied this catafalque, which was lighted by four-score square tapers, each two feet in length, and containing altogether two thousand pounds weight of wax.

In regard to some of the accessories here particularized, or which will be subsequently mentioned, it may be remarked, that the "banner," which could be borne by none of inferior degree to a banneret, was square in form, and displayed the arms of the sovereign all over it. The "standard" differed in shape from the banner, being much longer, and slit at the extremity. This ensign did not display armorial bearings. The "pennon"

was less than the standard, rounded at the extremity, and charged with arms. "Bannerols" were banners of great width, representing alliances and descents. "Pensils" were small flags shaped like the vanes on pinnacles. Banners of saints and images were still used at the time of Henry's interment, when, as will be seen, many of the rites of the Church of Rome were observed.

On Wednesday, second of February, 1547, being Candlemas-day, during the night, the coffin, having been covered with a rich pall of cloth of tissue, crossed with white tissue, and garnished with escutcheons of the King's arms, was removed with great ceremony and reverence to the chapel, where it was placed on the catafalque, all the tapers about which had been previously lighted. A rich cloth of gold, adorned with precious stones, was then thrown over the coffin.

On the day after the removal of the royal corpse, the Marquis of Dorset, as chief mourner, with twelve other noblemen, foremost among whom were the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, Shrewsbury, Derby, and Sussex, assembled in the pallet-chamber, arrayed in sable weeds, with hoods over their heads, and thence proceeded in order, two and two, to the chapel—the chief mourner marching first, with his train borne after him. Officers of arms and gentlemen ushers headed the solemn procession, which was closed by the vice-chamberlain and other officials, all in suits of woe. On arriving at the catafalque, the Marquis of Dorset knelt down at its head, and his companions on either side of it.

Then Norroy, king of arms, appearing at the door of the choir, cried with a loud voice: "Of your charity pray for the soul of the high and most mighty Prince, our late sovereign lord and King Henry VIII."

Next, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, and Bonner, Bishop of London, came forth from the rovestry in their full robes, and proceeding to the high altar, a solemn requiem was sung, the whole choir joining in the hymn.

Here the body remained for three days, constant watch being kept about it, and the tapers continuing ever burning. The solemnities connected with the burial were to occupy as many more days. The royal corpse was to be conveyed with all possible

ceremony to Windsor Castle. The first day's halt was to be at the convent of Sion. On the second day, Windsor was to be reached. On the third day, the interment was to take place in Saint George's Chapel.

At an early hour on the morning of Monday, fourteenth February, the solemn ceremonial began. The shades of night had not yet wholly fled, but abundance of flaming torches cast a strange and lurid light on the gates, towers, and windows of the palace, and on the numerous dusky groups collected in its courts.

Before the great hall door was drawn up a right noble funeral chariot, whereunto were harnessed seven Flanders horses of the largest size, wholly trapped in black velvet down to the pasterns, each horse bearing four escutcheons of the late King's arms, beaten in fine gold upon double sarcenet, upon his trappings, and having a shaffron of the King's arms on his head. The car was very velous to behold. It was of immensu size, and its wheels, being thickly gilt, looked as if made of burnished gold. The lower part of the vehicle was hung with blue velvet, reaching to the ground between the wheels; and the upper part consisted of a stupendous canopy, supported by four pillars overlaid with cloth of gold, the canopy being covered with the same stuff, and having in the midst of it a richly gilt dome. Within the car was laid a thick mattress of cloth of gold and tissue fringed with blue silk and gold.

After the funeral-car had thus taken up its station, there issued from the chapel a solemn train, consisting of mitred prelates in their copes, and temporal lords in mourning habits, the Bishops walking two and two, and reciting prayers as they moved along. Then came the coffin, borne by sixteen stout yeomen of the guard, under a rich canopy of blue velvet fringed with silk and gold, sustained by blue staves with tops of gold, each staff being borne by a baron—namely, the Lords Abergavenny, Conyers, Latimer, Fitzwalter, Bray, and Cromwell. After the coffin followed the Marquis of Dorset and the twelve mourners, the latter walking two and two. Many torch-bearers attended the procession, the greater number marching on either side of the body. When the coffin had been reverently placed within the chariot, a pall of cloth of gold was cast over it.

Then was brought forward an object, considered the grand triumph of the show, which excited wonder and admiration in all who looked upon it. This was an effigy of the departed monarch, beautifully sculptured in wood by the most skillful carver of the day, and painted by a hand no less cunning than that of Holbein himself. Bedecked in Henry's own habiliments of cloth of gold and velvet, enriched with precious stones of all kinds, this image had a marvelous and life-like effect. In the right hand was placed a golden scepter, while the left sustained the orb of the world with a cross. Upon the head was set a crown imperial of inestimable value. Over the shoulders was the collar of the Garter, and below the knee was the lesser badge of the order as worn by the King himself in his lifetime. The attitude of the figure was noble and commanding, and exactly like that of the imperious monarch.

Borne by the three gigantic warders of the Tower, who seemed not a little proud of their office, this image was placed in the chariot under the superintendence of Fowler and other gentlemen of the privy-chamber, its feet resting upon a cushion of cloth of gold, and its upright position being secured by silken bands fastened to the four pillars of the car.

The effigy of the King being fixed in its place, six bannerols of marriages and descents were hung on either side of the chariot, and one bannerol at each end. All being now arranged, Sir Anthony Denny and Sir William Herbert, chief gentlemen of the privy-chamber, entered the car, stationing themselves, the one at the head of the coffin, and the other at its foot.

During these preparations, which occupied a considerable time, a vast crowd had collected within the precincts of the palace, and this assemblage began now to manifest impatience in various ways. Even the solemnity of the occasion did not prevent many quarrels and scuffles, which the halberdiers and mounted pursuivants of arms strove in vain to check. As the time advanced, and the crowd grew denser, these disturbances became more frequent, and the guard had enough to do to keep the tumultuous and noisy throng outside the barriers, which extended from the palace-gates beyond Charing-cross, the whole of this space being filled by countless spectators, while

every window was occupied, and every roof had its cluster of human beings.

Just as the bell of Westminster Abbey tolled forth the hour of eight, the great bell of Saint Paul's, never rung save on the death or funeral of a monarch, began its awful boom, and amidst the slow and solemn sounding of bells from every adjacent steeple, coupled with the rolling of muffled drums, the funeral procession set forth from the courts of the palace.

First rode two porters of the King's house, bearing long black staves; after them came the sergeant of the vestry, with the verger; next, the cross, with the children, clerks, and priests of the chapel, in their surplices, singing orisons. On either side of this train, from the cross to the dean of the chapel, walked two hundred and fifty poor men, in long mourning-gowns and hoods, having badges on the left shoulder—the red and white cross, in a sun shining, with the crown imperial above it. Each of these men carried a long blazing torch, and the number of these flambeaux made an extraordinary show. Two carts laden with additional torches for use during the progress of the procession, attended them. This division was closed by the bearer of the Dragon standard, with a sergeant-at-arms holding a mace on either side of him. Backward and forward along the line rode mounted pursuivants to keep order.

Next came a long train of harbingers, servants of ambassadors, trumpeters, chaplains, esquires, and officers of the household, according to degree.

After this miscellaneous troop came the standard of the Greyhound, borne by Sir Nicholas Stanley, with a sergeant-of-arms on either side. Next followed the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and after them the knights bannerets, chaplains of dignity, and all those of the King's household who were knights, with other notable strangers. This division was under the conduct of two heralds and other officers, who rode from standard to standard to keep order.

Next came the standard of the Lion, borne by Lord Windsor, hooded and trapped, and attended by two sergeants with maces. He was followed by the lower council, walking two and two; by the lords of the council; and by a long line of noble strangers and ambassadors. With the ambassador of the Emperor Charles V. came the Archbishop of Can-

terbury. Order was maintained by four mounted heralds.

Next came the embroidered Banner of the King's Arms, borne by Lord Talbot, with his hood drawn over his head, and his horse trapped in black. Then followed Carlisle, herald of arms, bearing the King's helm and crest, his horse being trapped and garnished. Then Norroy, king at arms, bearing the target. Then Clarencieux, with the King's rich coat of arms curiously embroidered. All these had escutcheons on the trappings of their horses, and were under the guidance of sergeants-at-arms, furnished with maces.

The funeral-car now came in sight. Before it were carried twelve banners of descents, the bearers walking two and two. Led by grooms in mourning apparel, the seven great horses appointed to drag along the ponderous machine were ridden by children of honor, arrayed in black, with hoods on their heads, each of them carrying a bannerol of the King's dominions and of the ancient arms of England. On either side of the horses walked thirty persons in sable attire, holding tall flaming staff-torches. Besides these there were numerous grooms and pages.

At each corner of the car walked a knight, with a banner of descents; and on either side of it rode three others, cloaked and hooded, their steeds being trapped in black to the ground. Those on the right were Sir Thomas Seymour, Sir Thomas Heneage, and Sir Thomas Paston; those on the left were Sir John Gage, Sir Thomas Darey, and Sir Maurice Berkeley.

In the rear of the funeral-car rode the chief mourner, the Marquis of Dorset, alone, with his horse trapped in black velvet, and after him came the twelve mourners, with their steeds trapped to the ground. After the mourners rode the Earl of Arundel, lord chamberlain of the household, with his hood on his shoulder, to intimate that he was not a mourner. After the lord chamberlain came Sir Anthony Brown, master of the horse, bare-headed, and leading the King's favorite milk-white steed, trapped all in cloth of gold down to the ground.

Nine mounted henchmen followed next, clad in suits of woe and hooded, their horses trapped to the ground, and having shaffrons on their heads, and themselves bearing bannerols of the arms of England before the Conquest.

Then followed Sir Francis Bryan, master of the henchmen. Then Sir Anthony Wingfield, vice-chamberlain and captain of the guard, followed by a large company of the guard, in black, marching three and three, each with a halberd on his shoulder, with the point downward. A long line of noblemen's servants and others closed the cortege.

It was now broad day, though dull and foggy, but the countless torches lighted up the procession, and gave it a strange, ghostly look. Thus seen, the black, hooded figures appeared mysterious and awful. But it was upon the stupendous funeral-car that all regards were concentrated. So wonderfully life-like was the effigy of the King, that not a few among the credulous and half-informed spectators thought Henry himself had returned to earth to superintend his own funeral ceremony; while on all hands the image was regarded as a miracle of art. Exclamations of wonder and delight arose on all sides as it went by, and many persons knelt down as if a saint were being borne along. The head of the cortege had passed Spring Gardens some time before the rear issued from the courts of the palace, and, seen from Charing-cross, the long line of dusky figures, with the standards, banners, torches, and chariot, presented such a spectacle as has never since been seen from that spot, though many a noble procession has in after-times pursued the same route.

At the foot of the noble Gothic cross a crowd of persons had been collected from an early hour. Amongst them was a tall Franciscan friar, who maintained a moody silence, and who regarded the pageant with so much sternness and scorn, that many marveled he should have come thither to look upon it. When the ponderous funeral-car, after toiling its way up the ascent, came to the Cross, a brief halt was called, and during this pause the tall monk pressed forward, and throwing back his hood, so as fully to display his austere and death-pale features, lighted up by orbs blazing with insane light, stretched out his hand toward the receptacle of the royal corpee, and exclaimed, with a loud voice: "In the plenitude of his power I rebuked for his sinfulness the wicked King whom ye now bear to the tomb with all this senseless pomp. Inspired from above, I lifted up my voice, and told him, that as his life had been desperately wicked, so

his doom should be that of the worst of kings, and dogs would lick his blood. And ere yet he shall be laid in the tomb my words will come to pass."

At this juncture two pursuivants rode up and threatened to brain the rash speaker with their maces, but some of the crowd screened him from their rage.

"Strike him not!" cried an elderly man of decent appearance. "He is crazed. 'Tis the mad Franciscan, Father Peto. Make way for him there! Let him pass!" he added to those behind, who charitably complying, the monk escaped uninjured.

XVII.

WHAT WAS SEEN AND HEARD AT MIDNIGHT BY THE WATCHERS IN THE CONVENTUAL CHURCH AT SION.

BEAUTIFULLY situated on the banks of the Thames, between Brentford and Isleworth, and about midway between the metropolis and Windsor, stood the suppressed Convent of Sion, selected as the first halting-place of the funeral cortege. In this once noble, but now gloomy and desecrated monastery, which had been stripped of all its wealth and endowments by the rapacious monarch, was confined the lovely but ill-fated Catherine Howard, who had poured forth her unavailing intercessions for mercy from on high at the altar near which, later on, the body of her tyrant husband was to rest, and who had been taken thence, half frantic with terror, to die by his ruthless decree on the scaffold. Guilt she might have, but what was her guilt compared with that of her inexorable husband and judge!

Shortly after the events about to be narrated, Sion was bestowed by Edward VI. on his uncle, the Lord Protector; but from the time of its suppression up to this period, it had been, comparatively speaking, deserted. Reverting to the crown, the estate was next granted to the Duke of Northumberland, on whose attainder it was once more forfeited. The monastery was restored and reëdowed by Mary—but it is needless to pursue its history farther.

Mighty preparations had now been made within the neglected convent for the lodging and accommodation of the immense funeral retinue. Luckily, the building was of great extent, and its halls and chambers, though decaying and dilapidated, capable of holding an incredible num-

ber of persons. Their capacity in this respect was now about to be thoroughly tested. Hospitality, at the period of our history, was practiced at seasons of woe on as grand and profuse a scale as at festivities and rejoicings, and the extraordinary supplies provided for the consumption of the guests expected at Sion were by no means confined to funeral baked meats. Cold viands there were in abundance—joints of prodigious size—chines and sirloins of beef, chines of pork, baked red-deer, baked swan, baked turkey, baked sucking-pig, gammon of bacon pie, wild boar pie, roe pie, hare pie, soused sturgeon, soused salmon, and such-like—but there was no lack of hot provisions, roast, boiled, and stewed, nor of an adequate supply of sack, hippocrass, Rhenish, Canary, and stout October ale.

Every care was taken that the lords spiritual and temporal, with the foreign ambassadors and other persons of distinction, should be suitably lodged, but the majority of the actors in the gloomy pageant were left to shift for themselves, and the dormitories of the convent, even in its most flourishing days, had never known half so many occupants. The halls and principal chambers of the ancient religious structure were hung with black and garnished with escutcheons, and the fine old conventual church, refitted for the occasion, was likewise clothed with mourning, the high altar being entirely covered with black velvet, and adorned with all the jewels and gold and silver plate of which the shrines of the monastery had been previously plundered. In the midst of the choir, protected by double barriers, was placed a catafalque even more stately than that provided in the chapel of the palace at Westminster, with a lofty canopy, the valance whereof was fringed with black silk and gold, and the sides garnished with pensils, escutcheons, and bannerols. Around this, burnt an immense number of large wax tapers.

The progress of the funeral cortege was necessarily slow, and it was past one o'clock ere it reached Brentford, at which place a number of nobles, knights, and esquires, together with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, rode on toward Sion, and arranged themselves in long lines on either side of the convent gates. About two o'clock, the funeral-car drew up at the west door of the

church, and the effigy of the King was first taken out by the three gigantic warders, and carried by them with befitting care and reverence to the revery. After which the coffin was ceremoniously brought out, and conveyed through two lines of nobles and ambassadors to the receptacle provided for it within the choir—the bishops in their miters and copes preceding it. Thus deposited, the coffin was covered with a blue velvet pall, having a white cross embroidered upon it. At the head of the pall were laid the King's helm and crest, on the right and left his sword and targe, and his embroidered coat at the foot. All round the exquisitely carved choir were ranged the various banners and standards used in the procession.

Illumined by a thousand tapers, crowded with mourners of the highest rank, and with ecclesiastical dignitaries occupied in their sacred functions, with chaplains, choristers, and others, the appearance of the choir, decorated as already described with banners and escutcheons, was singularly striking, and when a solemn dirge was performed by the Bishop of London and the choristers, the combined effect of spectacle and hymn was almost sublime. Not only was the choir crowded, but the entire body of the large conventual church was filled to inconvenience by those engaged in the ceremony.

No sooner, however, was the service ended than the church was speedily cleared of all save the watchers, and the demolition of the good cheer prepared for them in the halls and refectory commenced in right earnest. Eating and drinking there was from one end of the monastery to the other, and the purveyors, grooms, and yeomen of the kitchen, larder, cellar, and battery, had enough to do to answer the incessant demands made upon them. Much merriment, we regret to say, prevailed among the mourners, and some ditties, that did not sound exactly like doleful strains, were occasionally heard. Provisions were liberally given to all comers at the convent-gates, and alms distributed to the poor.

Constant watch was kept about the body, and the guard was relieved every hour. But, notwithstanding the vigilance exercised, a singular incident took place, which we shall proceed to relate.

A little before midnight it came to the turn of the three gigantic warders to take

their station beside the body, and as the elder brother stood on the left of the hearse, leaning on his enormous halberd, he remarked that a dark stream had issued from beneath the pall covering the coffin, and was slowly trickling down the scutcheoned side of the catafalque. Horror-stricken at the sight, he remained gazing at this ensanguined current until some drops had fallen upon the ground. He then uttered an exclamation, which quickly brought his brothers to him.

"What alarms thee, Og?" cried the two giants.

"Look there!" said the other. "'Tis the King's blood. The coffin has burst."

"No doubt of it!" exclaimed Gog. "'Tis a terrible mischance—but we can not be blamed for it."

"A truce with such folly!" cried Magog. "'Tis the rough roads between this and Brentford, which shook the car so sorely, that are in fault, and not we! But what is to be done? Methinks the alarm ought to be given to the Grand-Master."

"Ay," replied Og; "but the flow of blood increases. We ought to stay it."

"How can that be done?" cried Gog.

"Can we mend the hursten coffin?"

"Others may if we can not," cried Og.

"No time must be lost in obtaining aid. These fearful stains must be effaced ere the bearers come to-morrow."

Without more ado he hurried toward the great western door of the church, and was followed by his brothers, who seemed quite bewildered by the occurrence. But they had scarcely reached the door, when they were suddenly arrested by a fierce barking, as of hounds, apparently proceeding from the choir.

Appalled by the sound, they instantly stopped, and, turning round, beheld a spectacle that transfixed them with horror. Within the barriers, and close beside the coffin on the side of the catafalque down which the loathly current had flowed, stood a tall, dark figure, which, under the circumstances, they might well be excused for deeming unearthly. With this swart figure were two large coal-black hounds of Saint Hubert's breed, with eyes that, in the imagination of the giants, glowed like carbuncles. Encouraged by their master, these hounds were rending the blood-stained cover of the catafalque with their teeth.

"'Tis Satan in person!" exclaimed Ma-

gog. "But I will face him, and check those hell-hounds in their infernal work."

"I will go with thee," said Og. "I fear neither man nor demon."

"Nay, I will not be left behind," said Gog, accompanying them.

But, notwithstanding their vaunted courage, they advanced with caution, and ere they gained the entrance of the choir the dark figure had come forth with his hounds, which stood savagely growling beside him. They then perceived that the fancied infernal being was a monk with his hood drawn closely over his grim and ghastly features.

Stretching out his hands toward them, the monk exclaimed, in tones that thrilled his hearers with new terror: "My words have come to pass. Henry sold himself to work wickedness, and I warned him of his doom as Elijah the Tishbite warned Ahab. The judgment of Ahab hath come upon him. On the self-same spot where Catharine Howard knelt before her removal to the Tower, dogs have licked the wife-slayer's blood—even his blood!"

Before the giants recovered sufficiently from their stupefaction to make an attempt to stay him, Father Peto, with his hounds, effected a retreat by a lateral door, through which it is to be presumed he had entered the church.

Filled with consternation, the giants were debating what ought to be done, when the wicket of the great western door was opened, and the Lord St. John, Grand-Master, with three tall yeomen of the guard, entered the church. The torn hangings of the catafalque rendered concealment impossible, even if the giants had felt inclined to attempt it, but they at once acquainted Lord St. John with the mysterious occurrence.

While listening to the strange recital, the Grand-Master looked exceedingly angry, and the giants fully expected a severe reprimand at the least, if not punishment for their negligence. To their surprise, however, the displeasure of their auditor changed to gravity, and without making any remark upon their relation, he proceeded to examine the condition of the catafalque. Having satisfied himself of the truth of the extraordinary statement he had received, the Grand-Master gave orders for the immediate repair of the coffin, the restoration of the torn hanging, and the cleansing of the floor, charging the giants, on pain of death, not

to breathe another word as to the mysterious appearance of Father Peto and the hounds.

Strict watch was kept throughout the rest of the night, and care taken to prevent further intrusion.

VIII

HOW THE ROYAL CORPSE WAS BROUGHT TO SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

NEXT morning, the numerous occupants of the convent arose betimes, and prepared for the journey to Windsor. The majority of the persons composing the procession had been obliged to sleep on stools or benches, or on the rushes with which the floors were thickly strewn. However, all were astir long before break of day. In those hearty times, breakfast differed but slightly from dinner or supper, and a very substantial repast, wound up with spiced wines and cates, was set before the guests preparatory to their setting forth.

Precisely at seven o'clock, the funeral procession started from the convent-gates in the same order as before, accompanied by a like number of flaming torches. The bells were tolled in Isleworth church as the lugubrious train approached the village, and priests and clerks came forth to cense the royal corpse. Similar ceremonies were observed in every hamlet subsequently passed through.

At length the cortege reached Eton, then as now surrounded by stately groves. Near the gates of the noble college, founded about a century previously by the unfortunate Henry VI., stood Doctor Robert Aldrich, Bishop of Carlisle and Provost of Eton, in full pontificals, attended by the masters and fellows of the church in their vestments and copes, and by the scholars of the college in white surplices. The latter, who were extremely numerous, some of them being of very tender years, were bareheaded, and carried lighted tapers. As the corpse went by, they knelt down and censed it, chanting the *De Profundis*, their young voices giving a touching effect to the solemn psalm.

From the northern terrace of Windsor Castle, the somber procession slowly making its way from Eton to the bridge across the Thames, presented a remarkable and deeply interesting sight; but few were there to witness it. Most of the inmates of the Castle were engaged in preparing

for the arrival of their expected guests, and such as were not so occupied had repaired to the bridge across the Thames, at the foot of which were stationed the Mayor of Windsor, the aldermen, benchers, and burgesses, and the priests and clerks of the church of St. John the Baptist within the town. From this point to the Horseshoe Cloisters within the Castle, the road was railed on either side, the rails being hung with black cloth to the ground, and covered with escutcheons of arms and marriages. As at the Convent of Sion, though on a far more sumptuous and extensive scale, preparations were made at the Castle for the numerous and important visitors and their attendants. All the apartments assigned to the principal nobles and ambassadors were hung with black, as were Saint George's Hall and the interior of the Garter Tower.

The royal standard on the keep was furlled, and an immense hatchment of black velvet, emblazoned with the King's arms, worked in gold, was placed on the outer side of the gate of the lower ward, the battlements of which were thickly hung with banners. Numberless spectators thronged the barriers throughout their entire extent, and the windows of all the habitations in Thames street were densely occupied. Slowly did the long train make its way to the Castle gate, and it was with great difficulty that the seven powerful horses could drag the ponderous funeral-car up the steep ascent. At last, however, the feat was accomplished; the car entered the broad court of the lower ward, and was brought in safety to the western door of the chapel of Saint George.

Meanwhile, all the attendants upon the ceremonial, porters, servants of the royal household, harbingers and pursuivants, with a multitude of others, including the two hundred and fifty poor men in mourning habits, had entered the church, and stationed themselves in the nave—a wide passage being left from the western door to the choir, to be traversed by the bearers of the coffin. The more important personages, however, remained in the area of the Horse-shoe Cloisters, awaiting a summons to enter the church.

Fairer ecclesiastical fabric does not exist than the collegiate chapel of Saint George at Windsor; and at the period in question the goodly structure was seen at its best. No desecrating hands had then

marred its beauty. Externally, it was very striking—the numerous crocketed pinnacles being adorned with glittering vanes supported by gilt lions, antelopes, greyhounds, and dragons. The interior corresponded with the outward show, and luckily the best part has undergone little mutilation. Nothing more exquisite can be imagined than the richly decorated stone ceiling, supported by ribs and groins of incomparable beauty—than the light and graceful pillars of the nave—than the numerous chapels and chantries—or than the matchless choir. Within the nave are emblazoned the arms of Henry VIII. and those of his renowned cotemporaries and survivors, Charles V. and Francis I., both of whom were companions of the Order of the Garter. At the period of which we treat all the windows were filled with deep-stained glass, glowing with the mingled and gorgeous dyes of the ruby, the topaz, and the emerald, and casting a “dim religious light” on the architectural marvels of the fane. Commenced in the previous century by Edward IV., continued and further embellished by Henry VII., who contributed the unequalled roof of the choir, the finishing stroke to the noble pile was given by Henry VIII., traces of whom may be found in the heraldic insignia decorating the splendid ceiling of the body of the church, and in other parts of the structure.

In preparation for the ceremony about to take place within its walls, portions of the body of the church were hung with black, the central pavement of the nave being spread with black cloth, and the pillars of the aisles decorated with banners and escutcheons. The floor of the choir was likewise carpeted with black, and the pedestals of the elaborately carved stalls of the knights companions of the Garter clothed with sable velvet. The emblazoned banners of the knights still occupied their accustomed position on the canopies of the stalls, but the late sovereign's splendid banner was removed, his stall put into mourning, and a hatchment set in the midst of it. The high altar was hung with cloth of gold, and gorgeously ornamented with candlesticks, crosses, chalices, censers, ships, and images of gold and silver. Contiguous to it on the right was another and lesser altar, covered with black velvet, but destitute of ornament.

In the midst of the choir, surrounded by double barriers, stood a catafalque,

larger and far more sumptuous than either of those used at the palace of Westminster or in the conventual church of Sion. Double-storied, thirty-five feet high, having eight panes and thirteen principals, curiously wrought, painted, and gilded, this stately catafalque was garnished with a rich majesty and a double-valanced dome, around which were inscribed the King's name and title in beaten gold upon silk. Fringed with black silk and gold, the whole frame was covered with tapers, (a consumption of four thousand pounds' weight of wax having been calculated upon,) and was garnished with pensils, scutcheons of arms and marriages, hatchments of silk and gold; while bannerols of descents depended from it in goodly wise. At the foot of the catafalque was a third altar covered with black velvet, and decorated with rich plate and jewels.

Beneath this stately catafalque lay the sepulcher, into which the royal corpse was ere long to be lowered by means of an apparatus somewhat resembling that now common to our cemeteries. In this vault was already deposited the once lovely Jane Seymour, by whose side Henry had directed his remains to be laid. Here also, at a later period, was placed the body of the martyred Charles I.

By his will Henry had given particular directions that he should be interred in the choir of Saint George's Chapel, "midway between the state and the high altar," enjoining his executors to prepare an honorable tomb for his bones to rest in, "with a fair grate about it, in which tomb we will that the bones and body of our true and loving wife, Queen Jane, be put also." Thus much of his instructions was fulfilled, but he desired more than any executor could achieve. "We will and ordain," he appointed, "that a convenient altar be there honorably prepared, and appareled with all manner of things requisite and necessary for daily masses, there to be said perpetually, while the world shall endure."

While the world shall endure! Alas! for the vanity of human designs. Who heeds that fiat now? Who now says daily masses for Henry's soul?

Moreover, full instructions were left by the King for the erection of a most magnificent monument to himself and his third, and best loved consort, Jane Seymour, within the mausoleum so lavishly embellished by Cardinal Wolsey. On the

white marble base of this monument, which was intended to be nearly thirty feet high, and adorned with one hundred and thirty-four statues and forty-four bas-reliefs, were to be placed two black touchstone tombs, supporting recumbent figures of the King and Queen, not as dead but sleeping, while their epitaphs were to be inscribed in gold letters beneath.

Vain injunction! the splendidly-conceived monument was not even commenced.

To resume. All being arranged within the choir, and the thousand great tapers around the catafalque lighted, the effigy of the King was first brought in at the western door of the church by the three gigantic warders, and conveyed by them to the choir; after which, the coffin was carried by tall yeomen of the guard down the alley reserved for its passage, the canopy being borne by six lords. The Bishop of Winchester, with other mitred prelates in their copes, marched before it to its receptacle, wherein it was reverently deposited. This done, it was covered with two palls, the first being of black velvet, with a white satin cross upon it, and the other of rich cloth of tissue. The effigy was then set upon the outer pall.

No sooner had the funeral-car quitted its station at the western door of the church than the procession, which had been previously marshaled in the Horse-shoe Cloisters, began to stream into the sacred edifice. After a throng of knights, bannerets, barons, viscounts, earls, and ambassadors, came the Archbishop of Canterbury in his full robes, and attended by his crosses. After him marched the mourners, two and two, with their hoods over their heads, followed by the chief mourner, who in his turn was followed by Garter in the King's gown, the train of the latter being borne by Sir Anthony Wingfield, vice-chamberlain. On reaching the catafalque, the mourners took up their customary places beside it.

Meanwhile, the Bishop of Winchester, on whom, as chief prelate, devolved the performance of the sacred offices, had stationed himself at the high altar, on either side whereof stood the rest of the bishops. The council, with the Lord Protector at its head, and immediately behind him the Lord Chancellor, now entered the choir, and seated themselves on

either side it, the Archbishop of Canterbury occupying a place nearest the high altar.

The four saints having been set, one at each corner of the catafalque, the Lord Talbot, with the embroidered banner, took a place at its foot. Before him was the standard of the Lion; on the right the Dragon, and on the left the Greyhound. A multitude of other bearers of banners were grouped around the receptacle of the coffin.

At this juncture, a movement was heard in the gallery above, and the Queen-dowager, preceded by two gentlemen ushers, entered the royal closet. Attired in black velvet, and bearing other external symbols of woe, Catherine looked somewhat pale, but bore no traces of deep affliction in her countenance. She was attended by the Marchioness of Dorset and her daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, the Countess of Hertford, Lady Herbert, and other ladies and gentlewomen, all in deep mourning. Behind appeared a throng of ambassadors and other strangers of distinction. But neither the Princess Mary nor the Princess Elizabeth were present. Moreover, as will have been remarked, the youthful King took no part in the funeral ceremony.

As the Queen-dowager sat down alone in front of the closet, all the other ladies remaining standing, Norroy advanced, and in his accustomed formula besought their charitable prayers for the repose of the departed King's soul. A requiem was next chanted, and mass performed by the Bishop of Winchester and the other prelates.

On the conclusion of the service, the whole assemblage quitted the church, leaving the choir vacant of all save the watchers by the body, the number of whom was greatly increased.

Profuse as had been the display of hospitality at Sion, it was far exceeded at Windsor. A grand banquet was given to the nobles and other distinguished personages in Saint George's Hall, the Lord Protector, with the council, the mourners, and the ambassadors, occupying seats on the dais. Tables were likewise spread in the various refectories, at which the numerous esquires, captains of the guard, heralds, pursuivants, and others, sat down. The four enormous fire-places in the great kitchen scarcely sufficed to supply the wants of so many guests. Our three

giants found their way to the larder, and were well cared for by the yeomen and grooms. Prodigious was the quantity they consumed.

Night had far advanced ere the feasting had ended. Even then there were lingerers at some tables. Much bustle, moreover, still prevailed, not only within but without the Castle. In the courts of both upper and lower wards, yeomen ushers, grooms and serving-men of all descriptions, were continually passing and repassing.

The terraces, however, were deserted, though the extreme beauty of the night might well have tempted some of the many guests to enjoy a moonlight walk upon them. Toward midnight a postern door in one of the towers on the south side of the Castle opened, and Sir Thomas Seymour and his esquire issued from it. Both were wrapped in black velvet mantles furred with sable. They proceeded quickly toward the eastern terrace, without pausing to gaze at the glorious prospect of wood and glade that lay stretched out beneath them, and, having made the half-circuit of the walls, reached the northern terrace, which was thrown into deep shade, the moon being on the opposite side of the heavens. Far out into the meads below was projected the irregular shadow of the mighty pile, but the silver Thames glittered in the moonlight, and the collegiate church of Eton slumbered peacefully amidst its groves. A holy calm seemed to rest upon the scene, but Seymour refused to yield to its influence. He had other matter in hand, which agitated his soul. Roused by the bell striking midnight, he passed, with his esquire, through an archway communicating with the lower ward, and proceeded to Saint George's Chapel. Making for the lateral door on the left of the Bray Chapel, he found several yeomen of the guard stationed at it, together with two gentlemen ushers belonging to the Queen-dowager's suite. On beholding the latter, his heart leaped with joy. He knew that Catherine was within the church, and he at once entered it with his esquire. The aisles and nave were plunged in gloom, and looked all the more somber from the contrast they offered to the choir, which was brilliantly illumined. The watchers were stationed around the catafalque; chaplains were standing at the high altar; and a dirge was being sung by the choris-

ers. Halting near a pillar in the south aisle, Seymour dispatched Ugo to the choir. After a short absence the esquire returned, and said: "The Queen is there, kneeling at the altar beside the coffin."

"I will await her coming forth. Retire, until I summon thee."

Full quarter of an hour elapsed ere Seymour's vigilance was rewarded. At the end of that time Catherine issued from the choir. As Sir Thomas expected, she was wholly unattended, and was proceeding slowly toward the door near the Bray Chapel, when Seymour stepped from behind the pillar, and placed himself in her path.

"Pardon me, Catherine! pardon me, queen of my heart!" he cried, half-prostrating himself before her.

Much startled, she would have retired, but he seized her hand and detained her.

"You must—you shall hear me, Catherine," he cried.

"Be brief, then," she rejoined, "and release my hand."

"I know I do not deserve forgiveness," he cried, "but I know, also, that your nature is charitable, and therefore I venture to hope. O Catherine! I have recovered from the frenzy into which I had fallen, and bitterly repent my folly. You have resumed entire empire over my heart, and never again can be dethroned."

"I do not desire to reign over a heart so treacherous," rejoined Catherine severely. "You plead in vain, Seymour. Perfidy like yours can not be pardoned."

"Say not so, fair Queen," he cried passionately. "Doom me not to utter despair. Show me how to repair my fault, and I will do it. But condemn me not to worse than death."

"Having proved you false and forsworn, how am I to believe what you now utter? Can I doubt the evidence of my own senses? Can I forget what I overheard?"

"But I am cured of my madness, I declare to you, Catherine. My fault shall be atoned by years of devotion. I will submit to any punishment you choose to inflict upon me—so that a hope of ultimate forgiveness be held out."

"Would I could believe you!" sighed the Queen. "But no!—no!—it must not be. I will not again be deceived."

"On my soul I do not deceive you!" he cried, pressing her hand to his lips.

"Grant me but another trial, and if I

swerve from my present professions of unalterable attachment, cast me off forever!"

There was a slight pause; after which Catherine said, in a relenting tone: "I must have time for reflection."

"Till when?" he cried imploringly.

"I can not say. Not till the tomb has closed over Henry will I speak more on this subject. I give you good night, Sir Thomas."

"Good night, fair Queen. Heaven grant your decision prove favorable!" exclaimed Seymour, as she departed.

And as his esquire cautiously approached him, he said exultingly: "Vittoria! Ugo, è fatto!"

XIX.

PULVIS PULVERI, CINIS CINERI.

At six o'clock next morning, all the knights companions of the Garter attendant upon the funeral repaired to the vestry of Saint George's Chapel. The assemblage comprised the Lord Protector, Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, the Earls of Essex, Arundel, Shrewsbury, and Sussex, the Lords Saint John, Lisle, Abergavenny, and Russell, with Sir John Gage, Sir Anthony Brown, Sir Anthony Wingfield, Sir Anthony St. Leger, and Sir Thomas Cheney. Having arrayed themselves in the rich sky-blue mantles of the order, and put on their hoods, they proceeded to the choir to hear matins, and make their oblations.

The service was performed by the Dean of Windsor, Doctor Franklin, and the canons. At its conclusion, after divesting themselves of the habits of their order, the knights adjourned to the deanery, where a goodly breakfast had been provided them by the portly dean. During this repast some conversation took place between Doctor Franklin and the Lord Protector touching a bequest by the late King of certain manors and lands to the dean and canons to the value of six hundred pounds a year—a considerable sum in those days—the dean respectfully inquired whether he had been rightly informed as to the amount.

"Ay, forsooth, good master dean," replied the Protector. "His late majesty—whose soul may Jesu pardon!—hath by his will left you and your successors lands, spiritual endowments, and promotions of

the yearly value you mention, but on certain conditions."

"What may be the conditions, I pray your Highness?" asked the dean. "I have not heard them."

"They are these," rejoined the Protector. "That you find two priests to say masses at an altar to be erected before his Majesty's tomb; that you hold four solemn obits annually for the repose of his soul within the chapel; that at every obit ye bestow ten pounds in alms to the poor; that ye give twelve pence a day to thirteen indigent but deserving persons, who shall be styled Poor Knights, together with garments specified by the will, and an additional payment to the govern or of such poor knights. Other obligations there are in the way of sermons and prayers, but these I pretermitt."

"His Majesty's intentions shall be religiously fulfilled," observed the dean, "and I thank your Highness for the information you have so graciously afforded me."

As Henry's tomb, however, was never erected, as we have already mentioned, it may be doubted whether the rest of his testamentary instructions were scrupulously executed.

While the Knights of the Garter were breakfasting at the deanery, feasting had recommenced in the various halls and refectories of the Castle. Our giants again found their way to the larder, and broke their fast with collops, rashers, carbonados, a shield of brawn and mustard, and a noble sirloin of beef, making sad havoc with the latter, and washing down the viands with copious draughts of humming ale.

However, the bell began to toll, and at the summons each person concerned in the ceremony hied to Saint George's Chapel. Ere long all were in their places. Around the illumined catafalque within the choir were congregated the mourners in their gowns. The council, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, were seated in the stalls. The Bishop of Winchester, in his full pontificals, with the other prelates, were at the high altar. The Queen-dowager was in her closet, with her ladies ranged behind her. No one was absent.

Thereupon mass was commenced, at which the Bishops officiated. At the close of the requiem, the Marquis of Dor-

set advanced to the altar, and, with much humility and reverence, offered a piece of gold as the mass-penny; after which, he returned to his place at the head of the corpse. The King's embroidered coat of arms was next delivered by Garter to the Earls of Arundel and Oxford, by whom it was reverently offered to the Bishop of Winchester; which ceremony being performed, the coat was placed by Garter on the lesser altar. The royal target was next consigned to the Earls of Derby and Shrewsbury, offered by them to the Bishop, and placed beside the coat by the herald. Norroy then presented the King's sword to the Earls of Sussex and Rutland, which was offered and laid upon the altar. Carlisle gave the helm and crest to the same nobleman who had carried the target, and these equipments were offered and placed beside the others.

Then occurred the most striking part of the ceremonial. Some commotion was heard in the nave, and those within the choir, who could command this part of the church, which was thronged with various officials, beheld a knightly figure, in complete steel, except the head-piece, and mounted on a black, richly-barded war-horse, enter the open western door, and ride slowly along the alley preserved by the assemblage. Flaming torches were borne by the foremost ranks of the bystanders on either side, and their light, gleaming on the harness of the knightly figure and the caparisons of his steed, added materially to the effect of the spectacle. The rider was Chidiock Pawlet, King Henry's man-at-arms, a very stalwart personage, with handsome burly features clothed with a brown bushy beard. In his hand he carried a pole-ax, with the head downward. As Pawlet reached the door of the choir, and drew up beneath the arch, all eyes were fixed upon him. It was strange, almost appalling, to behold an equestrian figure in such a place, and on such an occasion. For a brief space, Pawlet remained motionless as a statue, but his horse snorted and pawed the ground. Then Lord Morley and Lord Dacre advanced, and aided him to alight. Consigning his steed to a henchman, by whom it was removed, Pawlet next proceeded with the two lords to the altar, and offered the pole-ax to the Bishop, with the head downward. Gardiner took the weapon, turned the

point upward, and delivered the pole-ax to an officer of arms, who laid it on the altar.

Then Richard Pawlet, brother to Chiodock, with four gentlemen ushers, brought in each a pall of cloth of gold, of bawd-kin, which they delivered to Garter and Clarencieux, by whom these palls were placed at the foot of the King's effigy.

Hereupon, the emperor's ambassador, with the ambassadors of France, Scotland, and Venice, were conducted by the gentlemen ushers to the altar, to make their offering. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Protector, the Lord Chancellor, and the rest of the council offered. Lastly, Sir Thomas Cheney, treasurer, and Sir John Gage offered.

After all the offerings had been made, a pulpit was set directly before the high altar, and the Bishop of Winchester, mounting it, commenced a sermon, taking his text from the Revelations: "*In diebus illis, audivi vocem de celo, dicentem mihi, Scribe, Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur. A modo jam dicit spiritus, ut requiescant à laboribus suis. Opera enim illorum sequuntur illos.*"

A fervid and fluent preacher, Gardiner deeply moved his auditors by his discourse, which was as remarkable for learning as for eloquence. At the close of the sermon the mass proceeded, and as the words, "*Verbum caro factum est,*" were pronounced, Lord Windsor offered the standard of the Lion; Lord Talbot the standard of the embroidered banner; and the rest of the standards and banners were offered in their turn.

After this, the Dean of Windsor and the canons took the palls which had been placed at the feet of the King's effigy, and conveyed them to the vestry. The image itself was next removed by the three gigantic warders, and carried to the same place.

The solemn moment had now arrived. Gardiner and the other officiating prelates descended from the high altar to the catafalque, and the Archbishop of Canterbury took up a station a little behind them with his crosses. The whole choir burst forth with the "*Circumdederunt me,*" the Bishops meanwhile continuing to cense the corpse.

Ere the solemn strains had ceased, the mouth of the vault opened, and the coffin slowly descended into the sepulcher.

Thus vanished from the sight of men all that was left of a great monarch.

Amid the profound silence that ensued, Gardiner advanced to the mouth of the vault. He was followed by all the chief officers of the household—namely, the lord great-master; the lord chamberlain of the household, the treasurer, comptroller, gentleman porter, and the four gentlemen ushers. These personages carried their staves and rods, and ranged themselves around the aperture.

Earth being brought to the Bishop, he cast it into the sepulcher, and when he had pronounced the words, "*Pulvis pulveri, cinis cineri,*" Lord Saint John broke his staff over his head, exclaiming dolefully, as he threw the pieces into the vault: "Farewell to the greatest of kings!"

The Earl of Arundel next broke his staff, crying out with a lamentable voice: "Farewell to the wisest and justest prince in Christendom, who had ever England's honor at heart!"

Sir John Gage next shivered his staff, exclaiming in accents of unaffected grief: "Farewell to the best of masters, albeit the sternest!"

Like sorrowful exclamations were uttered by William Knevet, the gentleman porter, and the gentlemen ushers, as they broke their rods.

There was something inexpressibly affecting in the destruction of these symbols of office, and the casting the fragments into the pit. Profound silence prevailed during the ceremony, but at its close a universal sigh broke from the assemblage.

At this moment, Sir Thomas Seymour, who was standing in a part of the choir commanding the Queen's closet, looked up. Catherine had covered her face with her handkerchief, and was evidently weeping.

De profundis was then solemnly chanted, amidst which the chasm was closed.

At the conclusion of the hymn, Garter, attended by Clarencieux, Carlisle, and Norroy, advanced to the center of the choir, and with a loud voice proclaimed: "Almighty God of his infinite goodness give good life and long to the most high and mighty Prince, our sovereign Lord, Edward VI., by the grace of God King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and in earth, under God, of the Church of England and Ireland, the supreme Head and Sovereign, of the most noble Order of the Garter."

This proclamation made, he shouted lustily: "Vive le noble roi Edouard!" All the assemblage joined in the shout, which was thrice repeated.

Then the trumpeters stationed in the

rood-loft blew a loud and courageous blast, which resounded through the pile.

So ended the obsequies of the right high and puissant king Henry VIII.

From the London Spectator.

THE LATE ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

It is very painful to record the death of one from whom we had hoped so much as from Mrs. Browning, in the fullness of her powers, and too soon, perhaps, for the perfect maturity of her rich unchastened genius. By far the greatest, if not the only, Englishwoman whose name deserves to be ranked among our genuine poets, Mrs. Browning had not learned the difficult lesson of strictly subordinating the great wealth of her creative fancy to the guidance of a calm and lucid intellect. This steady self-denial of the imagination was, perhaps, the only quality wanting to perfect a rare and unique though a strongly marked and even eccentric genius. It was difficult to hope too much, though it might have been easy to hope in the wrong direction, from the authoress of *Aurora Leigh*. That extraordinary book, great alike in its merits and its faults, gave promise of the very highest excellence in one particular region of poetry, if the author should ever learn to be completely mistress of her own powers—to keep her teeming fancy true to the service of her own brightest thoughts. All these hopes are now wrecked. One of the very few truly creative minds of whom England could still boast—one who, in poetic gifts, ranked far above all her countrywomen, if not all her sex, in this or any other age—has been taken from us at a time when we can ill spare her. In any age of dry and frigid criticism, the power and the passion of so noble a mind as Mrs. Browning's, even though its highest moods had not always the white simplicity of the fullest inspiration, is an influence which can not be lost without leaving a

deep consciousness of that loss in English society; and it is well that it should be so.

All that is known of Mrs. Browning's private life is little indeed, compared with the knowledge of her mind, which any one who has read her poems, with any thing like insight, must have derived from them. Seldom have poems of any kind reflected more fully or more exclusively the personality of the poet than do those of Mrs. Browning. We have, however, one source of independent testimony, the recollections of her intimate personal friend, Miss Mitford, who thus describes her before years of suffering had elicited the remarkable genius which years of happiness subsequently matured.

"My first acquaintance," she writes in 1851, "with Elizabeth Barrett, commenced about fifteen years ago. She was certainly one of the most interesting persons that I had ever seen. Every body who then saw her said the same, so that it was not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translatress of the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus* and the authoress of the *Essay on Mind* was old enough to be introduced into company—in technical language, was *out*."

In the following year, which we infer was the year 1837, Miss Barrett broke a blood-vessel on the lungs, which refused

to heal, though it did not lead to consumption, and she was ordered to spend some time at Torquay. During her residence there a tragical event, which permanently impaired her health and most painfully affected her imagination, deprived her of her brother. On a fine summer day the boat containing him and two of his companions went down, apparently without cause, in crossing the bar, within sight of the very windows of the house, and the bodies were never found. "This tragedy," says Miss Mitford, "nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. The house that she occupied at Torquay stood at the bottom of the cliffs, almost close to the sea, and she told me herself that during that whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying." For a period of many years afterward she lived entirely in a darkened room, seeing only her own family and most intimate friends, but reading voraciously, and living in an imaginative world of her own. In one of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, she says, with strict autobiographic truth:

"I lived with visions for my company
Instead of men and women, years ago,
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to
know
A sweeter music than they played to me."

This long recluse life accounts for the unique and often eccentric character of much of Mrs. Browning's poetry. Like a plant that is reared in darkness, her imagination had grown into grotesque shapes in the absence of the healthy magnetism of the common sunlight, and when restored to the world it was not possible to restore at once the law of normal growth. One of her greatest delights was the study of Greek poetry and philosophy—we suppose on the principle of contraries—for never was there a more strongly-marked specimen of the romantic imagination than Mrs. Browning's, or less trace of the influence of the classical school of poetry on an original mind. Yet numbers of her poems show the passionate love with which she had read Homer, the tragedians, and even the later Greek poets, especially Theocritus. The striking lines on the "Wine of Cyprus" contain, perhaps, the most concentrated evidence of these studies, and show the remarkable contrast between her own genius and her classic taste.

"As Ulysses' old libation
Drew the ghosts from every part,
So your Cyprus wine, dear Grecian,
Stirs the Hades of my heart.

"And I think of those long mornings
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When betwixt the folio's turnings
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek."

About the year 1847, Miss Barrett married Robert Browning, the well-known author of *Paracelsus*, and went with him to take up her residence in Italy, first at Pisa, then at Florence, where she continued to live till her death. Here it was that she wrote most of her maturer poems, especially her greatest work, *Aurora Leigh*, and the little poem, *Casa Guidi Windows*, suggested by the abortive Tuscan revolution of 1848-9. Mrs. Browning's sympathy with Italy was so deep and true that it led her even into the extravagance of addressing a kind of hymn to the present Emperor of the French, for his intervention on behalf of Piedmont in 1850, the appearance of which, under the title of *Poems before Congress*, is still fresh in our reader's memory. English spectators were not able to share this enthusiasm, but Mrs. Browning's view was perhaps not much more false on one side than the common anti-Napoleonic hypothesis in England was on the other. *Casa Guidi Windows* will remain, however, the most popular of her political poems, though these are in every respect greatly inferior to those of pure imaginative sentiment. Still there is strength as well as eloquence in her rebuke to the party who resisted English intervention in Italy on the plea of the sacredness of peace.

"What! your peace admits
Of outward anguish while it sits at home!
It is no peace, 'tis treason stiff with doom:
'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the
thong,
And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf
On her brute forehead, while her troops outpress
The life from these Italian souls. In brief,
O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteous-
ness!
Constrain the vanquished worlds from sin and
grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with
redress,
And give us peace which is no counterfeit!"

Mrs. Browning died at Florence on the twenty-ninth of June last. She has herself delineated her own type of genius, and, with the fine passage to which we allude from *Aurora Leigh*, we will close this imperfect record of our own and England's loss. There was little of the calm joy of tranquil vision about Mrs. Browning's genius; her art was, as she herself delineates it, the overflow of long-accumulated suffering, and even her happiest efforts bear evidence of this painful travail. The following noble lines might well be selected as the best epitaph on her rich but turbid genius:

"Art

Sets action on the top of suffering;
The artist's part is both to be and do,
Transfixing with a special central power
The flat experience of the common man,
And turning outward with a sudden wrench,

Half-agony, half-ecstasy, the thing
He feels the inmost: never felt the less
Because he sings it. Does a torch less burn
For burning next reflectors of cold steel,
That he should be the colder for his place
"Twixt two incessant fires—his personal life's
And that intense refraction which burns back
Perpetually against him from the round
Of crystal conscience he was born into,
If artist born? O sorrowful great gift
Conferred on poets, of a two-fold life,
When one life has been found enough for pain!"

P.S.—The only portrait of this remarkable woman we have seen was engraved from a portrait painted at Florence, from life, by T. Buchanan Read, Esq., the poet-painter of Philadelphia, and published in *THE ECLECTIC*. It has been the most popular portrait ever published in this journal, and much called for. Copies may still be had on large paper for framing.—EDITOR.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

LAST night, when all the household slept,
The north wind blew so wild,
That I lay in my bed and wept,
Bitterly, like a child.
I know 'twas weak and coward-like;
Once I was bold and brave,
Ready to march, ready to strike,
Now I yearn for the grave;
Yearn to the souls of those above,
Who in God's light are furled—
To feel the bliss of reawakened love,
And live in spirit-world.

I walk alone, where fresh winds blow,
Over the rocky shore,
And feel God's world in beauty grow
Ever and evermore;
I steal away and sit apart,
While all the world is gay;
In solitariness of heart
I go alone to pray;
And in the silent summer night,
When dim, blue mists are curled,
I watch the dying amber light,
And live in spirit-world.

When through the aisle and cloister dim
The ghostly twilight falls,
And sunset shadows flit and skim
Over the sculptured walls,
Alone, I touch the organ-chords,
And bid the music roll,
And seem to hear an angel's words
Of greeting to my soul.
The music lingers round the bells,
Then seems to Heaven whirled,
And bears me upward with the swells
To realms of spirit-world.

Weak, oh! weak is my woman's will,
And gone from my control,
In vain I bid the tumult still,
Or peace be in my soul;
For never more is rest in life,
Or home on earth for me:
But evermore is endless strife,
And struggles to be free.
For life is shorn of love, one by one
My joys their sails have furled,
And those who with me voyaged have gone
To dwell in spirit-world.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE ART OF SWIMMING.

WE particularly recommend this article to our lady readers, for they should all learn how to swim. At some of our favorite bathing-places we have been pleased to see how many good swimmers and floaters are to be found among the lady visitors to these delightful places of resort.

As it is at this season that the healthy pastime of swimming may be pursued, we venture to give those of our young friends who may be inexperienced in the art a few hints which may serve them in time of need. Great caution is required in the commencement, for it is too often a failing in youth to tempt danger, and incur risks, (often fatal,) from not having acquired the knowledge of averting them.

The tonic and reviving qualities of cold water are of the most remarkable character. How wonderfully refreshing it is to bathe merely the face and hands in cold water.

On first plunging into cold water, there comes a shock which drives the blood to the central parts of the system; but immediately a reaction takes place, which is assisted by the exercise of swimming, producing, even in water of a low temperature, an agreeable warmth. The stay in the water should never be prolonged beyond the period of this excitement. If the water be left while this warmth continues, and the body immediately dried, the healthy glow over the whole surface will be delightful.

To remain in the water after the first reaction is over, produces a prolonged chillness, a shrinking of the flesh, and a contraction of the skin by no means favorable to health or enjoyment; for it is only in water thoroughly warmed by the summer heats where we may bathe for hours with impunity.

Certain precautions are necessary. Moderate exercise, by summoning into action the powers of the system and quickening the circulation, is better than inactivity. We should never go into water immediately after a meal, nor while the process

of digestion is going forward. Nor should we plunge into the water when violently heated or in a state of profuse perspiration. Such imprudences are often fatal, especially if the water be unusually cold. If too warm, the temperature of the body may be reduced by bathing the wrists and wetting the head.

Times and Places for Swimming.—Before meals rather than after, and especially before breakfast and before supper, are proper seasons for bathing. The heats of the day are to be avoided, but in very hot weather a bath is useful to cool the blood and secure refreshing sleep. If in the middle of the day, a shaded place should be chosen, or the head protected from the sun by being kept wet or by wearing a straw hat—as is practiced by the fashionable French ladies at their watering-places.

The sea is the best place for swimming. Owing to the greater specific gravity of salt water than fresh, the body is more buoyant in it, as are other substances. A ship coming out of salt water into fresh sinks perceptibly in the water. The difference is nearly equal to the weight of the salt held in solution.

The bottom should be of hard sand, gravel, or smooth stones; sharp stones and shells cut the feet, and weeds may entangle them. The swimmer must avoid floating grass and quicksand. The beginner must be careful that the water does not run beyond his depth, and that the current can not carry him into a deeper place, also that there be no holes in the bottom. As persons are ever liable to accidents, cramps, etc., it is always best that boys or girls should be accompanied by those who are older than themselves, and who will be able to save them in an emergency.

Aids in Learning to Swim.—Probably one of the best ways of learning to swim is to go, with a competent teacher, in a boat in deep water, this supporting the body more buoyantly than that which is shallower, and preventing the constant

tendency of beginners to touch the bottom, which here is, of course, impossible.

The teacher should fasten a rope securely around the waist, or—better still—to a belt, which can neither tighten nor slip down. The rope may be fastened to a short pole. Supported in this manner, the pupil may take his proper position in the water, and practice the necessary motions, and the support of the rope may be gradually lessened until the pupil finds himself entirely supported by the water.

Corks and bladders are often used as supports for learners; but it is much better to begin without them. As, however, they may be a protection in some cases against accidents, and enable the learner to practice the proper motions for rapid swimming more carefully, they are not to be entirely condemned. Several large pieces of cork, uncut into stopples, must be strung upon each end of a piece of rope, long enough to pass under the chest and reach just above the shoulders; or well-blown and properly secured bladders may be fastened in the same way. Care must be taken to confine these supports near the shoulders, as by their slipping down they would plunge the head under water, and produce the very catastrophe they were especially designed to prevent.

A great variety of life-preservers have been invented, made of India-rubber and cork-shavings, in the form of jackets, belts, etc., which may be used like the corks and bladders; but, as their bulk is generally all around the chest, they hinder the free use of the arms and impede the velocity of motion. As life-preservers they would do very well if people ever had them on when they were needed, or had presence of mind enough to fit and inflate them in sudden emergencies. The best life-preservers are the self-reliance and well-directed skill of a good swimmer.

Swimming with the plank has two advantages. The young bather has always the means of saving himself from the effects of a sudden cramp, and he can practice with facility the necessary motions with the legs and feet, aided by the momentum of the plank. A piece of light wood, three or four feet long, two feet wide, and about two inches thick, will answer very well for this purpose. The chin may be rested upon the end, the arms used; but this must be done carefully, or the support may go beyond the young swimmer's reach.

A better method, as many think, than any of these, is for the teacher to wade into the water with his pupil, and then support him in a horizontal position by placing his hand under the pupil's chest, while he directs his motions. He may withdraw his support almost imperceptibly. But we do not see what advantage this method has over that first noticed with the boat, unless it be that the teacher can better enforce his precepts by example, and, in swimming himself, give practical illustrations of his theories of propulsion.

The rope is another artificial support which has its advantages. A rope may be attached to a pole fastened (and mind that it be well fastened) in the bank, or it may be attached to a branch of an overhanging tree. Taken in the hands, the swimmer may practice with his legs, or, by holding it in his teeth, he may use all his limbs at once. The rope, however, is not so good as the plank, as it allows of less freedom of motion, and the latter might easily be so fixed as to be laid hold of by the teeth, and held securely.

The Cramp.—Those persons who plunge into the water when they are heated by exercise, and remain in it until they are benumbed with cold, or exhaust themselves by very violent exertion, are the most subject to attacks of cramp. The moment the swimmer is seized by cramp in the legs, he must not suffer himself to feel alarmed, but strike out the limb with all his might, keeping the heel downward, and drawing the toes as far upward as he can, although at the time these movements give him great pain. He may also turn on his back, and jerk the limb into the air, though not so high as to throw himself out of his balance. Should these attempts prove unsuccessful, he must try to reach the shore with his hands, or at all events keep himself afloat until assistance can be procured. If he can not float on his back he may swim upright, keeping his head above the surface, by striking the water downward with his hands near the hips, and thus make steady progress without using the legs. If only one leg be attacked, the swimmer may strike forward with the other; and, to acquire confidence in cases of cramp, it is advisable to practice swimming with one hand and leg, with the hands only, or even with one leg.

Entering the Water—Striking Out.—We now come to the most important di-

reactions. As the pupil must gradually acquire confidence in this new element, he should not be urged to plunge in against his inclination. After wetting his head, he may wade in until the water is up to his breast, then, turning toward the shore, inflate his lungs, and incline forward until the water covers his chin. The head should be thrown backward, and the back hollowed, and the chest as much as possible expanded. In swimming, the feet should be about two feet below the surface. The hands should be placed in front of the breast, pointing forward, the fingers kept close together, and the thumb to the fingers, so as to form a slightly hollow paddle. Now strike the hands forward as far as possible, but not bringing them to the surface; then make a sweep backward to the hips, the hands being turned downward and outward; then bring them back under the body, and with as little resistance as may be, to their former position, and continue as before.

The hands have three motions: First, from their position at the breast, they are pushed straight forward; second, they sweep round to the hips, like an oar, the closed and hollowed hands being the paddle portion, and their position in the water and descent serving both to propel and sustain the body; and third, they are brought back under the body to the first position.

Having learned these motions by practicing them slowly, the pupil should proceed to learn the still more important motions of the legs. These are likewise three in number—one of preparation and two of propulsion. First, the legs are drawn up as far as possible, by bending the knees and keeping the feet widely separated; second, they are pushed with force backward and outward, so that they spread as far as possible; and third, the legs are brought together, thus acting powerfully upon the wedge of water which they inclosed.

The motion in the water should be as straight forward as possible, and the more the head is immersed the easier the swimming. Rising at every stroke—*breasting*, as it is called—is both tiresome and inelegant.

All these movements should be made with slowness, and deliberately, without the least flurry. The learner will soon breathe naturally, and, as the motions are

really natural, he will not be long in acquiring them. If he draw in his breath as he rises, and breathe it out as he sinks, he will time his strokes, and avoid swallowing water. Those who have been accustomed to fresh water must be particularly careful when they go into the sea, the water of which is very nauseous.

Phunging or Diving.—In leaping into the water, feet first, which is done from rocks, etc., the feet must be kept close together, and the arms either held close to the side or over the head. In diving head-foremost, the hands must be put together, so as to divide the water before the head. The hands are also in a proper position for striking out.

It is wonderful how easy the swimmer directs his course under water. If he wishes to go down or come up, or swim to the right or left, he has but to bend his head and body in that direction, and, after a little use, he will do this almost unconsciously, as if his movements were the result of volition alone.

In descending in the water, bend the head so as to bring the chin near the breast, and curve the back in the same direction; in ascending, hold back the head and hollow the back. In swimming over the surface, look up to the sky; it is quite impossible to dive beneath the surface in this position.

Swimming in Deep Water.—In the swimming schools of Prussia, the pupils are taught in deep water, sustained by a belt and a rope attached to a pole, which the teacher holds as a lever over a railing. The motions of the arms, then of the legs, and then both together, are practiced by word of command, like military exercises. The support is given as required. After a few lessons the pole is dispensed with, then the rope; but the pupil is still kept, until proficient, within reach of the pole. This mode of learning to swim is like that practiced in teaching boys to ride in the circus. A rope, fastened to a belt, passes through a ring in the saddle, and the end is held by the riding-master in the center of the ring. If the boy falls, his teacher has only to draw upon the rope, and he is secure from danger, and ready to spring to his feet again.

Those who are learning to swim in shallow water, and without a teacher, may find an advantage in the following method: When the learner has acquired some facility in swimming, and wishes to try to

swim out of his depth, he should first venture to cross a stream which may be a foot or two overhead in the middle. He must not be alarmed at not feeling ground under his feet, or make quick and short strokes, and breathe at the wrong time, so that he involuntarily swallows water—all which mishaps, of course, increase the hurry and agitation, and make it difficult for him to get back to shore. Learners should, therefore, never venture out of their depth without having first practiced such distances only as they are certain they can accomplish; for, if they can swim eight or ten yards without allowing their feet to touch the bottom, they can fearlessly attempt to cross a deep stream of only half that width, and so on, increasing the distance by degrees; they will thus progressively attain presence of mind, and find that the deeper the water the greater is its sustaining power, and the easier they will be enabled to swim in it.

Treading Water.—This is a favorite position in the water, and useful as a means of resting in swimming long distances. The position is perpendicular; the hands are placed upon the hips or kept close to the side to assist in balancing the body, being moved, like fins, at the wrist only; the feet are pushed down alternately, so as to support the head above water, and the body may be raised in this way to a considerable extent. While in this position, if the head be thrown back so as to bring the nose and mouth uppermost, and the chest somewhat inflated, the swimmer may sink till his head is nearly covered, and remain for any length of time in this position without motion, taking care to breathe very slowly.

Upright Swimming—System of Bernardi.—Bernardi, an Italian teacher of swimming, who has written a treatise upon the subject, warmly recommends the upright position in swimming as being in conformity with the accustomed movements of the limbs, from the freedom of the hands and arms, greater facility of breathing, and less risk of being caught hold of by persons struggling in the water.

Though this method can never supersede that taught by nature and the frog—her best professor—it may be practiced for variety's sake. The great difficulty is in keeping the head properly balanced, for whichever way it inclines over goes the body.

Side-Swimming.—In swimming on

either side the motions of the legs have no alternation, but are performed as usual. To swim on the left side, lower that side, which is done with the slightest effort, and requires no instruction; then strike forward with the left hand and sideways with the right, keeping the back of the latter to the front, with the thumb side downward, so as to act as an oar. In turning on the other side, strike out with the right hand, and use the left as an oar. To swim on each side alternately, stretch out the lower arm the instant that a strike is made by the feet, and strike with the other arm on a level with the head at the instant that the feet are urging the swimmer forward; and while the upper hand is carried forward and the feet are contracted, the lower hand must be drawn toward the body. This method is full of variety, and capable of great rapidity, but it is also very fatiguing.

Thrusting.—This a very beautiful variety of this exercise, and much used by accomplished swimmers. The legs and feet are worked as in ordinary swimming, but the hands and arms very differently. One arm (say the right) should be lifted wholly out of the water, thrust forward to the utmost reaching, and then dropped upon the water with the hand hollowed, and then brought back by a powerful movement, pulling the water toward the opposite armpit. At the same time, the body must be sustained and steadied by the left hand working in a small circle, and as the right arm comes back from its far reach to the armpit, the left is carrying in an easy sweep from the breast to the hip. The left arm is thrust forward alternately with the right, and by these varied movements great rapidity is combined with much ease.

Swimming on the Back.—This is the easiest of all modes of swimming, because in this way a larger portion of the body is supported by the water. It is very useful to ease the swimmer from the greater exertion of more rapid methods, and especially when a long continuance in deep water is unavoidable. The swimmer can turn easily to this position, or, if learning, he has but to incline slowly backward, keeping his head on a line with his body, and letting his ears sink below the surface; then placing his hands upon his hips, he can push himself along with his feet and legs with perfect ease and considerable rapidity.

The hands may be used to assist in propelling in this mode by bringing them up edgewise toward the armpits, and then pushing them down, the fingers fronting inward, and the thumb part down. This is called "winging."

The hands may be used at discretion, the application of force in one direction, of course, giving motion in the other; and the best methods are soon learned when once the pupil has acquired confidence in his powers of buoyancy.

From the London Electio.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF CROMWELL AND THE NONCONFORMIST HEROES.*

PURITANISM and Nonconformity have not been often made the subjects of poetry; yet they have always seemed to us to have in their history plenty of material both for the drapery of the tale and the vehement utterance of the striking fact. The volume we introduce somewhat surreptitiously to our readers, since it was not sent to us, and very likely was only written or published for the behoof of a very limited circle indeed. Modesty well becomes the writer; for his lays are far enough from equal to the worth and grandeur of the various themes. It may be presumed that if they do not owe much to the inspiration of Lord Macaulay's lays, they were, at any rate suggested by those of Professor Aytoun.

We have ourselves never entertained any very high appreciation of Mr. Aytoun's lays. Some friends of ours, who have tough Nonconformist hearts, conjoined with cultured sensibilities, have professed to us their admiration of them. To us they have ever seemed a dreary maundering of nonsense and falsehood in verse, after the Professor's best fashion. They want incident, and movement, and sparkling point, and pith. The topics are chosen from the least known, and therefore least regarded, circumstances of the history. Far be it from us to assert that, among the ranks of the Cavaliers, and the followers of Montrose, there were to be found no incidents of nobility and daring. Indeed, we wish that the author of the volume before us had a little ex-

panded the idea to do fitting honor to some scenes and names consecrated to veneration for loyalty and law. But we admit the difficulty of such a task. The Stewarts, notwithstanding Mr. Aytoun's veneration, were a worthless race. They were all baptized into the name of "the world, the flesh, and the devil;" and a baptism in their font is not a dedication service likely to lead poor souls to much good. Loyalty to law, and to usage, and custom, especially loyalty to the sovereign, is very beautiful and touching, and most sentimentally charming; but loyalty to conscience, and purity, and justice, and righteousness—these also are charming.

We have often grieved that no writer has been found to commemorate, in fitting words, the prisons of the martyrs, their lives, and their death-places, and their memories; and, we must even say, we are thankful for so much as we have got out of the present writer, only regretting that what we have has not a higher quality to recommend it, so that we might even beg of him to emerge from his anonymousness and obscurity, or at any rate to give these private and evidently all too carelessly-written and uncorrected lays to the world. His style sadly lacks quiet and compression. We have reason to believe that most of these pages have been written many years, and evidently too much beneath the influence of spasmodic models. We counsel our young friend to read "Helps" for his English, and to kindle his fire from the fuel of Homer, and so begin again, and a few years hence give us some more lays and legends.

* *Lays and Legends of Nonconformist Heroes.* Privately printed.

However, such as they are, we do propose to introduce several of them to the eye of the reader who may be courteous enough to the author to bear with his attempts, less for what they are than for the subjects they attempt to commemorate. Of course, in a volume upon Non-conformist Heroes, the mighty soldier of Puritanism, Cromwell, stands forth no doubt the foremost man, as usual. Our author devotes to him some pages of eulogistic and elucidatory writing; and, although so much has been said, and is said still, upon him, we do not believe there is danger that too much will be said. The process of conversion has been long in working; but, at last, brief and rapid. Opposite theories, however, may be found still. Our author says:

"It was at this time, too, that he saw the destinies of the contest, and from among the freeholders and their sons in his own neighborhood he formed his immortal troop of Ironsides—those men who in many a well-fought field turned the tide of conflict—men who jeopardized their lives on the high places of the field. These men were peculiarly molded; their training was even more religious than military; they were men of position and character. Oliver preached to them, prayed with them, directed their vision to all the desperate and difficult embroilments of the times. These men were Puritans all; Independents; men who, however horrible it may be to our more Christian notions, used their Bible as a match-lock, and relieved their guard by revolving texts of holy writ, and refreshed their courage by draughts from God's Book.

"Oliver said, at a later time, he saw that all the Cavaliers were a dissipated race of godless men; there could be no hope for success but in religious and godly men. He allied the cause of Puritanism with such an enthusiasm, such a blaze of martial glory, that—indeed they could be no other than irresistible—they grasped the sword of the Spirit, the word of God; they held communion with the skies, these men. What! shall we compare Tancred and Ivanhoe, and Red Cross Knights with these realities—this band of Puritan Havelocks? Not soldiers of a tournament were they; in very deed, fighting against principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places—piety exasperated to enthusiasm, and blazing at last into warlike madness! Then, the civil war was up in earnest, and Oliver soon found work. Since the last civil wars, the battles of the Roses, several generations had passed away; and England had grown in wealth and power; but widely different were the interests represented by the two contests to the mind; this was the struggle, indeed, with the last faint life of feudalism. In some sort

the contest of the city and the castle was represented even by the wars of the Roses; but much more here; and hence over the whole land soon passed the echoes of strife. Old villages that had slept quietly for centuries beneath the shadow of the church spire or tower; old halls, famous for the good cheer and the merry songs of roystering Christmas time; fields, spreading wide with the rich herbage and green meadow-land—all these were dyed with blood. The river that had for ages crept lazily along through the woodland became choked with the bodies of the dead, and crimsoned with the blood of the slain. Winding round many a graceful bend of road where nature had touched the scene with tenderness, the Roundhead clad in iron, saw the waving plume of the Cavalier. Soon the two straggling parties were locked in deadly conflict, and the spot became memorable for ages after for the blood shed in a skirmish which could not be dignified by the name of a battle. Throughout the land family ties were severed; every where a man's foes were they of his own household. 'Old armor came down from a thousand old walls, and clanked upon the anvils of every village smithy; 'boot and saddle' was the order of the day and night; every buff coat, and every piece of steel that could turn or deal a blow, became of value. Even the long-bow, the brown bill, and the cross-bow, resumed their almost-forgotten use; rude spears, and common staves, and Danish clubs, assumed the rank of weapons. The trumpets of the Cavaliers rang out fearlessly through the half of England, and thrilled the spirits of the people with the cries of *Loyalty*; responded to by the shrill blast of the Roundhead, and the cry of *Liberty*. 'Those,' says Carlyle, 'were the most confused months England ever saw; in every shire, in every parish, in court-houses, ale-houses, churches, and markets, wheresoever men were gathered together, England was, with sorrowful confusion in every fiber, tearing itself into hostile halves, to carry on the voting by pike and bullet henceforth.' 'The spirit of war stalked forth; many times we find the record of men who slew an enemy, and found a parent in the corpse they were about to spoil. The face of nature became changed, and peaceful homesteads and quiet villages assumed a rough, hostile look; and the old familiar scenes rang with the fatal, fascinating, bugle-notes of war. Every house of strength became a fortress, and every household a garrison.'

"Romance and poetry have woven gay garlands, and sung highly-wrought and glowing melodies around the achievements of knight-hood and chivalry; but romance and poetry shrink back startled and appalled before the deeds of the mighty Puritan heroes—the Ironsides of Cromwell. The carnal mind of the succeeding century has succeeded in defacing the features, and soiling the fair fame of the Knight-hood of Puritanism; but do you not think that the Soldiers of the Cross may deserve words as eloquent, and songs as soul-kindling, as those

which echoed around the rabble rout of the strange Red Cross Knights of Normon feudalism?"

Our author, we should think, is no peace man; if so, then a very inconsistent one, for many of his pages are devoted to the description of the great Puritan battle-fields:

"It was MARSTON that first developed the power of Cromwell on the field—I know the spot well; I know the little village of Long Marston well—Marston Moor, seven miles from York. How came that battle to be fought at all? The old city of York is a venerable city, crowned with its tiara of proud towers, and stands like an old queen on the banks of the Ouse. And it has witnessed memorable things in the course of its history; but not one more memorable than that great fight in which, for the first time, the genius of Cromwell rose triumphant and complete upon the field. York, the old city, was in possession of the Royalists; and so weak were they, that it seemed the Roundheads, who lay encamped before the city, must soon find an entrance there. But just then the fiery Rupert came plunging across the Lancashire Hills, with twenty thousand of the flower of the Royalist and Cavalier army, and the Puritan forces drew out to Marston Moor. Had Rupert contented himself with relieving and succoring York, the whole tide of conflict might have been different; but he did not know the strength of his foes. Charles, indeed, had written to him, 'If York be lost, I shall esteem my crown to be little less' than lost. There, outside of the city, lay the Royalist army, lay the protecting host of Rupert; and there, yonder along the Moor, the armies of the Parliament, a calm summer evening, on the twenty-fourth of June, 1644. I can scarcely even now think that Rupert, even with his madness, could have wished to hazard a battle when the advantage so decidedly his own could only have been hazarded and risked by conflict; and yet let us recollect that the letter of Charles to him was carried by him on his heart to the day of his death as his warrant for that well-fought fatal field; and he did not know the strength of that army of yeomen and volunteers; above all, he did not know Cromwell. The evening of the day closed in gloom, the heavens were covered with clouds, thick, black murky masses swept over the sky. Hymns of triumph rose from the ranks of the Roundheads and the Parliament, while Prince Rupert would have a sermon preached before him and the army, and his chaplain took a text which seemed to challenge the issue of the morrow, from Joshua: 'The Lord God of gods, the Lord God of gods, he knoweth, and Israel he shall know; if it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day.' Still, dark, and gloomy, and more gloomy, fell the evening; thunder pealed along the heavens, and the forked flame glanced on the terrible mass of

iron-clad men. Between the two armies lay a drain. On the opposite bank to the Royalist forces in the center stood Leven and Fairfax, the commanders of the Parliament; on the left yonder, Cromwell with his Ironsides. Rupert had with wild, furious, characteristic energy fallen upon that center, and his life-guards had scattered and routed them, so that amidst the storm of shot, the maddening shouts, the thundering hoof, pursuing and pursued, they swept across yonder field, cutting down remorselessly all, scattering the whole host like leaves before the storm-wind. Goring, the other Royalist general, was not idle; his desperadoes charged on, and with wild tumultuous rout they hewed down the fugitives by scores; two thirds of the field were gained for Rupert and for Charles. Fairfax was defeated, he fled through the field, through the hosts of the Cavaliers, who supposed him to be some Royalist general, he posted on to Cawood Castle, arrived there, and in the almost or entirely deserted house, he unbooted and unsaddled himself, and went like a wise old soldier to bed. Leven, the brave old Leslie, was a prisoner. But amidst all that rout the carnage and flying confusion, one man held back his troops. Cromwell there to the left, when he saw how the whole Royalist force attacked the center, restrained the fiery impatience of his Ironsides, he drew them off still further to the left, his eye blazed all on fire, till at the moment he uttered his short, sharp, passionate word to the troops, 'CHARGE IN THE NAME OF THE MOST HIGH,' beneath the clouds, beneath the storm, beneath the night-heavens flying along, he scattered the whole mass. You know it was wondrous to see him in those moods of highly-wrought enthusiasm, and his watchword always struck along the ranks. 'Truth and Peace' he thundered along the lines; 'Truth and Peace' in answer to the Royalist cry of 'God and the King.' 'Upon them—upon them.' That hitherto unknown man and his immortal hosts of Puritans poured upon the Cavaliers. The air was alive with artillery. Cromwell seized the very guns of the Royalists, and turned them upon themselves. Thus, when the Royalists returned from the scattering the one wing of their foes, they found the ground occupied by victors. The fight was fought again, but fought in vain; in vain was Rupert's rallying cry: 'For God and for the King!' Through the black and stormy night was seen the gleaming steel of other hostile lines. The Cavaliers were scattered far and wide over the plain—over the country; while, amidst the thousands of the dead lying there, the shattered carriages, Rupert made the last effort of flying from the field to York; across the bean-field, over the heath, the agonized young fieryheart made his way. And there amidst the gathering silence, and amidst the groans of the dying, rises the magnificent genius of Cromwell."

In a more advanced part of the volume we have another battle field:

"On the field of Marston the genius of Cromwell shone forth for the first time, amazing by its majesty alike the army of the Parliament and the King. On the field of NASEBY the baton of Cromwell struck down the scepter from the hand of Charles, never in his day to be lifted by royal hands again. Naseby, you know, is a little village town in Leicestershire, near Market Harborough, and remains, I understand, to this day very much what it was on the day of the battle in June, 1645. A wide, wavy, open country it is; between two hills lies the field—spot of battle, spot of doom, 'valley of the shadow of death' to how many brave men. They still show the old table at Naseby where the guards of Rupert—the Cavaliers—sat the night before the battle; an old oak table, deeply indented and stained with the carousals of ages. The battle at Marston field had closed about ten at night, the battle of Naseby began about ten in the morning, a bright summer morning. When they met there, those two armies, amidst the green heraldry of indignant nature, beneath the song of the startled lark, and the gay varieties of the green earth, and the dappled sky, and the springing corn—there rose the Royalists' cry of 'Queen Mary,' answered by the stern, gruff battle-shout of the Ironsides: 'God is with us.' Rupert knew that Cromwell was on the field, and sought to bring his troops against the mighty Roundhead; but he found Ireton instead, a soldier who, afterward, as Cromwell's son-in-law, exhibited much of the iron resolve of his yet more illustrious father. If any field could have been won by passion alone, Rupert would have won not only Naseby, but many another field; but we know that as passion is one of the most frail elements of our nature, so Rupert was one of the most frail of men. At the head of his Cavaliers, in white sash and plume, he indeed flamed in brilliant gallantry over the field, shouting, 'Queen Mary, Queen Mary,' while the more rough and unknighly soldiers thundered: 'God is with us, God is with us.' Beholding Cromwell flying from one part of the field to another, like lightning, breaking the enemy's lines, it might seem that he too, like Rupert, was only impersonated passion; but his vision included the whole field, and held all that passion in mastery and in check. At one moment a commander of the King's, knowing Cromwell, advanced briskly from the head of his troops to exchange a single bullet with him. They encountered, their pistols discharged, and the Cavalier, with a slanting back-blow of the sword, cut the string of Oliver's helmet, or morion; he was just about to repeat the stroke, but some of Cromwell's party passed by, rescued him, and one of them threw the head-piece on his saddle; hastily he caught it, placed it on his head the wrong way, and so through the day he wore it; and every where his words, 'God is with us,' struck like light over his soldiers' hearts—like lightning over his enemies. What was there in the poor cry, 'Queen Mary'—and such a Mary! to kindle feelings like that? Then, at last, the

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tide of the day turned, and the Royalists sunk, or attempted to retain a retreating fight among the gorse bushes and the rabbit-warrens, which checked the Roundheads' charge. But on this field the passionate Rupert, as at Marston, supposed that he had won the day, and thinking the victory all his own, he clove his way back to the spot where the poor hapless King was cheering his dismayed troopers. Yes, I can almost weep as I hear that cry from the King: 'One charge more, gentlemen, one charge more, and the day is ours.' He placed himself at the head of the troopers, and a thousand prepared to follow him. One of his couriers snatched his bridle, and turned him from the path of honor to that of despair. 'Why,' says one writer, 'was there no hand to strike that traitor to the ground?' Alas! if the King's own hand could not strike that traitor to the ground, was it possible that another's could? Who would have dared to have taken Cromwell's bridle at such a moment? And so at the battle of Naseby the crown fell from the King's head, and the scepter from his hand, and he was henceforth never more in any sense a king. Poor King. 'Who will bring me,' cried he in despair, 'this Cromwell dead or alive?' Alas! your majesty! Who?"

In the following estimate of Cromwell's character and intentions we see nothing new, but it illustrates the enthusiastic homage our author pays to the purity of his hero:

"And I think this is the moment to say two or three words upon that ever difficult problem, What were Cromwell's intentions with reference to himself and to Charles? I can not see that there is foundation for any other thought than that Cromwell especially intended to preserve English law; to him I dare say a king was not more sacred than a man; and a lawless king not so sacred as an obedient and law-keeping man. Yet I see no reason to think that he was either beckoned on by any shades of unlawful ambition, nor do I see any reason to doubt that he did at one time fully intend to save the king. There is an important principle in Guizot's story of the English Commonwealth, which I believe to be substantially sound and just; namely: 'That God does not grant it to the great men who have set on disorder the foundations of their greatness, the power to regulate at their pleasure and for centuries, even according to their better desires, the government of nations.' This is true substantially. But it is also true that Charles had really set on disorder the foundations of his greatness. The race of men who first confronted Charles—Pym and Hampden especially—were men of law; they no doubt desired to see the government settled in a constitutional manner. I do not believe that those first actors were republicans. Certainly not in the sense in which John Milton, and Sir Harry Vane, and Algernon Sydney, and Har-

rington were republicans. To them the great thing that England wanted was good, just, equitable law; they were men who would have made some such arrangement as that which was actually made when William mounted the throne. The King threw all this desire into a hopeless imbroglio. The raising of his banner, and the subsequent civil war, created a hopeless anarchy. Cromwell, although he had some education for the law, and was originally intended for the legal profession, had little of the lawyer in his nature. Casuistries and subtleties enough might spin their cobwebs through his brain, but they were not such as lawyers love, in catches and in technicalities. He had, I believe, a strong love of English justice. He had, I believe, a resolute desire to see things established by law. Does any one suppose that had power or ambition been his mark, he might not have achieved it in a far readier way than by that sophistical and doubtful Protectorate? If the King would have allowed himself to be saved—if, I say, he could have been honest—Cromwell would have served him and have saved him. And had he not prized the happiness of his daughter too highly, what was to prevent his acceptance of the offer of Charles Stuart, the exile, in which case the name of Cromwell might have been associated with the royal line of kings? But I think little of these things. Can you think that that man who struck down the majesty of England at Marston and Naseby; who laid Ireland groaning at his feet; and crushed even the haughty Presbytery at Dunbar; can you suppose that any feelings of fear restrained him from decking his brows with the round of sovereignty? That the idea of monarchy came to him again and again, I can well believe. But I can believe also, and do believe, that nothing but the purity of his own purposes restrained his hand from grasping the crown. Be sure of this, no fantastic republican was he. He knew the mind of England too well. He knew human nature too well. He knew history too well; for let us not forget that he had received the education of a scholar and a gentleman; and scholars admired his magnificent and well-selected library in a day when the collection of books was not a fashion. But having conquered Charles,

he saw, of course, that power and responsibility must reside somewhere and in some person. Where? In that House whom he retained in existence, whose greatest spirits were all dead, or, if remaining there with their theories of impracticable governments, framed on Grecian models or Italian oligarchies, surrounding their whole conceptions with a mist and a haze? What that Long Parliament was fitted to be we see by what it was when he appeared in its midst, and by what it did when once more it assembled and laid England under so damnable and disgraceful a tyranny, that every nerve in English flesh thrills with pain and shame when we think that our land has known such atrocious and iniquitous misrule. Cromwell, I believe, all along used the circumstances as they transpired as best he could. What would you have had him do? When the king was conquered, would you have had him place the conquered tyrant once more upon the throne, without any promise or constitution? We have seen that there was no reliance on his faith. What then? Charles Stuart the Second—should he place him on the throne? No; we may well believe that child of light had no fellowship with that Belial. The house was composed only of about seventy members. They had passed an Act that they would not be dissolved but by their own consent. They would by that Act have been sitting there now. Cromwell would not trust that weakness. He had also, I believe, no great regard for his own head; still, I dare say, he thought it fitted its own neck very well, and he determined to do his best to keep it there. On the whole, he saw, I believe, that the people must return to their ancient monarchy; but many prejudices, and much ill blood must die out first. He determined to watch over the interests of England like the sentinel of Providence, and he called himself the Lord Protector. Well did he deserve the name."

That our author has been greatly indebted to Carlyle for his colors in the following rendering of the battle of Dunbar, none of our readers will doubt. We believe, however, he has used them in such a way as to make them his own:

"THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

"AS RECITED BY ONE OF THE PURITAN ARMY IN 1636.

"Come gather round this winter hearth, and I will tell a tale
Shall make the coldest heart beat high, and blanch the tyrant pale;
Shall bid all true hearts to be strong, since truth can never fail,
And warn the oppressor that his hour comes floating on the gale.
I'll tell you how at Freedom's call, arose the blast of war,
I'll tell you how our Cromwell fought and conquered at Dunbar.

"The Scots they sought to conquer us, though we had lent them aid
To rend the hated cassock off from their own mountain plaid:
They sought to gird our land within the Presbytery's shade,
And so to crown Charles Stuart king, they led their highland raid,
To crush our faith the highlands' clans came flocking near and far,
And we were there to conquer them, or perish at Dunbar.

" Each English heart that day beat high, with hope and courage rare,
Such hope may England ever have, to make her foes despair.
Yet heavy was the cannon's roll, and stern the trumpet's blare;
It was not fear, but faith to death—I know, for I was there.
This arm on many a foeman laid the bloody brand of war,
When our Protector, Cromwell, fought and conquered at Dunbar.

" Like sheep for slaughter there we lay; alas! what power had we?
Behind us stretched, all drear and grim, the dread and awful sea;
And there the hosts of Leslie lay, we could not fight nor flee;
We only knew the Lord of Hosts would our deliverer be.
We held his promise to our hearts, like good news from afar,
He saved on Marston's bloody field, and why not at Dunbar?

" Then came the night—and such a night! the mists fell cold and chill,
The solemn tones of brooding winds were speaking on the hill.
The hum of those two mighty hosts made stillness yet more still,
And girt, with mailed bands, the strength of every iron will.
I looked o'er all the cloudy heavens, but could not see a star,
As there we lay, beneath the shades and crags of old Dunbar.

" It was a night for daring deeds! dark clouds, and winds, and rain;
The full moon faintly touched the clouds, then veiled her face again;
The sea mourned hoarse, but audibly—'twas like a soul in pain;
And phantom sounds and phantom sights were scudding o'er the plain.
I looked o'er all the cloudy heavens—I could not see a star,
Nor light, save where a flickering torch shone o'er thy fields, Dunbar.

" We knew to-morrow's sun would shine upon a bloody field,
We could not hope that we could make those haughty thousands yield;
We could but throw for our dear land, our bodies as a shield,
And charter with our faith and blood the faith our fathers sealed.
If conquest fled afar from us, in this last gasp of war,
We'd leave our bones to bleach, for faith and freedom, at Dunbar.

" The stertorous hum of drowsy life rose upward through the calm,
And midst it rose from out the ranks some soldier's pious psalm;
And some, to quell their care, would list the preacher's loud alarm,
Or muse if they that day might change the hauberk for the palm,
Thus mount the fiery chariot, from the red smoke of war,
And pass to take the crown of joy, from thy dread field, Dunbar.

" I could not sleep, I could not watch; I passed the night alone.
I mused, I could not sing, nor preach, nor bide the preacher's tone.
Eternity seemed crowded there—things present, future, gone!
And dark and light, each sat by turns upon my spirit's throne.
I knew by many a well-fought field, the doom and dread of war,
But never doom or doubt so deep as that of old Dunbar.

" We thought of many a holy text, and promise made of old,
Of Daniel in the lions' den (a sheep within the fold :)
And how for Israel's tribes the waves to walls of safety rolled,
When they, like us, were hemmed and girt by foemen fierce and bold.
We held that story to our hearts, like good news from afar,
The Lord would rise in might for us, and conquer at Dunbar.

" We thought of him, the Captain strong, the mighty Jerubbaal,
Who met the Midianitish host with numbers small and frail;
And while our lesser numbers lay along the misty vale,
That Gideon's sword and Gideon's Lord, would o'er our foes prevail.
And while the moon rolled murkily above thy fields, Dunbar,
We thought of Him who rode above old Israel's awful JAH!

" For me—old Gideon haunted me!—I saw his gleaming sword,
I heard the shout, I knew the cry, I felt the Spirit's word;
I heard the falling pitchers break, with one distinct accord;

- I felt my own weak heart upheld by good news from the Lord.
 'Thou canst not fail in this dread hour,' said I, 'O Lord of War!
 Oh! nerve our Gideon's arm to strike, and conquer at Dunbar!'
- "Should we so false or fickle prove, or do so mean a thing
 As hail 'the young man Charles' to be our own anointed king;
 To bow the knee to those proud Scots when they their Prince should bring
 His lecherous, craven, coward glance along our land to fling;
 And we to sink to faithlessness, or bide the blast of war,
 Said I, No! let us rot to death beneath thy cliffs, Dunbar.
- "A tramp—a step—and then a voice: 'Ha! Captain, who goes there?
 Why, these, methinks, are precious hours to spend in words of prayer.'
 Said I: 'Lone hearts may catch the spark which numbers have to share.'
 'Tis well,' said he, and grasped my hand—oh! honor high and rare!
 It was the Gideon of our hosts, who led our ranks to war,
 Our mighty Cromwell on his rounds the night before Dunbar.
- "Hark! was not that the bugle's blast? I grasped a comrade's hand;
 Again that wild, swift, piercing scream—it swept along the strand;
 It fell like lightning in the midst of Leslie's mighty band,
 And where with us the heart lay cold, the breath of faith was fanned.
 It was the blast that summoned us to dare the blaze of war,
 And wave aloft a bloody sword, high o'er thy field, Dunbar.
- "Shout answered shout! blast answered blast! amidst the twilight dim,
 The dark gray curtain of the dawn hung bodingly and grim;
 'Midst hailing shot and dying screams, arose the sacred hymn.
 My memory holds them—I was there—else all my senses swim.
 But pride will pant within my heart, the pride and pomp of war,
 Whene'er I think of fight so dread and bloody as Dunbar!
- "Then rose the hurtling cannon shower along the startled coasts,
 Then dashed on Lambert's iron-hearts through Leslie's scattered posts;
 Then rose their cry, 'THE COVENANT!' 'mid sneers, and taunts, and boasts;
 'THE LORD OF HOSTS!' our Captain cried: 'THE LORD—THE LORD OF HOSTS.'
 The word that healed our aching hearts in many an ancient scar,
 That was the word by which we fought and conquered at Dunbar.
- "'Twas when the storm of fight was o'er, the battle almost done,
 From forth the sea, beyond the rocks, looked up the great red sun,
 Our General saw the flying hosts—'THEY RUN!' he cried, 'THEY RUN!
 LET GOD ARISE, AND LET HIS FOES BE SCATTERED!'—we had won.
 High o'er the plain his voice arose; we heard it near and far—
 So our good Lord Protector fought and conquered at Dunbar.
- "Then halting on the battle plain, he raised, so clear and loud,
 A psalm of praise. Its mighty voice pealed o'er the awe-struck crowd;
 The warrior dropped his blood-red sword, the helmed head was bowed;
 It reined the warrior's mailed hand, and checked the passion proud,
 It stilled the clash of sounding swords, it stilled the passion's jar;
 Oh! never saw the world a field like that of old Dunbar!"

The following are some of the closing reflections of the paper called *Cromwell's Death-Bed*:

"'Yet is their strength labor and sorrow;
 this, after all, must be said even of this great
 and most successful man. My conception of
 him is such that I can well believe he longed to
 be at rest. It was an amazing work that in
 which he was the actor; but with what toil, and
 endurance, and sleepless energy, had he to tra-
 vail day and night! The honor of knighthood

and five hundred pounds a year forever, was
 offered by a proclamation, by Charles Stuart,
 from his vile, ragged, and filthy court in Paris,
 to any who would take the life of the Protector;
 and they were many in England who longed to
 see the mighty monarch dethroned. In his
 palace-chambers lived his noble mother, nearly
 ninety, now trembling at every sound lest it be
 some ill to her noble and royal son.

"I am not surprised at the absence of much
 that seems, to our minds, happiness in those
 last days. The higher we go, brother, in the

great kingdom of duty, the less we must expect to enjoy, apparently, in the picturesque villages of happiness. Ah! but the sense brightens and sweetens within; for these are they 'who taste and see that the Lord is good.' 'Do you not see,' says my anti-Cromwell friend, 'a divine compensation in this of the unhappiness of Cromwell?' No, I do not. What, in his old age was Baxter happier? or Vane? or were the last days of Owen more sweetly soothed? On the contrary. Weak Richard Cromwell—who does nothing—steps into the by-lanes of life, and goes serenely off the stage. Would you rather, then, be Richard than Oliver—rather have Richard's quiet than Oliver's unrest? It is well to sigh for calm; but to sigh for it, indeed, we must deserve it. Easy it is for us who do nothing worth calling a deed, to take our Rhine journeys, to stand in Venice, or to see the broad sun shine on us from Ben Macdhui or Loch Lomond, or the moon rise over Grasmere. But men who have done a thousand times over our work never know that hour of rest. What, then, they are rewarded better than we are and shall be! No, thou caitiff, coward royalist! Say not to me, See, here is the life thou callest a brave one going out in ashes. What is Oliver, the just and the holy, better than I with my songs, and my harlots, and my dice? And I say, Thou poor, halt, and maimed rascal, he is every way better; for he has peace. Oh! doubtless, then, the hard, rough hand of the old Marston and Naseby soldier would take once more the gentle hand of Elizabeth, clasped tightly thirty-eight years ago; floods of tenderness would come over him as they come over all such men. In those last days it was he said to his Parliament: 'There is not a man living can say I sought this place—not a man or woman living on English ground. I can say, in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are like creeping ants upon the earth, I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, and have kept a flock of sheep, rather than have undertaken such a government as this.' Yes, you can see him there, in the great, stately palace, in some quiet room, talking with Elizabeth over the old, free, healthy, quiet days at Huntingdon, and St. Ives, and Ely, and Ramsey—days, never, never to be known again, until the deeper quiet of eternity is reached. Do you not sympathize with that quiet, timid, lady-like wife, in her dove-like beauty, trembling near the eagle-heart of her great husband, and wondering if he is gone: 'What will, what can become of me?' As I walk in fancy through the old palace chambers, I think many such things about them."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JUDICIAL PUZZLES.—SPENCER COWPER'S CASE.

At the summer assizes at Hertford, on the sixteenth of July, 1699, a young barrister, rising into eminence in his profession, the son of a baronet of ancient family, who was one of the representatives, and the brother of a king's counsel, who was the other representative of the town in Parliament, held up his hand at the bar to answer a charge of murder. It was not for blood, shed in an angry brawl—it was not for vindicating his honor by his sword in defiance of the law, that Spencer Cowper was arraigned. He was accused of having deliberately murdered a woman, whose only fault was having loved him too devotedly, and trusted him too implicitly. He was called upon to plead to a charge which, if proved, would not only

consign his body to the gibbet, but his name to eternal infamy.

Sarah Stout was the only daughter of a Quaker maltster in the town of Hertford. Her father was an active and influential supporter of the Cowpers at the elections, and the kind of intimacy which ordinarily takes place under such circumstances, arose between the families. Attentions highly flattering no doubt to their vanity, were paid to the wife and daughter of the tradesman by the ladies of the baronet's family; and an intimacy arose between Spencer Cowper and Sarah, which did not cease when she was left an orphan upon the death of her father, and he became the husband of another woman. He managed the little fortune which had been

bequeathed to her; he occasionally took up his abode (whether as a guest or a lodger does not appear) at her mother's house, when business called him to Hertford; and he unhappily inspired her with a violent, and, as the event proved, a fatal passion.

Never did the truth of the proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum*, or rather, in this case, *monacham*, receive a stronger confirmation than from the story of poor Sarah Stout. Stormy passions beat under the dove-colored bodice, and flashed from the eyes which were shaded by the close white cap and poke bonnet of the Quakers. Her whole heart and soul were given to Spencer Cowper. A man of sense and honor would, under such circumstances, at once have broken off the connection, and saved the girl, at the cost of some present suffering, from future guilt and misery. A man of weak determination and kind feelings might have got hopelessly involved in attempting to avoid inflicting pain. Cowper did neither. He carried on a clandestine correspondence with her under feigned names, and received letters from her breathing the most ardent passion, which he displayed among his profligate associates. He introduced a friend to her as a suitor, and then betrayed to that friend the secrets which, above all others, a man of honor is bound to guard with the strictest fidelity. He behaved as ill as a man could do under the circumstances.

On the morning of Monday, the thirteenth of March, the first day of the spring assizes of 1699, Spencer Cowper arrived in Hertford, traveling (as was then the custom of the bar) on horseback. He went direct to the house of Mrs. Stout, where he was expected, in consequence of a letter which had been written, announcing his intended visit. He was asked to alight, but declined to do so, as he wished to show himself in the town. He promised, however, to send his horse, and to come himself to dinner. This promise he kept, and having dined with Mrs. Stout and her daughter, he left the house about four o'clock, saying that he had business in the town, but that he would return in the evening. At nine he returned, asked for pen, ink, and paper, to write to his wife, and had his supper. Mrs. Stout, the mother, went to bed, leaving Spencer Cowper and her daughter together, orders having been given to make a fire in

his room. Between ten and eleven o'clock Sarah called the servant-girl, and, in Cowper's hearing, desired her to warm his bed. She went up-stairs for that purpose, leaving Spencer Cowper and Sarah alone in the parlor together. As she went up-stairs she heard the house-clock (which was half an hour too fast) strike eleven. In about a quarter of an hour afterward, she heard the house-door shut to, and, supposing that Cowper had gone out to post his letter, she remained warming his bed for about a quarter of an hour longer. She then went down-stairs, and found that both Spencer Cowper and her young mistress were gone.

The mother could not be examined upon the trial, as she was a Quaker, and could not take an oath. The account of the transactions of that day, therefore, rests solely upon the evidence of Sarah Walker, the servant, who deposed as follows:

"May it please you, my Lord, on Friday before the last assizes, Mr. Cowper's wife sent a letter to Mrs. Stout, that she might expect Mr. Cowper at the assize time; and therefore we expected Mr. Cowper at that time, and accordingly provided; and as he came in with the judges, she asked him if he would alight? He said, 'No; by reason I came in later than usual, I will go into the town and show myself,' but he would send his horse presently. She asked him how long it would be before he would come, because they would stay for him? He said he could not tell, but he would send her word; and she thought he had forgot, and sent me down to know whether he would please to come? He said he had business, and he could not come just then; but he came in less than a quarter of an hour after, and dined there, and he went away at four o'clock; and then my mistress asked him if he would lie there? And he answered yes, and he came at night about nine; and he sat talking about half an hour, and then called for pen, ink, and paper, for that, as he said, he was to write to his wife; which was brought him, and he wrote a letter; and then my mistress went and asked him what he would have for supper? He said milk, by reason he had made a good dinner; and I got him his supper, and he eat it; after she called me in again, and they were talking together, and then she bid me make a fire in his chamber; and when I had done so, I came and told him of it, and he looked at me, and made me no answer; then she bid me warm the bed, which accordingly I went up to do as the clock struck eleven; and in about a quarter of an hour I heard the door shut, and I thought he was gone to convey the letter, and staid about a quarter of an hour longer, and came down, and he was gone and she; and Mrs. Stout, the mother, asked me the reason why he went out when I was warm-

ing his bed? And she asked me for my mistress, and I told her I left her with Mr. Cowper; and I never saw her after that, nor did Mr. Cowper return to the house.”*

Cowper, who defended himself with great ability, asked the witness in cross-examination:

“When you came down and missed your mistress, did you inquire after her all that night?”

“A.—No, sir, I did not go out of the doors; I thought you were with her, and so I thought she would come to no harm.

“Mr. Cowper.—Here is a whole night she gives no account of. Pray, mistress, why did you not go after her?”

“A.—My mistress would not let me.

“Mr. Cowper.—Why would she not let you?”

“A.—I said I would seek for her. ‘No,’ says she, ‘by reason if you go and seek for her, and do not find her, it will make an alarm over the town, and there may be no occasion.’”†

Maternal solicitude could not be very strong in the breast of Mrs. Stout, or she was disposed to place a more than ordinary degree of confidence in the discretion of her daughter and young Cowper. Sarah Stout was never again seen alive. The next morning her body was found in a mill-dam something less than a mile distant. Cowper never returned to Mrs. Stout's; he was seen at an inn in the town at eleven, and arrived at other lodgings, which he had hired in the town at a quarter past. Here the evidence ends.—A vast amount of testimony was given at the trial, as to whether the body of the girl floated or not; as to whether a body thrown into the water after death would float or sink; but it came to nothing. The coroner's inquest had been hurried over, and no examination of the body had taken place till long after decomposition had proceeded too far to allow of any satisfactory result being arrived at.

In a former number we observed on the effect of the rule of law which excludes a prisoner not only from giving evidence on his own behalf, but also from tendering himself for cross-examination. If Cowper was innocent, that rule bore hardly upon him in the present case. We will, however, give him the full benefit of his own account of the matter. He said ‡—and in this he was confirmed by the evidence of his brother—that having received a pressing invitation to take up his quarters during the assizes at Mrs.

Stout's, he had resolved to do so, his object being to save the expense of other lodgings at the house of a person of the name of Barefoot, where he had been in the habit of staying with his brother. Finding that his brother would be detained in London by his parliamentary duties, he requested him to write and countermand the lodgings at Barefoot's. This he neglected to do, and on Spencer Cowper's arrival at Hertford, he found them prepared for him. Finding that he should have at any rate to pay for these lodgings, which were nearer to the courthouse and more commodious than Mrs. Stout's, he determined to occupy them. His account is as follows:

“My Lord, as to my coming to this town on Monday, it was the first day of the assizes, and that was the reason that brought me hither: before I came out of town, I confess, I had a design to take a lodging at this gentleman's house, having been invited by letter so to do; and the reason why I did not was this: my brother when he went the circuit, always favored me with the offer of a part of his lodgings, which, out of good husbandry, I always accepted. The last circuit was in parliament time, and my brother, being in the money-chair, could not attend the circuit as he used to do: he had very good lodgings, I think one of the best in this town, where I used to be with him; these were always kept for him, unless notice was given to the contrary. The Friday before I came down to the assizes I happened to be in company with my brother and another gentleman, and then I showed them the letter by which I was earnestly invited down to lie at the house of this gentleman during the assizes, (it is dated the ninth of March last;) and designing to comply with the invitation, I thereupon desired my brother to write to Mr. Barefoot, our landlord, and get him, if he could, to dispose of the lodgings; for, said I, if he keeps them they must be paid for, and then I can not well avoid lying there. My brother did say he would write, if he could think on it; and thus, if Mr. Barefoot disposed of the lodgings, I own I intended to lie at the deceased's house; but if not, I looked on myself obliged to lie at Mr. Barefoot's. Accordingly I shall prove as soon as ever I came to this town, in the morning of the first day of the assizes, I went directly to Mr. Barefoot's, (the maid and all agree in this,) and the reason was I had not seen my brother after he said he would write, before I went out to London; and therefore it was proper for me to go first to Mr. Barefoot's to know whether my brother had wrote to him, and whether he had disposed of his lodgings or not. As soon as I came to Mr. Barefoot's, I asked his wife and maid-servant, one after another, if they had received a letter from my brother to unbespeak the lodgings; they told me no, that

* 13 *State Trials*, 1112. † Ibid. 1114. ‡ Ibid. 1149.

the room was kept for us; and I think they had made a fire, and that the sheets were airing. I was a little concerned he had not writ; but being satisfied that no letter had been received, I said immediately, as I shall prove by several witnesses, If it be so, I must stay with you; I will take up my lodging here. Thereupon I alighted, and sent for my bag from the coffee-house, and lodged all my things at Barefoot's, and thus I took up my lodgings there as usual. I had no sooner done this, but Sarah Walker came to me from her mistress to invite me to dinner, and accordingly I went and dined there; and when I went away, it may be true that, being asked, I said I would come again at night; but that I said I would lie there, I do positively deny; and knowing I could not lie there, it is unlikely I should say so. My lord, at night I did come again, and paid her some money that I received from Mr. Loftus, who is the mortgager, for interest of the two hundred pounds I before mentioned, (it was six pounds, odd money, in guineas and half-guineas;) I writ a receipt, but she declined the signing of it, pressing me to stay there that night; which I refused, as engaged to lie at Mr. Barefoot's, and took my leave of her; and that very money which I paid her was found in her pocket, as I have heard, after she was drowned.*

When Cowper recurs, at a later period of the trial, to the events of that night, he says:

"Now, if your lordship pleases, I would explain that part of Sarah Walker the maid's evidence, when she says her mistress ordered her to warm the bed, and I never contradicted it."

And after calling the attention of the court to the warm expressions contained in the letter he had received from the girl, he goes on:

"I had rather leave it to be observed than make the observation myself, what might be the dispute between us at the time the maid speaks of. I think it was not necessary she should be present at the debate; and therefore I might not interrupt her mistress or the orders she gave; but as soon as the maid was gone I made use of these objections; and I told Mrs. Stout by what accident I was obliged to take up my lodging at Mr. Barefoot's, and that the family was sitting up for me; that my staying at her house, under these circumstances, would in all probability provoke the censure of the town and country, and that therefore I could not stay, whatever my inclination otherwise might be; but, my Lord, my reasons not prevailing, I was forced to decide the controversy by going to my lodging; so that the maid may swear true when she says I did not contradict her orders.†"

It will be observed that Cowper first

puts his change of intention as to staying at Mrs. Stout's solely on the ground of having other lodgings on his hands. He says that until he found those lodgings were engaged, he had determined to take up his abode at Mrs. Stout's. The question was simply one of the cost of the lodgings. When, however, he has to account for the servant-girl's evidence as to his consent to the preparations for his passing the night there, orders for which were given in his presence, then, for the first time, he begins to talk of "provoking the censure of the town and country."‡ It is impossible to know what took place after the servant-girl left the room. Cowper himself leaves it unexplained whether he left Sarah Stout in the house, or whether she quitted it at the same time that he did. The latter would seem to be the more probable conjecture, from the fact that the door was only heard to shut once, and it was proved that it was not easy to shut the door without being heard. If Cowper had been entitled to submit himself to cross-examination, these facts might have been, and probably would have been explained.

Here not only the evidence, but the whole substance of Cowper's defense ends. The trial was prolonged by an enormous mass of testimony, partly from men of the highest eminence in the medical profession, and partly from persons who had seen great numbers of bodies, some of which had been thrown into the sea after death, and others of which had been drowned in naval engagements and shipwrecks, as to whether the fact of a body floating afforded any evidence that life was extinct before it had been thrown into water. On this point the evidence was, as might be anticipated, contradictory, but had it been otherwise, it would have been of no value; for the question, whether Sarah Stout's body floated or sank was not proved either one way or the other. It was found entangled among some stakes in the mill-dam, in a manner which rendered it impossible to say whether it was supported or kept down.† There was therefore no

* *State Trials*, 1177.

† See the evidence of Berry, Venables, Dell, Ulfe, Dew, Edmunds, Page, How, and Meager, 13 *State Trials*, 1116 to 1122. All these witnesses, who were present when the body was found in the mill-dam, agree in asserting that the body "floated," and they no doubt believed what they said, their evidence affording an example of how far a preconceived idea will affect belief; they describe

* 13 *State Trials*, 1150. † *Ibid.* 1170.

basis on which to found the scientific evidence, and the case against Cowper rested upon a very few facts, and may be summed up in very few words. He was the last person in Sarah Stout's company. His conduct on leaving the house was mysterious and unexplained. When he left, instead of going direct to his lodgings, he went to the Glove and Dolphin Inn to pay a small bill for horse-keep. This had somewhat the appearance of a desire to secure evidence of an *alibi*. He was, on his own showing, embarrassed by Sarah Stout's pertinacious attachment, and had a stronger motive to get rid of her than has sometimes been found sufficient to prompt men to the most revolting crimes. On the other hand, it must be remembered that Cowper was not, like Tawell, a man who prided himself on his reputation for the respectabilities of life, but, as well as his more celebrated brother—a man of known libertinism, not likely to commit a crime of the deepest dye for the purpose of concealing a disreputable intrigue. To have convicted Cowper of murder upon this evidence would have been, of course, impossible. But the case must ever remain shrouded in the darkest mystery. If not guilty of what the law defines as murder, there can be no doubt that Cowper's conduct was the immediate cause of the death of the unhappy girl. When the servant left the room they were on the most amicable terms. This is fixed by the evidence, as nearly as possible, at half-past ten by the town-clock. As the clock struck eleven, Cowper entered the

Glove and Dolphin Inn.* In that short half-hour he had either incurred the guilt of murder, or by his unkindness had driven a woman, who loved him with the most devoted affection, to rush uncalled into the presence of her Maker. Cowper, if not a murderer, which we think he was not, must, at any rate, have been a man of a singularly cold and unfeeling disposition. According to his own version of the story, the girl, whom he had left only a few moments before, immediately upon his quitting her, sought a refuge from her love, her sorrows, and her shame, under the cold waters of the Priory river. On the next morning he heard of her fate, and the first thing he did was to send the hostler from the inn to her mother's house for his horse, fearing lest, if the coroner's jury should bring in a verdict of *felo de se*, the animal might, being found in her stable, be claimed as forfeited to the lord of the manor. From first to last there is not one word of tenderness or regret. He never went near the bereaved mother, but he attended the coroner's inquest, gave his evidence with the most admirable coolness, and the next day proceeded on circuit as if nothing unusual had taken place. Three other persons were indicted along with Cowper as the accomplices of his crime, but against them there was not even the shadow of a case. The jury, after deliberating for about half an hour, acquitted all the prisoners.

The relations of Sarah Stout attempted to bring Cowper to a second trial by means of a proceeding now abolished, entitled "The Appeal of Murder." The attempt failed through the influence of the Cowpers, who tampered with the sheriff, and procured the destruction of the writs. The sheriff was fined and imprisoned for his misconduct. Holt, the Chief Justice, severely animadverting on the foul play which had been employed to impede the course of justice.† Cowper continued to practice at the bar, and was at last raised to the bench of the Court of Common Pleas, a remarkable instance of a man who had held up his hand on an arraignment for murder trying others for the same offense. He is said to have learned a lesson of caution and mercy from his

the body as lying on the right side, the head and right arm being driven between the stakes, which were something less than a foot apart, by the stream. Robert Dew and Young, who were called on behalf of the prisoner, and who were also present when the body was taken out of the water, assert equally positively that the body *sank*. See p. 1151. These two witnesses describe the mode in which the body was entangled in the stakes with more particularity than the witnesses for the prosecution. The judge, in his charge to the jury, treated this evidence like a man of sense. "I shall not undertake," he said, "to give you the particulars of their evidence; but they tell you she lay on her right side, the one arm up even with the surface of the water, and her body under the water; but some of her clothes were above the water; particularly, one says, the ruffles of her left arm were above the water. You have heard, also, what the doctors and surgeons said, on the one side and the other, concerning the swimming and sinking of dead bodies in the water; but I can find no certainty in it; and I leave it to your consideration.—13 *State Trials*, 1188.

* Evidence of Elizabeth Spurr, 13 *State Trials*, 1177.

† Lord Raymond, vol. i. 575, R. v. Toler.—13 *State Trials*, 1109.

own experience, and to have been remarkable for both those qualities.

One might have supposed that poor Sarah Stout would have been allowed to sleep in peace without having her name revived, and her sad story made famous more than a century and a half after her death. But such was not to be her fate. The opportunity of a double fling at Quakers and Tories has been too great a temptation for Lord Macaulay. It was a right-and-left shot at the game he loved best. Accordingly, in the fifth and concluding volume of his *History*, in that part which we are told by the editor he had left "fairly transcribed and revised," we find four pages devoted to the case of that unhappy girl. The whole passage is so eloquent, so picturesque, so ingenious in insinuation, so daring in the misrepresentation of facts and the distortion of evidence, and affords so good an epitome of the best and the worst qualities of the author, that we give it entire.

"One mournful tale, which called forth the strongest feelings of the contending factions, is still remembered as a curious part of the history of our jurisprudence, and especially of the history of our medical jurisprudence. No Whig member of the Lower House, with the single exception of Montague, filled a larger space in the public eye than William Cowper. In the art of conciliating an audience, Cowper was pre-eminent. His graceful and engaging eloquence cast a spell on juries; and the Commons, even in those stormy moments when no other defender of the administration could obtain a hearing, would always listen to him. He represented Hertford, a borough in which his family had considerable influence; but there was a strong Tory minority among the electors; and he had not won his seat without a hard fight, which had left behind it many bitter recollections. His younger brother, Spencer, a man of parts and learning, was fast rising into practice as a barrister on the Home Circuit.

"At Hertford resided an opulent Quaker family named Stout. A pretty young woman of this family had lately sunk into a melancholy, of a kind not very unusual in girls of strong sensibility and lively imagination, who are subject to the restraints of austere religious societies. Her dress, her looks, her gestures, indicated the disturbance of her mind. She sometimes hinted her dislike of the sect to which she belonged. She complained that a canting waterman, who was one of the brotherhood, had held forth against her at a meeting. She threatened to go beyond the sea, to throw herself out of the window, to drown herself. To two or three of her associates she owned that she was in love; and on one occasion she plainly said that the man whom she loved was one whom she

never could marry. In fact, the object of her fondness was Spencer Cowper, who was already married. She at length wrote to him in language which she never would have used if her intellect had not been disordered. He, like an honest man, took no advantage of her unhappy state of mind, and did his best to avoid her. His prudence mortified her to such a degree that on one occasion she went into fits. It was necessary, however, that he should see her when he came to Hertford at the spring assizes of 1699, for he had been intrusted with some money which was due to her on mortgage. He called on her for this purpose late one evening, and delivered a bag of gold to her. She pressed him to be the guest of her family, but he excused himself and retired. The next morning she was found dead among the stakes of a mill-dam on the stream called the Priory river. That she had destroyed herself there could be no reasonable doubt. The coroner's inquest found that she had drowned herself while in a state of mental derangement. But the family was unwilling to admit that she had shortened her own life, and looked about for some body who might be accused of murdering her. The last person who could be proved to have been in her company was Spencer Cowper. It chanced that two attorneys and a scrivener, who had come down from town to the Hertford assizes, had been overheard, on that unhappy night, talking over their wine about the charms and flirtations of the handsome Quaker girl, in the light way in which such subjects are sometimes discussed even at the circuit tables and mess tables of our more refined generation. Some wild words, susceptible of a double meaning, were used about the way in which she had jilted one lover, and the way in which another lover would punish her for her coquetry. On no better grounds than these, her relations imagined that Spencer Cowper had, with the assistance of these three retainers of the law, strangled her, and thrown her corpse into the water. There was absolutely no evidence of the crime. There was no evidence that any one of the accused had any motive to commit such a crime; there was no evidence that Spencer Cowper had any connection with the persons who were said to be his accomplices. One of these persons, indeed, he had never seen. But no story is too absurd to be imposed on minds blinded by religious and political fanaticism.

"The Quakers and the Tories joined to raise a formidable clamor. The Quakers had, in those days, no scruples about capital punishments. They would, indeed, as Spencer Cowper said bitterly, but too truly, rather send four innocent men to the gallows than let it be believed that one who had their light within her had committed suicide. The Tories exulted in the prospect of winning two seats from the Whigs. The whole kingdom was divided between Stouts and Cowpers. At the summer assizes Hertford was crowded with anxious faces from London, and from parts of England more distant than London. The prosecution was

conducted with a malignity and unfairness which to us seem almost incredible; and unfortunately, the dullest and most ignorant judge of the twelve was on the bench. Cowper defended himself and those who were said to be his accomplices with admirable ability and self-possession. His brother, much more distressed than himself, sat near him through the long agony of that day. The case against the prisoners rested chiefly on the vulgar error that a human body found, as this girl's body had been found, floating in water, must have been thrown into the water while still alive. To prove this doctrine, the counsel for the Crown called medical practitioners, of whom nothing is now known except that some of them had been active against the Whigs at Hertford elections. To confirm the evidence of these gentlemen, two or three sailors were put into the witness-box. On the other side appeared an array of men of science whose names are still remembered. Among them was William Cowper, not a kinsman of the defendant, but the most celebrated anatomist that England had then produced. He was, indeed, the founder of a dynasty illustrious in the history of science; for he was the teacher of William Cheselden, and William Cheselden was the teacher of John Hunter. On the same side appeared Samuel Garth, who, among the physicians of the capital, had no rival except Radcliffe, and Hans Sloane, the founder of the magnificent museum which is one of the glories of our country. The attempt of the prosecutors to make the superstitions of the fore-castle evidence for the purpose of taking away the lives of men, was treated by these philosophers with just disdain. The stupid judge asked Garth what he could say in answer to the testimony of the seamen. 'My Lord,' replied Garth, 'I say that they are mistaken. I will find seamen in abundance to swear that they have known whistling raise the wind.' The jury found the prisoners Not Guilty, and the report carried back to London by persons who had been present at the trial was, that every body applauded the verdict, and that even the Stouts seemed to be convinced of their error. It is certain, however, that the malevolence of the defeated party soon revived in all its energy. The lives of the four men who had just been absolved were again attacked by means of the most absurd and odious proceeding known to our old law, the appeal of murder. This attack too failed. Every artifice of chicane was at length exhausted; and nothing was left to the disappointed sect and the disappointed faction except to calumniate those whom it had been found impossible to murder. In a succession of libels, Spencer Cowper was held up to the execration of the public. But the public did him justice. He rose to high eminence in his profession; he at length took his seat with general applause, on the judicial bench, and there distinguished himself by the humanity which he never failed to show to unhappy men who stood, as he had stood at the bar. Many who seldom trouble themselves about pedigrees

may be interested by learning that he was the grandfather of that excellent man and excellent poet, William Cowper, whose writings have long been peculiarly loved and prized by the members of the religious community which, under a strong delusion, sought to slay his innocent progenitor.*

"Though Spencer Cowper had escaped with life and honor, the Tories had carried their point. They had secured against the next election the support of the Quakers of Hertford; and the consequence was, that the borough was lost to the family and to the party which had lately predominated there."

Notwithstanding the fact that Lord Macaulay has given so large a space to this case, he has read it with more than ordinary carelessness. He says: "The case against the prisoner rested chiefly on the vulgar error that a human body found, as this poor girl's body had been found, floating in the water, must have been thrown into the water *while still alive*."† The argument was exactly the reverse. It was urged that the fact of her body floating proved that she was thrown into the water *after she was dead*; and it was sought to be inferred that she had been strangled—that if, as was argued on behalf of the prisoner, she had drowned herself, her body would have been filled with water, and would have sunk. The evidence as to whether the body did in fact float or sink was, as we have seen, contradictory. The *post-mortem* examination was delayed so long that the medical testimony had really no foundation of facts to rest upon. At the trial an attempt was made on the part of the prisoner, to establish the insanity of the girl; but nothing more was proved than might be easily shown to have occurred in the case of any love-sick girl who was, or fancied herself, the victim of an unrequited passion. Lord Macaulay's treatment of this evidence is amusing. Three of the circumstances on which he relies to prove her insanity are: First, That "she sometimes hinted a dislike of the sect to which she belonged"—(rather

* "It is curious that all Cowper's biographers with whom I am acquainted—Hayley, Southey, Grimshawe, Chalmers—mention the judge, the common ancestor of the poet, of his first love, Theodora Cowper, and of Lady Hesketh, but that none of these biographers makes the faintest allusion to the Hertford trial, the most remarkable event in the history of the family; nor do I believe that any allusion to that trial can be found in any of the poet's numerous letters."

† Vol. v. p. 233.

an odd proof of insanity, in the mouth of Lord Macaulay;) second, that "she complained that a canting waterman, who was one of the brethren, had held forth against her at a meeting;" (which happened to be true, and seems to be a tolerably reasonable ground of annoyance;) and third, that, "to two or three of her associates she owned she was in love." (Alas, for all young ladies from sixteen upward, in white satin, and their confidantes in white linen, if this is to be taken as a proof of insanity!) But when Lord Macaulay comes to the facts connected with Cowper's writing to announce his intention of staying at the house, his dining there, his return in the evening, and his mysterious disappearance at night simultaneously with the girl, he condenses them into the following words, "He, like an honest man, took no advantage of her unhappy state of mind, and did his best to avoid her," (it was, to say the least, an odd mode of avoiding her that he adopted.) "It was necessary, however, that he should see her when he came to Hertford at the spring assizes of 1699, for he had been intrusted with some money which was due to her on mortgage. He called on her, for this purpose, late one evening, and delivered a bag of gold to her." (The "bag" exists only in Lord Macaulay's imagination—the "gold" was the petty sum of six pounds and a few odd shillings, which Cowper had received for her as interest on a sum of two hundred pounds which he had placed out on mortgage on her behalf, and the payment of which certainly did not make it necessary that he should be with her from two till four, and again from nine till half-past ten at night.) "She pressed him," adds Lord Macaulay, "to be the guest of the family, but he excused himself and retired."

It is worth while, as a matter of philological curiosity, to enumerate over again the facts which one of the greatest masters of the English language can compress into the phrase—"he excused himself and retired." Cowper went to the house on his arrival in the town, dined there with the family, left at four, returned at nine, supped, wrote his letters, was present whilst his bed and his bedroom fire were ordered, and the maid was sent up to warm his bed; sat alone until half-past ten o'clock at night with a girl who he knew was violently in love with him, and

who had been in the habit of addressing the most passionate letters to him under a feigned name, and then—"abijt—excessit—evasit—erupit." His departure only announced by the slamming to of the street-door. This is Lord Macaulay's notion of "excusing himself and retiring." He and the girl disappeared together. In the morning he is at other lodgings in the town, and she a corpse in the mill-dam.

For the charge that Lord Macaulay makes that "the prosecution was conducted with a malignity and unfairness which to us seem almost incredible," we can not discover the slightest ground. Certainly none is to be found in the very ample and detailed report in the *State Trials*. Indeed, a far greater latitude was allowed to the prisoner in his defense than would be permitted at the present day. What authority Lord Macaulay may have had for describing Hatsell, who presided at the trial, as "the dullest and most ignorant judge of the twelve," we know not. He seems to have tried the case with strict impartiality and very fair ability, and his charge to the jury was decidedly in favor of the prisoners.

We have frequently had occasion to remark upon the caution which ought to be observed before relying upon Lord Macaulay's marks of quotation. An amusing instance of this occurs in the passage we have just cited. A sailor of the name of Clement deposed that he had frequently observed that when a corpse was thrown into the sea it floated, whereas, if a man fell into the water and was drowned, his body sank as soon as life was extinct. In confirmation of this he cited his own experience at the fight off Beachy Head, where the bodies of the men who were killed floated about, and at a shipwreck, where between five and six hundred men were drowned, whose bodies sank. This evidence was curious, and if it had been proved whether Sarah Stout's body floated or sank, would have been valuable. The judge felt, no doubt, that it was so; and when Garth swore that "it was impossible the body should have floated," and boldly stated his belief that "all dead bodies fall to the bottom unless they be prevented by some extraordinary tumor,"* he directed his attention to the evidence which had been given

* 18 *State Trials*, 1167.

en, and asked him "what he said as to the sinking of dead bodies in water?" Garth replied that: "If a strangled body be thrown into the water, the lungs being filled with air, and a cord left about the neck, it was possible it might float, because of the included air, as a bladder would." Upon this the judge recalled his attention to the question as follows:

"*Baron Hatsell*.—But you do not observe my question: the seaman said that those that die at sea and are thrown overboard, if you do not tie a weight to them, they will not sink—what do you say to that?"

"*Dr. Garth*.—My Lord, no doubt in this thing they are mistaken. The seamen are a superstitious people: they fancy that whistling at sea will occasion a tempest. *I must confess I have never seen anybody thrown overboard, but I have tried some experiments on other dead animals, and they will certainly sink: we have tried them since we came hither.*"*

Now in this, we confess, it seems to us that the judge appears to greater advantage than the physician. Garth was evidently desirous to evade the question, and he attempted to do so by a sneer. The superstition of the sailors had nothing to do with the question whether a man killed in battle and falling into the water floats or sinks. Garth was compelled to admit he had no experience on the subject. He said, and said truly, that "the object of tying weights to a body is to prevent it from floating at all, which otherwise would happen in some few days."† The well-known instance of the floating of the body of Caracciolo, notwithstanding the weights which were attached to his feet, will occur at once to the mind of the reader. The inquiry of the judge was pertinent to the evidence, and the reply might have been material to the question of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. Lord Macaulay disposes of both question and answer in the following words: "The *stupid* judge asked Garth what he could say in answer to the testimony of the seamen. '*My Lord,*' replied Garth, '*I say that they are mistaken. I will find seamen in abundance to swear that they have known whistling raise the wind.*'" There was no stupidity that we can discover in the question, and the answer is misquoted.

Lord Macaulay, however, does not trouble himself with the facts of the case.

He finds for once the Quakers and the Tories united (or rather, we ought to say, he assumes their union; for from first to last in the trial there is not a particle of evidence that political feeling intervened,) and he infers that they could only be united for the purpose of committing a judicial murder; that the object of the Quakers was to "send four innocent men to the gallows rather than let it be believed that one who had their light within her had committed suicide,"* and that the Tories were urged on to the same atrocity by "the prospect of winning two seats from the Whigs." Lord Macaulay makes no account of the feelings that would be awakened amongst relations, friends, and neighbors by the sudden and violent death of a young and beautiful girl, who, whether murdered or not, had unquestionably been cruelly trifled with by a man who, if not directly, was at any rate indirectly the cause of her death. "Religious and political fanaticism" are motives the power of which Lord Macaulay was certainly not likely to underrate. Yet it might have been supposed that the religion of Sarah Stout was one which he would have been disposed to treat, if not with respect, at least with tenderness, however mistaken his more mature convictions might lead him to consider it to be.

To gratify his political and family aversions, Lord Macaulay has raked up the ashes of poor Sarah Stout, and has revived a not very creditable incident in the history of a very eminent family. He expresses surprise that none of the biographers of the poet Cowper should have alluded to this adventure of his grandfather. An old proverb might have told him that there are certain families among whom it is a breach of good manners to make any mention of "hemp." We think it was Quin who once introduced Foote to a company as "a gentleman whose father was hanged for murdering his uncle." Polite and pious biographers such as Hayley and Southey generally avoid all allusion to such disagreeable subjects. Lord Macaulay is puzzled by what appears to him unnecessary delicacy, and has made the whole scandalous story (for scandalous it must remain, even taking the most favorable view) as notorious as possible. Where one reader dives into the *State Trials*, a thousand will read Macaulay's

* *State Trials*, 1158. † *Ibid.* 1158.

See also *Macaulay's* *State Trials*, Vol. v. p. 237.

fifth volume; and all the world now has the advantage of knowing that the grandfather of "that excellent man, excellent poet," as Lord Macaulay justly calls Wil-

liam Cowper, behaved extremely ill to a pretty Quaker girl, and had a narrow escape of being hanged for murdering her.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FAREWELL OF THE SEAL.

[THERE is, or there was, a tradition in Shetland that seals come sometimes on shore, and, divesting themselves of their skins, dance upon the sands, after which they resume their covering and return to their natural element. It is said that on one occasion a female seal, who may be considered as a sort of mermaid, having mislaid her skin upon the land, and being thus unable to return to the sea, came into the possession of a Shetlander, with whom she lived for some years as his wife, and bore him several children. One of the children having accidentally found on the beach an old hide, brought it to his mother, when it proved to be the long-lost skin. With many tears and marks of agitation, the mother put it on, and taking an affectionate leave of her children, plunged into the sea, and swam off in company with a large male seal who had often before been seen hovering on the coast.]

HUSBAND, farewell! for many a year
I've proved a true, obedient wife:
Your hopes to crown, your heart to cheer,
Has been my aim for half a life.
How poorly I have done my part
I can not now but feel and say;
But earlier wishes claimed my heart,
And bore my fancy far away.

This earth was not my native home,
And human love was all unfelt:
'Twas mine in other realms to roam,
With other sympathies to melt.

I longed to float on ocean's breast,
And dive beneath its swelling wave;
To wander, or to be at rest
In sparry grot or marble cave.

There was the region of my birth;
And there I dwelt a happy bride,
Ere yet I learned to walk the earth,
Or breathe beyond the salt-sea tide.
There with my bosom's genial lord,
My hours flew by with sunny glee:
How has he since my loss deplored,
And sought in vain to set me free?

But fortune has redressed the wrong
That bound me to the dreary land:
Again, in native vigor strong,
I haste to quit th' unkindly strand.
With him, my first and rightful mate,
I soon shall cleave the foaming brine;
Yet mindful in my happier state
Of what I lose in thee and thine.

My children! there indeed I feel
That parting is a bitter pain:
Tears, like a woman's, downward steal,
To think we ne'er must meet again.
Oh! foster them with double care,
As of one parent thus bereft:
Tell them my bosom still they share,
And ever shall, while life is left.

From yonder rock, at evening hour,
When soft the mermaid's music rings,
As wandering near they feel its power,
Say 'tis for them their mother sings.
But, hark! I'm summoned to the deep;
I feel the surging waters swell;
Some kind remembrance strive to keep
Of her you loved: farewell! farewell!

From the London Journal of Sacred Literature.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, AS FORETOLD IN THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

WHEN Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, had spoiled Jerusalem once, and was preparing for his second visit of final desolation, and when Jeremiah heard already with the quick ear of prophecy "the snorting of his horses from Dan," Hananiah the son of Azur of Gibeon, took upon him to assure the people of Israel that the yoke of the Chaldean was broken, and that within two full years the captivity should return. A very solemn scene followed. Jeremiah answered him: "Amen, the Lord do so, the Lord perform thy words! Nevertheless, hear thou this word. The prophets that have been before me and before thee of old, prophesied both against many countries and against great kingdoms, of war and of evil and of pestilence. The prophet which prophesieth of peace, when the word of the prophet shall come to pass, then shall the prophet be known that the Lord hath truly sent him." It happened so in this case. Hananiah's word perished, and he himself died; Jeremiah's word lived, and was accomplished; the cities of Judah were made desolate without inhabitant.

It is evident that this principle applies to the written prophecies of Scripture. Prophecy is a miracle of knowledge, and accomplished prophecy announces divine prescience. It is impossible therefore to over-estimate the importance of the prophetic evidence of Holy Scripture. But if it can be shown that prophecies were written after the events to which they refer; or that having been written before, they have failed of accomplishment, this evidence of their divine origin is of course destroyed. Both methods accordingly have been tried, nay, are being tried at this moment. The argument of Porphyry in the second century, that the famous prophecies of Daniel were written after the events had come to pass, is reproduced in the midst of us now; and great pains are being taken to show that the prophets of Scripture have spoken many times without any corresponding fulfillment.

It may not therefore be lost labor to select a prophecy which occurs at the very commencement of the history of the human race—that of Noah respecting his three sons. This prophecy can not have been written after the event, for the event has been in all past ages, and is now. And we find the prophecy in the Septuagint Version of the Old Testament three hundred years before Christ, and in the Samaritan Pentateuch seven hundred years before him. And as to its fulfillment, every honest-minded inquirer must acknowledge that it has been as minute, special, and particular, as the most exacting faith can demand.

We have said that this prophecy occurs at the commencement of human history; it was uttered just after the deluge. That terrible act of judgment, of which traces are to be found in the traditions of every people, makes a break in the story of our race. The world before the flood had no prophetic chart of its fortunes, and its history was but a tale of violence and blood. The human family prevented from its natural increase by the interneine strife which filled the world, seems never to have extended beyond the regions of Central Asia. But other destinies were in store for man. And before, in fulfillment of these destinies, the sons of Noah began to overspread the earth, He, to whom the end is known from the beginning, prophesied the fortunes of the infant race.

The prophecy is in the form of a poem, in three stanzas:

"Cursed be Canaan,
A servant of servants shall he be unto his
brethren.
Blessed be Jehovah, the God of Shem,
And Canaan shall be his servant.
God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in
the tents of Shem:
And Canaan shall be his servant."

Before, however, proceeding to the illustration of these words, we have a few remarks to make. The word which we

have translated "enlarge," may also be rendered "persuade." Again, as the passage stands in the original and in the Septuagint, it may be either Japheth or the blessed God who is to dwell in the tents of Shem. The words will bear both renderings; the fulfillment justifies both. Finally, according to eminent critical authority, "Cursed be Canaan," may be considered an equivalent to "Cursed be Ham, the father of Canaan;" this interpretation of Noah's meaning is, besides, more agreeable to the context.

It may be well to quote at length, in confirmation of these remarks, the versions of this prophecy, given severally by Bishop Lowth and the learned Boothroyd.

The Bishop reads:

"Cursed be Canaan,
A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.

Blessed be Jehovah, the God of Shem.
And Canaan shall be their servant.
God shall enlarge Japheth,
And shall dwell in the tents of Shem,
And Canaan shall be their servant."

Boothroyd reads:

"Accursed shall Ham be in his son Canaan,
The most abject slave shall he be to his brethren.
Blessed of Jehovah my God, shall Shem be,
Yea, among the tents of Shem shall he dwell,
And to Shem shall Canaan be a slave.
God shall greatly enlarge Japheth,
And to him also shall Canaan be a slave."

Our course then is very simple. Let us begin with that rendering of the patriarch's words which is in accordance with our authorized version. Let us observe the fulfillment of this promise-prophecy, *first*, to Shem, the father of the Jew, and *secondly*, to Japheth, the father of the Gentile, including, necessarily, in this review the predicted curse on Ham. Let us, then, take the other renderings, following the same course. It is difficult to say which of the renderings is most accordant with correct philology. They all demonstrate unanswerably the truth of the word of God.

First Rendering.

I. PROMISE TO SHEM, WITH CURSE ON CANAAN.

"Blessed be Jehovah, the God of Shem,
And Canaan shall be his servant."

It is a remarkable characteristic of the

words of God, that while triumphantly true in the end, their progress toward accomplishment is generally gradual and slow. Noah lived after the delivery of this prophecy for three hundred and fifty years. Before his death, therefore, he must have seen the earth peopled with his descendants, and its kingdoms divided among them. But he saw nothing which had the remotest appearance of the fulfillment of his words. So far from the children of Ham being in that early age of the world's history, subject to Shem or Japheth, they started first in the race of worldly glory, and first attained to conquest and dominion. We have only to read the tenth chapter of Genesis which narrates the early settlement of the nations, to be satisfied of this; all the names which occur in it, to which any renown attaches, are of the family of Ham. Mizraim, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy, and Canaan, the father of the Canaanites, were both sons of Ham; whilst the famous Nimrod, whose name passed into a proverb as the earliest conqueror, and who built imperial Babylon and Nineveh, was his grandson. But about the time that Noah was gathered to his fathers, if we follow the chronology of our authorized version, Shem's promise began to bud, for Abraham was then born. Never has a single man exercised so mighty an influence over the destiny of his species. It pleased Almighty God to separate him from the mass of idolatry with which he was surrounded, and of which indeed he formed a part, and to constitute him and his family the depositaries of the true religion. By this act of distinguishing grace, he afforded the first development of the meaning of Noah's words — "Jehovah, God of Shem;" for he left the families of Japheth and Ham to their own dark and blinded ways, whilst in the line of this illustrious patriarch, he established his covenant with Shem. But the progress of the promise toward completion, was still of the most gradual kind. Jehovah had indeed declared himself the God of Shem; but instead of Canaan, on this account, acknowledging Shem's lordship, he went on rather to increase in worldly glory and power. Nor did Shem attempt to interfere with him. Abraham and his immediate descendants were peaceful men, dwelling in tents and tending their cattle. They bought from the Canaanite a field

in which to lay their dead; beyond this they never possessed a foot's breadth of land in Canaan. When the family of Jacob went down into Egypt, the land of Mizraim, they went down, not as conquerors, but as guests. The haughty children of Ham would not so much as eat bread with them, though from motives of gratitude they showed them kindness for a season. That season too was very brief; a new dynasty arose over Egypt, and Israel was subjected to grinding and intolerable oppression for three hundred and fifty years. The period of their sojourn was in all four hundred and thirty; and if to this we add two hundred and ninety, as elapsing from the birth of Abraham to the going down into Egypt, and three hundred and sixty from the flood to that patriarch's birth, it gives us a period of one thousand and eighty years from the delivery of this prophecy by Noah, to its manifest fulfillment by the omnipotent power of God. If that fulfillment had been slow, it was also sure; it began in the glorious Exodus, it was consummated in the conquest of Canaan. Egypt's idol-river was turned into blood; frogs came up into her palaces and defiled the temples of her gods; her dust was turned into lice; her land was corrupted by grievous swarms of flies. Again God's hand was stretched out and all her cattle died; her harvest was destroyed by the hail or devoured by the locust. It was stretched out once more, her first-born were smitten, and Israel was suffered to go free. Egypt's infatuated monarch pursued them into the depths of the Red Sea, but its waters overwhelmed him, "and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea-shore." Shem's children were thus finally emancipated from the tyrant grasp of Ham. But the prophecy yet rested on them, and demanded further accomplishment. And what it demanded, it received. Having been tried and disciplined for forty years in the wilderness, Israel under the leading of Joshua, passed into the land of Canaan. Six out of its seven nations, the Canaanites, Hittites, Amorites, Perizzites, Hivites, and Jebusites, were either exterminated by their victorious sword, or, having only a miserable remnant left, were constrained to submit to their authority. And thus Shem became Canaan's master, inheriting his substance and ruling over his children. Israel came into possession of cities which

they had not builded, wells which they had not digged, vineyards and oliveyards which they had not planted; Ham's children had builded, digged, and planted in unconscious preparation for these new inheritors. Whilst in those of the Canaanites which yet remained as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the victorious children of Shem, the prophecy of Noah was literally accomplished: "Canaan shall be his servant."

It is not, however, in the simple fact of Israel's emancipation from Egyptian bondage, nor is it in the simple fact of their subduing the Canaanites and becoming masters of Canaan, that we find the accomplishment of this prophecy of Noah. It is also in the manner, the singular and unprecedented manner, in which these things were brought about. The style of the prophecy is altogether peculiar. It intimates, not only that Canaan is to be Shem's servant, but that this is to be because Jehovah is Shem's God. Israel might have shaken off her Egyptian yoke by a determined struggle to be free; she might also have conquered Canaan as imperial Rome conquered the world; but the prophecy would not have been fulfilled. It required for its fulfillment, that facts should develop that connection between its parts to which reference has just been made. And what it required, it received. When Israel was groaning under Egyptian bondage, her cry of distress, the sacred historian tells us, "came up unto God, and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob"—remembered that He was the God of Shem. And her deliverance was his work. It was He that turned the river of Egypt into blood, and filled the land with darkness; it was he that smote her harvest, her cattle, her first-born. It was he that parted the Red Sea and overwhelmed her chosen warriors in its mighty waters. It was he also that divided the Jordan and gave to Israel a safe passage into Canaan; it was he that delivered its seven nations into the hand of Joshua, and divided its fields and vineyards among his chosen people. When Moses went in unto Pharaoh, it was as God's ambassador; his message was: "Let my people go." And from that hour to the time of Israel's final settlement in the land of their inheritance, the work was so entirely divine, that those who saw the end from the beginning, must have been pen-

etrated, as it proceeded step by step, and especially at its close, with the profoundest sense of obligation. We can well conceive Joshua and Caleb, as they looked round in the repose of a quiet old age, upon the green hills and valleys of the land of promise, and saw the remnant of the Canaanites in humble submission at their feet, to have expressed this sense of obligation in the very language of the prophecy, saying: "Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, Canaan is our servant."

And the subsequent history of the chosen people presents us with the very same fulfillment of the prophecy. Let us look at Israel in the days of the Judges. As long as they remembered their covenant God, the Canaanites continued subject; but as often as they forgot him, the Canaanites threw off their yoke, and found strength to become their masters. And Israel's successive deliverances from their hands and the hands of the heathen round about them, were achieved, not by their skill and prowess, neither by the valor of their warriors, nor the wisdom of their statesmen, but by successive manifestations on their behalf, of the power of their covenant God. And when this chosen people ceased at last to rule in Canaan, it was in punishment of their manifold apostasies. The ten tribes forsook the God of their fathers and were carried captive to Assyria; the two tribes also forsook him, and were carried captive to Babylon. From this latter captivity, through another manifestation of the power of Shem's God, which made even the heathen stand astonished, they returned after a season; but it was only to consummate their apostasy in the murder of his anointed Messiah. And since that fatal hour, "tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast," masters no longer any where, but servants every where, they have proved to the world the conditions of Noah's prophecy. Shem was to have dominion by abiding in the covenant of God: his dominion has ceased because he has forgotten that covenant; his crown has fallen to the earth because he has ceased to acknowledge Jehovah.

II. PROMISE TO JAPHETH, WITH CURSE ON CANAAN.

"God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem: and Canaan shall be his servant."

The difference of style here is at once

perceptible. Japheth is to be enlarged; he is to dwell in the tents of Shem, he is to have lordship over Canaan; but not one word is said about Jehovah being Japheth's God. His enlargement of territory, his intrusion into the possessions of his elder brother, and his subjection of the younger, have nothing whatever to do with religious character; they are to be the fruit merely of superior valor and wisdom, of ordinary circumstances or of the fortune of war. In watching, therefore, the development of this prophecy, we look for a fulfillment of a totally different kind from the last. And we are not disappointed; we meet with a fulfillment exactly according to its terms.

The Exodus and the conquest of Canaan, following, as they did, the one upon the other, were a serious blow to the power and greatness of Ham. Egypt, which before had been the first of kingdoms, declined from that fatal hour; whilst the Canaanites, long renowned for their martial prowess, and esteemed "the terrible of the nations," were all but exterminated by Joshua's victorious sword. Still, though eleven hundred years had passed since Noah's prophecy had been delivered, there was no sign of God enlarging Japheth. Ham's descendants still ruled in Eastern Africa, whilst some of the Canaanites, escaping from the sword of Joshua, fled across the sea to Western Africa, and there, in process of time, founded Carthage. This latter circumstance is one of the most interesting facts in all history, and there is no want of evidence to prove it. The concurrent testimony, and universal tradition of antiquity, establishes the Phœnician origin of that famous city. When Hannibal, at the close of the second Punic war, abandoned his country and fled to Tyre, he was received there, the historian tells us, with the honors due to a man who had shed such glory on the Phœnician name. The superstitions and religious rites of the Carthaginians were all of Phœnician or Canaanitish origin. We find Hannibal in the crisis of the second Punic war, offering sacrifice to the gods of Tyre; and when Carthage, during the first Punic war, was attacked by Regulus, the children of her noblest citizens were burnt in the fire to Moloch, to save their endangered country. Those who actually founded Carthage, seem to have been Gircashites. For though the name of that people occurs among the

seven devoted nations, we have no record of their destruction. We have, moreover, an ancient Phœnician inscription cited by Procopius, "We are they who flee from the face of Jesus the robber, the son of Nave;" and other ancient monuments attest the fact that a portion of the Canaanites at the time abandoned their country, and found refuge in Western Africa. The Gergashites inhabited that part of Canaan which lies northward of the lake Gennesareth, and seem to have migrated in a body as victorious Israel advanced. And having thus escaped the sword of the Lord for a season, they continued a great people for more than a thousand years.

Ham was thus humbled, but not subdued; his descendants, the Egyptian and the Canaanite, still held up their heads among the nations, though with diminished glory. If the promise of God to Japheth seemed in the mean time to sleep, it was only because Shem's promise was receiving its accomplishment. But when a thousand years had passed, and the glory of Israel had begun to wane, when the ten tribes were captive in Assyria, and the two tribes were left a subject remnant in Judea, the enlargement of Japheth began. He first passed over into Asia, appropriating to himself the inheritance of his brother Shem; from Asia he passed into Egypt, subduing the descendants of Ham. Nor was this the limit of his enlargement; he attacked the Canaanites in Western Africa, destroyed him and possessed his land. This career of conquest on the part of Japheth, could never have been foreseen by any human sagacity. From the possession on Shem's part, at once of wealth, of numbers and of power, it was much more likely that he should have encroached on his brother than that his brother should have encroached on him. Nor was this encroachment unattempted. The Asiatics were of Shem, the Greeks and Romans were of Japheth. The expedition, therefore, of Xerxes and his Asiatics into Greece, was an attempt on the part of Shem to dwell in the tents of Japheth. But it only demonstrated the truth of the prophecy; for who has not heard of its discomfiture? Three hundred only of the sons of Japheth stopped, at Thermopylæ, the innumerable host of Persia from advancing; at Marathon and Platæa, the Asiatics fell by tens of thousands beneath the avenging sword

of Greece; and after the destruction of their fleet at Salamis, they returned into their own land, discomfited and overwhelmed with shame. But mere discomfiture was by no means the only result of this attempt; it kindled in the bosom of the Greeks those feelings of undying resentment which expressed themselves afterward, in ample and terrible retribution. When the states of Greece, through the ascendancy of Philip of Macedon, became in process of time united under one head, her military strength was wielded by his son the famous Alexander. Greece then poured herself into Asia; and with incredible celerity, from the Hellespont to the Indus, from the Indus to the borders of Egypt, Greece made Asia her own. Here was enlargement indeed; the hand of the Lord was on Japheth that he might accomplish the word which had passed on him. And it was more than mere enlargement; it was, in the language of the prophecy, a dwelling in the tents of Shem. For nothing could be more unlike the ephemeral conquests of Napoleon than the enduring successes of Alexander. Asia Minor and Syria, in consequence of these successes, were pervaded in every part, by the laws and institutions of Greece; Greek was the language of the court, of the government and of literature, and there was spread over Asia, from the shores of the *Ægean* to the Indus, an outer covering at least of Greek civilization and character. Nor was this impression temporary; it lasted for centuries, having been effaced only by the Saracen and Turk after the lapse of nine hundred years.

But Japheth was not satisfied even with this measure of enlargement. Having conquered Asia, Alexander passed into Egypt, which, almost without a struggle, owned him for its sovereign. This arose from the deadly hatred with which Egypt regarded her Persian rulers, for her race of native princes had long been destroyed, and Shem's children were masters in the land of Ham. They were now, however, compelled to relinquish their conquest, and Egypt became the inheritance of Japheth. It continued under the Ptolemies, the successors of Alexander, for three hundred years; from them it passed to the Romans, who held it for six hundred years more; from their hands, at the period of the Saracenic conquests, it

passed again under the dominion of the children of Shem, who bear rule over it at the present hour. But from the fatal era of the Persian conquest, five hundred years before Christ, no prince of the race of Ham has occupied the throne of the first and greatest of Ham's ancient kingdoms. Well has Israel's quarrel been avenged on Egypt! Trodden down alternately by Shem and Japheth, that unhappy land has fulfilled to the letter, the word of the Lord concerning Ham: "A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."

God had thus enlarged Japheth; Asia and Egypt were his. But the promise had only begun to be fulfilled; nobler fortunes awaited him. The generation which had witnessed the successes of Alexander, had not yet passed away, when his kinsman Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, was invited by the Tarentines into Italy, to protect them from a barbarous enemy who aimed at the dominion of the entire Peninsula. That barbarous enemy was the Roman people, the most illustrious of the descendants of Japheth, to whom God gave afterwards, in ample fulfillment of his promise, the dominion, not of Italy only but of the whole civilized world. Pyrrhus could do nothing against them; they drove him back to his own land, subjected those whom he came to aid, and made Italy their own. Having done this, they looked abroad, meditating new conquests. Accidental circumstances, if any thing in this world can be called accidental, brought them then into collision with the Carthaginians, the descendants of Canaan on the western coast of Africa. And through the three dreadful Punic wars, and in many a hardly contested and well-fought field, the question was tried at length, whether Ham or Japheth was to be master of the world. God decided it in Japheth's favor, and in doing so, kept his word.

In the whole range of ancient history there is no subject so replete with interest as this contest between Rome and Carthage. At the commencement of that contest, Carthage was a great city, containing more than half a million of inhabitants, possessed of an abundant and fertile country at home, and mistress of Sicily and Sardinia. She was able to add Spain to these possessions after the contest had begun, so that had she been permitted in the providence of God, to have over-

whelmed Rome and added Italy to her dominion, she might have achieved the conquest of the world. Greece was then in her dotage, and would have fallen almost without a struggle before her advancing power, and the Canaanite reappearing in his ancient Asiatic seats, might again have humbled the descendants of Shem. And probabilities, for a season, seemed all in favor of this issue.

No one at all acquainted with ancient history, will require to be reminded of the unprecedented bitterness and mutual animosity which marked this famous contest. When the Roman ambassador Marcus Fabius Buteo, shook out the folds of his toga in the presence of the Carthaginian council, in token that the truce which had concluded the first Punic war was ended and that hostilities were again to commence, he was answered by a shout: "With all our hearts we welcome them." And this spirit marked the deadly struggle from that commencement to its end. The heathens themselves seem to have regarded it less as a contest between flesh and blood, than between their respective deities, the tutelary gods of Carthage and of Rome. Nothing is more strongly impressed on the recollections of our boyhood, than the narrative of the remarkable scene that was enacted at Carthage, when Hannibal, then a child of only nine years, was made to swear on the altar of the gods of his country, eternal enmity to the Roman people. And we have a yet more remarkable proof of this in Hannibal's famous dream, when no longer a child, but his country's general, the leader of his country's armies. Being about to break up from Saguntum to cross the Alps into Italy, he offered solemn sacrifice to the ancient deities of Canaan, and prayed their blessing on his enterprise. And in the night during sleep, as he narrated afterward, he fancied himself called into their council. They charged him to invade Italy and destroy their enemies, they favored him with an appalling vision of its coming desolation, and one of them went with him and his army to guide them on their way. And, to speak for a moment in the language of heathenism, well did these tutelary gods of Carthage perform their promised part. The passage of the Alps was completed successfully; the Romans were repulsed on the Ticinus, and defeated on the Trebia; and Hannibal, still marching south-

ward, routed their army with the death of its general, on the shores of the Thrasymene lake. And these disasters were forgotten in the fearful overthrow of Cannæ. One of Rome's consuls and nearly a hundred of her senators were left dead on that fatal field, and her victorious enemy was within four days' march of her walls. It really appeared as if Hannibal had been right in supposing that a spiritual influence guarded him; Satan seemed moving hell from beneath to defeat the purposes of God. But though Rome was as far from knowing the true God as Carthage, an Almighty providence watched over her. That providence in former ages, had raised up Cyrus to destroy Babylon: it now raised up Fabius to defend his native city. The storm of the Carthaginian invasion passed by; and after spending many fruitless years in Italy, the urgent peril of his native land constrained her unconquered general to return in haste to Africa.

This is God's world, and nothing happens in it without his special appointment. And it is impossible not to remark the combination of singular providences which prevented this greatest of the sons of Ham from achieving his long-cherished purpose against the children of Japheth. We may note three circumstances in particular, without which, to speak after the manner of men, Rome could not possibly have been saved. Soon after the defeat of the Romans at Cannæ, Hannibal concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the second Philip, King of Macedon. Had this alliance been allowed to take effect, there would have been added to his irresistible African cavalry, a body of heavy-armed Macedonians, and a force of artillery and engineers such as Greek science alone could supply. And what could Rome have done to save herself? She was already dejected and dispirited by a series of defeats, and to have met her inevitable fate in a manner worthy of her former glory, was all she could have hoped for. But God averted the danger. The Macedonian ambassadors on their way back to their native land, were taken by the Roman squadron; Rome was made aware of her danger; and before Philip could send another embassy, the opportunity was lost forever. The second circumstance is equally striking. The weak arm of the Carthaginian was his artillery. Had he been possessed of suitable mili-

tary engines, he might have advanced on Rome after Cannæ, and destroyed her. And there was a man then living, and at no greater distance than Syracuse, who could have enabled him to do so. That man was the illustrious Archimedes. But Hiero, the king of Syracuse, the strict ally of Rome, was yet alive, though in extreme old age. And though his death happened while Hannibal was still in Italy, Archimedes was almost immediately occupied in defending his native city against Rome, and was slain in its defense. Had either of these things been otherwise—had Hiero been the ally of Carthage, as all Sicily had once been, or had Archimedes survived the ruin of his country, and in vindication of her wrongs, passed over to the camp of Hannibal, it must have gone hard with Rome. His very name was a terror to the Roman soldiers; they fled even at the sight of his formidable engines of war.* The third circumstance is the most remarkable of all. The family of Hannibal seem to have concentrated in themselves the whole military genius of Carthage. In the crisis of the second Punic war, when the fate of Rome was trembling in the balance, Hasdrubal advanced from Spain through Gaul into Italy, to effect a junction with his brother; that they might together march on Rome. The Romans themselves felt that if these redoubted sons of Hamilcar were suffered to meet, their days as a people were numbered, and the intelligence filled them with despair. But God again averted the danger. Hannibal was most unaccountably absent from his usual position in the south of Italy when the messengers of his brother came to seek him; they were in consequence made prisoners and brought before the consul Nero. Apprized by their dispatches, which most singularly were not written in cipher, of his country's mortal peril, he marched night and day to join his colleague Livius; and, attacked by their combined forces, Hasdrubal was overthrown and slain.

* This may appear to some a little overstrained: let me therefore refer to the very eminent authority of Dr. Arnold: "The Roman army was checked at Syracuse, by an artillery such as they had never encountered before, AND WHICH HANNIBAL POSSESSED IT, WOULD LONG SINCE HAVE ENABLED HIM TO BRING THE WAR TO A TRIUMPHANT ISSUE. An old man of seventy-four won the pure glory of defending his country successfully against a foreign enemy. This old man was ARCHIMEDES."—*History of Rome*, vol. iii. p. 285.

Hannibal was in consequence left alone in Italy, with a force insufficient for the successful conclusion of the war. The Romans in their blind idolatry offered sacrifices and incense to Jupiter Stator, but we discern in this deliverance that God of truth of whom even an enemy has borne witness: "Hath he said and shall he not do it, or hath he spoken and shall he not make it good?"

Defeated thus in the object to which he had been as sacredly devoted, as ever was Joshua to the work of God in Canaan, Hannibal returned to Africa. We need not dwell on the events that followed, so disastrous to Carthage, so glorious to Rome. Zama was Hannibal's first defeat, but it was decisive. Carthage was obliged to sue for peace, to cede all her foreign possessions, and to indemnify her rival for the expenses of the war. And this humbling of her pride and crippling of her power, was only the prelude to her final destruction. Rome had been too thoroughly alarmed by the terrible successes of Hannibal, to think herself safe whilst even the name of Carthage existed. And God made use of this feeling for the accomplishment of his own purposes. The second Scipio Africanus, who like Cyrus of old, knew not the God of Israel, was yet like him, his chosen instrument of vengeance. The resistless sword which Joshua had once wielded, was put into his hand, and that remnant of Canaan which had escaped thirteen hundred years before, now fell beneath its edge. Carthage was destroyed as completely as ever Jericho and Ai had been, and made, like them, a desolation. Nor was it the city only that was destroyed; the whole nation, with the exception of an insignificant remnant, were cut off by the Roman sword. Of seven hundred thousand, her estimated population, five thousand only were found alive when she was taken, and the most of these must have perished during the seventeen days that her temples and palaces were given up to the devouring fire. The country which had owned her away, was then made a Roman province, and those that remained of her people, became the subjects or slaves of Rome.

Rome was now delivered from the only rival which was at all able to compete with her, and advanced rapidly to universal empire. Corinth was destroyed in the same year with Carthage; and Macedo-

nia, the kingdom of the Great Alexander, submitted at the same time. Soon all Greece owned her sovereignty; and after Greece, Asia; and after Asia, Egypt. So that when one hundred and fifty years after, Augustus Cæsar shut the temple of Janus, Rome was mistress of the world. The words of Noah were then literally accomplished: "God had enlarged Japheth; he dwelt in the tents of Shem, and Canaan was his servant."

A glance at modern history will convince us that these words have been fulfilled to this day. And what makes the fulfillment more remarkable, is that there has been more than one attempt, and these partially successful, on the part of man to defeat it. The Saracens were of Shem. We are familiar with the history of their conquests. Issuing from their desert-home in the fervor of religious zeal, they conquered Asia and Africa, and thence poured into Spain. Though the country of Japheth, Spain yielded to their arms; and advancing beyond the Pyrenees, the Saracens threatened Europe. It now really seemed as if the prophecy were about to be inverted, and Shem's children were to dwell in the tents of Japheth. But He who had raised up Leonidas and Miltiades and Themistocles to defeat this attempt of old, now raised up Charles Martel; on the field of Tours the Saracens were totally defeated, and though they possessed Spain for seven hundred years, the rest of Europe was never again molested by them. Even from this portion of Japheth's territory they were driven about that time; the Spanish monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella being permitted the double glory of driving Shem's children from the land of Japheth, and enlarging Japheth's boundaries, by their patronage of Columbus, into new and distant worlds. But while these things were passing in Western Europe, Shem made another attempt in the East to possess himself of Japheth's land. We allude to the Turkish invasion, the subversion of the Roman Empire, the conquest of Constantinople and of Greece by the famous Mohammed II. All Europe trembled at that awful time, and again it seemed for a moment, as if Shem was to be Japheth's master. But the danger passed away, and is no more. The waves of Turkish conquest, instead of advancing, have ever since been receding; Greece at this hour is free; and a very small fraction of Japheth's territory, held with a

weak and trembling hand, is all that now remains to these once formidable descendants of Shem.

And, as has been already remarked, about the time that the Saracens were driven from Spain, God began again to enlarge Japheth. That enlargement has ever since been progressing, is progressing still, and is of a character so astonishing as to throw into the shade all former fulfillments of this prophecy. His descendants now possess as their own, two entire quarters of the world, Europe and America; for both in North and South-America the aborigines have been driven into corners to make room for them. We are of Japheth. And how amazing is the enlargement which God has granted to us! Our great enemy Napoleon used to say, that England aimed at the sovereignty of three quarters of the globe; and it is at this hour our boast that the sun never sets upon our empire. Besides what belongs to us in North-America, we possess the West-India Islands; Southern Africa, the land of Ham, is ours; we are colonizing Australia; we have begun to colozize New-Zealand; we have gained a footing in China. And this enlargement, from its very nature, must go on to increase. No one who considers the vast amount of fertile and unoccupied territory in some of these regions of the earth, can doubt for a moment that when a few generations have passed, they will be found teeming with population, the seats of industry and enterprise, the centers of moral influence and intellectual power. We can indeed see no limit to the enlargement of Japheth. From their superiority in moral and intellectual qualities, his descendants already possess an influence incomparably greater than that of all the rest of mankind put together; and so long as these qualities continue, the word which has passed upon him, must of necessity, fulfill itself. This fulfilment too is hastened and must continue to be so, as that other part of the prophecy which speaks of his dwelling in the tents of Shem, is accomplished in the providence of God. It has begun to be so already, and that in a most singular manner. What an astonishing phenomenon is our Indian Empire! It is not two hundred years since our merchants began to trade to Hindostan, which then belonged to the Mohammedans, and was the empire of the great Mogul. The utmost limit of their first ambition was to estab-

lish a lucrative commerce; and when they were driven to take up arms, it was to defend themselves against the perfidy and cruelty with which they were surrounded. In prosecution of this object, however, they soon found it necessary to conquer and appropriate territory to themselves; and so, by small degrees, we find ourselves now the undisputed masters of India, from the Himalaya Mountains to Cape Comorin. Delhi, the royal city of the magnificent and illustrious Aurengzebe, Agra, and Benares the city of gods, places whose very names are associated with the fondest recollections of the children of Shem—all own the sway of Japheth. And what has been remarked already of the Greek conquest of Asia, is still more true of the British conquest of Hindostan. It is a *dwelling* in the tents of Shem. Were our scepter now to be broken, the effects of our rule are indelible. We have begun to leaven India with our arts, our sciences, our customs, and above all with our religion; and what has begun must go on, its progress is irresistible. Heathen ignorance and superstition are giving way on every side. Already the more intelligent portion of the Hindoo population, convinced of the folly of every thing in which they have hitherto believed, are earnestly soliciting the full benefits of English education: already even the bigoted Brahmins are prophesying the downfall of the old superstitions, and the complete ascendancy of Christianity. May God hasten it in his time! If the presence even of the heathen Greek and Roman, when he dwelt in Shem's tents of old, proved a blessing to the Persian and Assyrian, surely the presence of the Christian Briton should prove the very fullness of blessing to the Mohammedan and Hindoo!

And there is yet another most important sense in which Japheth according to the word passed on him, has dwelt in the tents of Shem. He has not only, as in ancient times, enriched Shem with his arts, his sciences, his laws, and in modern times with his religion also; he has received as well as given. There has been an inter-communion of the races, and Shem has been the greater benefactor, the larger giver of the two. The gods of Japheth were dumb idols; we have forsaken them forever, and now worship the God of Shem. Of Shem we have received the Saviour; Jesus Christ our

Lord was "an Hebrew of the Hebrews," "the Son of David, the Son of Abraham." Of Shem we have received the Bible; no part of God's living oracles was written by a son of Japheth. We read in our churches the words of Moses and Samuel, of Isaiah and Ezekiel; we praise God in the Psalms of David; we are enlightened, cheered, and comforted by St. Matthew, St. John, and St. Paul. These are the riches *which we have found in Shem's tents*; if he has been permitted for a season to despise them, it is that we may be possessed of them forever. And it is because we are possessed of them that we are able to repay the giver.

If the history of the ancient world demonstrates the stern reality of the curse pronounced on Ham, the history of modern times demonstrates it yet more clearly. Africa, Ham's land, has in fact no modern history. Since the day that Egypt sank in the east, when her native dynasty was destroyed by the successors of Cyrus, since the day that Carthage was annihilated in the west, what city, what people, what state of Africa has challenged the attention of the world, or what has her story been save one of degradation and shame? And there is one prominent circumstance in that melancholy story which brings out the truth of the prophecy so clearly that it is impossible to pass it by. We allude to the accursed slave-trade. When the European found that the constitution of the African fitted him for hard labor under a burning sun, he coveted his services in that new world which the discoveries of Columbus had opened to his enterprise. But these services required to be enforced. And so the white man made the negro his victim, sending the ruthless kidnapper to entrap him, establishing slave-depots and factories along his coasts, treating him in all respects as an article of ordinary commerce, and reducing into a regular system the most monstrous iniquity of which the world has ever heard. But monstrous as it is, every European nation whose shores are washed by the Atlantic, have had their share in it, and some to this very hour. It is little more than fifty years since we, as a nation, delivered ourselves from that shame, which our brethren in Christian America still uphold and glory in. But the wickedness of man illustrates the truth of God, by accomplishing his faithful word. And a more

exact accomplishment of his word by Noah than that which the slave-trade furnishes, it is not possible to conceive. Let us contemplate the poor Africans hurried in troops to the coast like beasts of burden; stowed on board the slave-ships; sold, on landing, to the planters; divided, according to their purchasers' convenience or caprice, between one plantation and another; driven to their work by the lash, and mercilessly kept at it till disease and death ensue! This is more than a condition of servitude; nothing expresses the fullness of its calamity but the words of the prophetic patriarch—"a servant of servants," that is, the most degraded of servants shall he be. He was to be so, to both his brethren. And whilst the Egyptian has long groaned under the oppression of Shem, the Negro, in whom the word has had its chief accomplishment, has been for the last three centuries the victim of the relentless cupidity of Japheth. God's word to the youngest son of Noah, has thus in all respects been fulfilled. Divine mercy has enlarged him, he dwells in Shem's tents, he is lord of Ham's children.

We might now conclude our review of this famous prophecy, were it not for those other renderings of it to which I have already referred. But if we can read without violence to the original, "God shall enlarge Japheth, and shall dwell in the tents of Shem;" if we can also read, "God shall persuade Japheth and shall dwell in the tents of Shem;" we can not pass by words so full of precious meaning, and which in this world's past history, have been so signally fulfilled.

Second Rendering. "God shall enlarge Japheth, and shall dwell in the tents of Shem."

The fulfillment of these words so far as Japheth is concerned, has been already commented on. We need not be reminded of his enlargement by the victories of Alexander and his successors, by which Daniel's vision (Dan. 8: 21, 22) of the rough goat, the great horn between his eyes, and the four horns which stood up when it was broken, was so signally demonstrated as true. Nor need we be reminded of the conquests of the Roman people, "the fourth beast" of Daniel, (Dan. 7: 19,) "which was diverse from all the others, whose teeth were of iron and his nails of brass; which devoured, brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with

his feet." Never were prophetic words so justified by the event. It has been said and truly, that—

"Learning and Rome alike to empire grew,
And art still followed where her eagles flew."

But it is still more true that

"Beneath her iron hoofs of pride
Where'er they trampled, freedom died."

She literally "devoured, brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with her feet." Others had done so before her, but she was "diverse from them all." The conquests of the Chaldean, the Persian, the Greek, were those of individuals; her victories were those of a people. But whilst nation after nation was compelled to crouch at her feet, and she was advancing step by step, to the dignity of sovereign of the world—whilst Japheth's children were thus enlarged, how was God dealing with Shem? He was dwelling in his tents, if we follow the Hebrew; he was abiding among his abodes, if we prefer the Septuagint. Both statements are literally true. From Moses to David, a period of five hundred years, the God of Shem, to use his own words, (2 Sam. 7 : 6,) "walked" among his chosen people, "in a tent and a tabernacle." He was found, sometimes at Shiloh, sometimes at Ephratah, sometimes in the fields of the wood, (Ps. 132.) David at length found it in his heart, to build an house for his name. And from his days to those of Christ, a period of one thousand years, the God of Shem had his fixed and settled *abode* among the dwellings of Jacob. His chosen and magnificent dwelling-place crowned the hill of Zion, overlooking Jerusalem the city of his love. It was "the house of prayer for all nations;" he commanded his people to seek him there, he promised that none who sought him should go unblessed away.

Shem and Japheth had thus their respective portions meted out to them according to the prophetic word. To Japheth were assigned worldly glory and dominion; but Shem had something far better, in the love and presence of his covenant God.

Third Rendering. "God shall persuade Japheth, and shall dwell in the tents of Shem." A fulfillment is now forced upon our attention, of an equally striking but totally different kind. We

have Shem's God, first dwelling among his own people, and secondly persuading the stranger.

1. "In the beginning," writes St. John, "was the Word, . . . the Word was God, . . . the Word was made flesh, . . . and came unto his own; . . . he pitched his tent among us, and we beheld his glory, full of grace and truth." The image here is that of one coming to an encampment, pitching his tent with the others, and dwelling among the people as one of themselves. "Blessed be Jehovah, God of Shem," says the patriarch, he shall so deal with Shem's children. And it was indeed Jehovah who vouchsafed to stoop so low. "A virgin shall conceive," writes the prophet, "and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." "Being in the form of God," says the Apostle speaking of Christ, "he thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but emptied himself and took on him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient." The glory which Shem's children beheld while this blessed One dwelt among them, was the fullness of grace and truth. "He went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed." "Whithersoever he entered, into villages, or city, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch, if it were but the border of his garment, and as many as touched him were made perfectly whole." The multitudes marveled, they glorified the God of Israel, they said: "He hath done all things well, he maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." Nor did they marvel less at the truth which dwelt in him, as it poured itself forth in his continual teaching. They "were astonished at his doctrine, for he taught them as one that had authority;" they "bare him witness and marveled at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth;" they said, "never man spake like this man." This leads us to remark the most amazing feature in this prophecy—one which stamps it indelibly with the impress of divine foreknowledge. When Isaiah declared that these things should be—that Immanuel should come of a virgin, that at his coming the eyes of the blind should be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped, that at his command the lame man should leap as a hart,

and the tongue of the dumb sing, that at the opening of his mouth the waters of life and truth should break out in the wilderness, till the parched ground became a pool—he uttered what required the utmost stretch of faith to believe. But those who did believe him, would naturally be led to conclude that when such gracious things were done, the most blessed results would follow. When God shall thus visit his own, they would say, his own will of necessity return to him and seek his face; the most determined prejudice, the most hardened unbelief, the most inveterate love of sin, will yield to a demonstration so surpassingly gracious: if God dwells in Shem's tents, it can not be but that Shem will be persuaded by him. But what says the prophetic patriarch? "God shall PERSUADE JAPHETH, and shall dwell in the tents of Shem." This silence is emphatic and ominous; Shem was not to be persuaded. And they were accomplished; he was not persuaded. When Shem's God came unto his own, "his own," writes the Apostle, "received him not." And these words tell only half a tale; Calvary must tell the rest. They desired a murderer instead of the Prince of life; they sought the heathen Cæsar for their king instead of the Lord of glory; they said of him who had pitched his tent among them to bless them, "His blood be on us and on our children;" they nailed him to the accursed tree. And even these dreadful acts were but the commencement of their rejection of him. After he had passed through death and risen to immortality, and was about to leave this world to go to the Father, he charged his apostles, when they proclaimed his forgiving mercy, to begin at Jerusalem. And they obeyed his command. "Ye are the children of the prophets," they reminded their countrymen, "and of the covenant which God made with our fathers; unto you first, God having raised up his Son Jesus, hath sent him to bless you." And it did indeed seem for a season as if they would accept the blessing. Three thousand of them received the word at its very first proclamation by St. Peter; within a few days there were five thousand believers in Jerusalem; multitudes both of men and women were soon after added to the Lord: and so steadily did this advance, that when St. Paul visited Jerusalem thirty years afterward, he found many myriads of Jews believing.

And we can conceive both him and his fellows to have been encouraged exceedingly by such manifestations of God's grace, and to have looked for still greater things. We can conceive them to have said, surely our fears are to be disappointed, and our hopes exceeded, Israel shall yet be gathered; God hath dwelt in Shem's tents and Shem shall be persuaded by him. But alas! it was not so to be. The generation which had rejected the Saviour, furnished indeed a people to bear witness for his name, but the mass of the Jewish nation sank into deeper impenitence and more determined unbelief. The Roman came at length to fulfill their own frantic imprecation; the sacred blood of Jesus was required at their hands, and returned on their guilty heads; and Shem, unpersuaded of his God, was driven forth a fugitive and a vagabond. As such, still unpersuaded, he still wanders bearing on his forehead the mark of Noah's truth. For of him, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, and yet he is shut up in unbelief till the promised day of mercy.

2. And in what condition was Japheth when God was thus visiting Shem? Was there any thing about him morally or spiritually to lead to the conclusion that when his elder brother rejected the Most High, he would receive with open arms the revelation of his grace? Let an inspired apostle answer. He describes Japheth at that period of the world's history, "as filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness," as "full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity," as a whisperer, a backbiter, a hater of God, as without understanding, without natural affection, implacable and unmerciful. Judging, therefore, from human probabilities, we should have said, if Shem will not hear, there is no hope for the world, for Japheth will most certainly despise the message of God. But here again is the remarkable feature of the prophecy before us—it contradicts these probabilities. God shall persuade Japheth, is the patriarch's express assurance. And this assurance has been fulfilled. The circumcised children of Shem, who thanked God that they were neither extortioners, unjust nor adulterers, who fasted twice in the week, and gave tithes of all that they possessed, saw no beauty in the Saviour and rejected him; whilst the sons of Japheth, brutalized by idolatry, debased by licentiousness, and steeped in crime,

turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven. The word of mercy was first declared and believed also in the house of Cornelius. It was published next in the provinces of Asia; it passed into Greece, Italy, and Spain; it reached the furthest bounds of the West, even the isles in which we now dwell. And wherever it was published, the same divine blessing attended it. It gathered families, cities, nations to the obedience of Christ, it went on conquering and to conquer, till the banner of the cross waved over the capitol, and the false gods and deified heroes of antiquity gave place to that name which is above every name. And the conquest has been permanent. Two thousand years have passed, and two hundred and eighty millions of the children of Japheth acknowledge Jesus to be Lord. He is still the persuaded one, while beside him are unbelieving Shem, and Ham the servant of servants. Surely these coincidences so marvelous in their character, are not the result of accident. From whom can they have proceeded save "from the Lord of hosts who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working"?

Having now considered this prophecy in all the renderings of its meaning, we may put it to all candid and fair-judging men, does the past history and present condition of the human race agree or not with the prophetic chart of its fortunes given in the book of Genesis, while yet that race was in its cradle? If only one answer can be returned to this question, and that answer in the affirmative; if, moreover, we bear in mind that this earliest prophecy contains the germ of all that have succeeded it, and that salvation itself is developed out of the pregnant words, "Jehovah, God of Shem," the prophecies of Scripture become one of the pillars of our faith. They enable us not only to stand on the defensive when attacked, but to carry the war into the camp of the skeptic; for he is unable, and he knows it, to account for their fulfillment.

A scoffing infidel remarked that the patriarch was surely still under the influence of his wine, when he could pronounce upon one member of his family so unreasonable a curse, and promise to the others, blessings so disproportioned to any thing they had done to deserve them.

Our only answer to this profanity, is, Go and do thou likewise. Pronounce a curse upon one of thy children when he offends thee, and upon his descendants to the latest posterity; make large promises of blessing to another when he pleases thee, and to his children's children with him; and see whether the God of nature and providence will confirm thy words. He has, beyond all contradiction, confirmed the words of Noah; instead of scoffing therefore, let us be filled with awe. The destruction of the old Canaanite by Joshua, and of Carthage by Scipio, the existence to this hour, of the slave-trade with all its horrors, admonish us to tremble before his words of wrath, and to fear exceedingly to bring down the edge of these words upon ourselves. Whilst the call of Abraham, the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the conversion of the Gentile world to the faith of his blessed name, give delightful evidence of the truth of his promises of mercy, inviting us to put our trust in them for time and for eternity.

To conclude: if the Bible has proved so true, as far as this world is concerned, in its revelations of the past and the present, we may trust its prophetic intimations of the future destiny of our race. And blessed be God, these destinies are glorious: darkness has long brooded over this wretched earth, but at evening time it shall be light. Shem shall not be always unpersuaded: he shall yet return and be reconciled to the God of his fathers, and be a blessing in the midst of the earth. "Again I will build thee, and thou shalt be built, O virgin of Israel!" is the promise of Shem's God. "Thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and go forth in the dances of them that make merry. They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them; they shall look upon me, whom they have pierced, and mourn." And when the Jew shall thus return to God, the other nations who have come of Shem, shall follow in his train. If God says by Isaiah, looking to the prophetic future, "Blessed be Israel, mine inheritance," he adds in the same divine sentence, and "Assyria, the work of mine hands." For if the casting away of the Jew, says St. Paul, "has been the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead!" Nor shall Ham always be the servant of servants. He shall yet

be made free with the glorious liberty of the Gospel, and the yoke of the oppressor shall be broken from off his neck. His children are expressly included in that divine sentence to which I have just referred. "In that day," says the prophet, "shall Israel be a third *with Egypt* and with Assyria, whom the Lord of hosts shall bless, saying, blessed be *Egypt my people*." The Egyptian then shall yet acknowledge Jehovah; and with the Egyptian, all the descendants of Ham, for the kingdoms of *this world*, we are assured in the Apocalypse, shall in that day be the kingdoms of our God. We already see the budding of these glorious purposes; and we see what is most cheering of all, Japheth of whom we are, Japheth the persuaded, the enlarged one, used by Almighty God for their furtherance and accomplishment. Look at the zeal for the Jew, which of late years He has put into our hearts; look at our labors among Shem's other children, in Eastern India, in Persia and in China. And how signally have these labors been owned! India is now beginning to stretch out her hands unto God. Nor have Ham's descendants been forgotten. The names of Wilberforce, of Clarkson, of Buxton, all sons of Japheth, are identified forever with the cause of injured Africa. And many of the sons and daughters of our country, whose names are not chronicled by man, have left their bones in her soil, in fulfillment of that mission of love which impelled them to seek her shores. These labors, moreover, begin to be largely acknow-

ledged. The oppressor's arms, in God's mercy, are now turned against himself. The sable sons of Africa, redeemed by our cruisers from the slave-ships, and painfully instructed by our missionaries, are carrying back to their own land the glad tidings of salvation. It is delightful to remember that some of these have had the hands of our own metropolitan bishop laid on them; it presents the cheering spectacle of Japheth blessing Ham.

"Heavily every bosom pineth,
Heavily oh! heavily oh!
Where the bond of slavery twineth."

Long has unhappy Africa proved the truth of these words.

"Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Where the song of liberty soundeth."

And soon shall Africa, soon shall all the nations of the earth prove that this is true; they shall prove it when redeemed from the tyranny of Satan, and brought into the liberty of the sons of God. Noah's children shall then cease their vain contests for power and glory, they shall hang the trumpet in the hall, and study war no more. The only strife shall be who shall best do God's will, who shall minister most largely to his fellow's blessing; precedence either of nations, families or individuals, shall be desired only as increasing the power to bless. May God hasten that day; may his kingdom come!

W. T.

A FAMILY TIE.—Mr. Howard was one day at a great dinner party which the late Duke of Norfolk gave to several of his neighbors. He sat at the bottom of the table, the Duke being at the head, and one of the gentlemen who sat near the Duke called out to him and said: "Mr. Howard, will you drink a glass of wine with me? There was a connection between our families." "With a great deal of pleasure, sir," replied Mr. H., "though I don't know exactly what the connection is; but in this county there have been several marriages between neighbors." "Why, sir," resumed the gentleman, "your ancestor, Lord William Howard, hung up twenty-three out of twenty-seven of my family, and you must own that was a *tie*." This reminded me of an anecdote I heard at Brighton. General Dalrymple,

who was between ninety and a hundred years of age, was introduced by the King to Lord Errol as an old friend. "Ah! my Lord," said the General, "the last of your family I have seen was Lord Kilmarnock's head on Temple Bar."

A DISTINGUISHED physician recommends elm-bark for the bite of a mad dog—just as if the bark could cure the bite.

How is it possible to proceed in two opposite directions at the same time? By walking from the forward to the aft part of a vessel while sailing.

TRUE souls are made brighter by sorrow. The ocean is most phosphorescent after a storm.

From the London Review.

R E C E N T P O E T R Y . *

THE diffusion of civilization through all classes is producing singular results in literature. This is an age of experiments in literature generally, and especially in poetry. Never was the adage that experiments are dangerous more signally verified. The men of to-day contrive to extract a larger amount of excitement out of life than was possible at any former period, both doing harder work and demanding fiercer pleasures. Civilization, on the one hand, adds fury to the battle of life, and gradually increases the difficulty of obtaining the means of living; on the other hand, it creates a demand for pleasure and novelty, which is unsatisfied by the relaxation of mere leisure. Literature consequently is compelled to recommend itself by every artifice. Piquancy, smartness, and at least the semblance of wit and humor, are indispensable qualities for literary success. A writer must now be amusing, whether he be instructive or not.

Another result of the spread of civilization is the enormous increase of the number of readers, and the vast quantity of printed matter daily and almost hourly published for their consumption. While it may be questioned whether there is not a diminution in the number of real readers, of those who can bring taste and cultivation to the discussion of an author, and who make a demand for the higher species of literary composition; those readers who glut themselves with magazines and newspapers, without care for any thing better, are numerically on the increase. The literary world presents the strangest anomalies. More ephemeral literature is

produced, and less that will live forever, than in any former time. The literary profession is so common as to be scarcely a profession at all. Every man you meet at a public dinner is a contributor to a periodical; a third of the number consists of authors of books. Literature is a source of occasional income to most members of the professions; and literary labor is so cheapened that those who are really fitted for it can find in it neither honor nor profit.

All these anomalies act with double force upon the highest form of literature. Poetry exhibits them in the highest intensity. The number of persons now living who have published volumes of poetry has been estimated at about one thousand; a number, that is, which may show its twenties for the tens of real poets that the whole human species has produced. On the other hand, the public sale of a book of poems is not much, as a rule; and publication generally entails loss. There is no demand for poetry as a separate thing; and many of its noblest forms are extinct. When we read of the salary of old Ben Jonson being withheld "until he should have produced some fresh specimens of his art," we are enviously reminded that there actually was once a time when there was a public curiosity about poetry. And yet poetry of a certain kind (of *what* kind we shall see presently) must be in vogue; for it forms a standing ingredient in the magazines. And this circumstance reacts, again, unfavorably upon the prospects of genuine poetry. The majority of readers take their standard of perfection from the magazines; and are unprepared to appreciate or comprehend any thing of higher character. The chance which a real poet, on his first appearance, has of a proper reception, is diminished by the very fact that a vast amount of inferior poetry is read and relished by his countrymen. The reverence which an entirely unaccustomed nature might feel in the presence of mighty art, is superseded by half-familiarity. Real

* *The Wanderer*. By OWEN MEREDITH. Chapman & Hall. 1859.

Lucile. By OWEN MEREDITH. Chapman & Hall. 1860.

Poems before Congress. By MRS. BROWNING. Chapman & Hall. 1860.

Poems. By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman. Hurst & Blackett. 1860.

Faithful for Ever. By COVENTRY PATMORE. J. W. Parker & Son. 1860.

criticism, moreover, is very rare. There is scarcely a professed critic in any one of the periodicals who knows anything about poetry. The newspaper critics, in their treatment of poets, alternate between ignorant indifference and insolent contumely. We may remark in passing, that if poets themselves would occasionally contribute some idea of the principles of their art to the public, in the shape of criticism, in the periodicals, it would tend to improve the prospects of poetry. The great Duke's maxim, that every man is the best judge in his own profession, holds good in the case of poetry. A poet alone is truly able to criticise a poet. It may be answered that the inspiration of a poet does not necessarily entail a knowledge of the principles upon which poetry proceeds. Whether this were true in earlier ages or not, it certainly is not true now. In this advanced age every one who hopes for eminence is compelled to go through a preparation, which must involve the sifting of principles. And as matter of fact the few criticisms that have been written by poets are most valuable. The observations on Milton in the letters of Keats recur to us as an example. They are generally minute and finished expositions of particular passages, which show how inestimable would have been a more extended criticism. Among our poets there are many now living who are obviously in the fullest degree in possession of their own principles, and capable of imparting them to the public. The amiable professor of poetry at Oxford has ably entered upon this work in the dissertations prefixed to his own volumes. Mr. Alexander Smith has combated some of the popular errors regarding poetry in his *Essay on Burns*. Owen Meredith is certainly versatile enough to criticise others as well as to write himself, and would do it with a poet's sympathy, knowledge, and discrimination. Since poetry has lost favor with the public, it becomes the duty of poets to "speak prose" — to let the world know what their work really is, and how important it is for the good of the world that the noblest of the arts should not suffer from public discouragement.

One living poet alone can be said to have gained the ear of England; and we are far from a desire to undervalue the importance of Tennyson, when we say that we wish heartily that his empire were divided. The innumerable imitators of

Tennyson in the magazines are the men who present the literary world with the conception which it entertains of the nature and ends of poetry. And it is precisely the weakest points in Tennyson that these imitators select. There is no masculine grandeur in him; but, on the contrary, a feminine sweetness and passionateness pervade his poetry. This quality is conjoined with wonderful breadth of imagination, suggestive and associative power, sense of beauty, perfection of language, and depth of heart, which render him one of the greatest of English poets. But his popular imitators do not attempt, as a rule, to penetrate the real secret of the man, to get at the root of his greatness: they are merely intoxicated with the atmosphere he breathes forth, and catch his manner. It is in his feebleness, more feminine and domestic pieces that he is most frequently caricatured. The *Miller's Daughter*, *The Day Dream*, and parts of *Will Waterproof*, are, in style of reflection, kind of painting, and even in meter, repeated week by week, and month by month, until the public must be saturated with the idea that the office of poetry is really little more than to exhibit "houses with their fronts off." The domestic hearth, its joys and sorrows, connubial and parental, are the eternal theme of the Clio of the nineteenth century. A half-terrified sense of the discrepancies of life, a mournful lament over toil and suffering, are joined, in this kind of verse, with a faith which believes only in itself, and eschews any religion more positive. Hence arises the shallow, oft-repeated creed of the arising of good out of evil. This idea of the good perpetually succeeding to the evil is the grand notion pervading the poetry of Longfellow, and to which his popularity is mainly due. It is the first idea which faith conceives; but men of deeper heart perceive that evil succeeds good, as well as good evil, and learn at last to leave the problem to its only Solver, or, if they must needs speak of it, try to present it in its entirety, omitting nothing and traducing no one. From such deeper insight alone can arise true grandeur of song, grandeur of emotion, grandeur of those who "refuse to be comforted." But lesser men seek comfort, and find it chiefly in family joys. They delight to see their comfort reproduced in poetry; and hence the domesticity of the popular English muse. Is it not rath-

er the true office of song to set before even these men that there is another side to the questions which they think are answered?

We might extend these remarks, but our present purpose is to show what we believe to be the dangerous effect of these anomalies on several persons unquestionably possessed of real poetical talent. We revert, then, to what we said at the outset, that the poetry of the age shows the danger of experiments. Almost every work of genius now published is peculiar in this, that it is totally unlike any thing ever seen before. It has, or ostentatiously aims at, something entirely "new and strange." There is a general tendency to force thought and expression; continual attempts are to be witnessed to institute new directions of fancy and feeling. We can not complain of want of originality, though that is sometimes affirmed against the age. We rather murmur at the undue pursuit of originality as a primary object. We would ask our poets whether originality ought to be their first aim? Is it not in danger of degenerating into straining after effect? Ought it to be sought before truth and beauty? Originality is not in itself a very valuable quality. A madman may be an original without being an original genius. The originality of much even of the genuine poetry of the age is gained, we unhesitatingly affirm, at the expense of reverence for authority, good taste, beauty, and, above all, that tranquil fullness and serenity of soul which is indispensable to the highest art. It is usually originality of aim rather than of mind; and it is precisely because men so often dream of gaining fame simply from putting poetry to some use for which it was never intended, while they, in such cases, only possess very ordinary powers of composition, and therefore only rhapsodize, that we hear the hackneyed charge of want of originality in the age. The age is only too original; and the greatest poetical ages never have been so at all, in this use of the word. We wish especially to advert to one particular, the abandonment of the old time-honored types or forms in which poetry used to be cast. The greatest poetical intellects have in every age shown a tendency to mold themselves in the forms left by their predecessors. Virgil, one of the greatest masters of language, threw his poem into the type of Homer. Was

Virgil's originality destroyed in so doing? Not at all; his style and mode of conception is so distinct from that of his master, as to be even dissimilar; and he has shone forth ever as one of the great prompters and directors of human speech and thought. Milton, again, framed his grand work upon the epic of Virgil, and found that most fitting for the display of his own mighty qualities. Kents was obviously forging his Titanic epic into the proportions of the *Paradise Lost*, when death cut short what would have been one of the grandest poems in the language. These are weighty examples, and would that they were borne in mind! At present, the very last thing we expect on hearing of a new poem is, that it will be an epic, or an ode, or a genuine drama, or, indeed, that it will resemble in its general form any thing that has gained the sanction of antiquity. We speak the more strongly on this point, because we belong to the "new school" in poetry, and are far from wishing to trammel a poet either in his rhythm or meter by the exploded canons and conventional rules of the so-called "Augustan age" of Queen Anne. It is of the general abandonment of the old forms, which the greatest masters have sanctioned, that we complain, and that not so much for the sake of these forms themselves as because of the uncertainty of aim, or restlessness of purpose, which their abandonment surely must imply.

We suppose that among living poets the third place is due to Owen Meredith. We well remember the sensation caused in the undergraduate circles at one of the universities by the appearance of his first volume, containing *Clytemnestra* and the *Earl's Return*. That volume gave unmistakable evidence that its author possessed two of the very highest poetical qualities, dramatic passion (we do not say dramatic power) and melodious sweetness of versification. To these were added an assemblage of many other faculties which go to the making of a great poet. It is true that the book wanted weeding; there was a great deal of nonsense in it, studies of other poets which had better been left out; and several vicious tendencies were observable, as, for example, in the song about hollyhocks, where the forced adherence to a peculiar meter, or even the recurrence of a particular rhyme in one part of the

stanza, is supposed to give value to verses which the poet himself must acknowledge to be void of feeling and worthless. The same mistake is committed, for instance, in Leigh Hunt's *Song of Flowers*. Yet no first work had borne greater promise. The great redeeming feature in it was vigor and freshness.

The next publication of Owen Meredith was *The Wanderer*, in 1859. This is the title given to a vast number of miscellaneous short poems, which were written in different countries visited by the author. But very few of them profess to be descriptive of man or nature in various climes; the bulk of them might have been written any where. The first thing to be said of them is that there are too many of them by half. Four hundred and thirty pages of miscellaneous poetry in a young author's second volume! As a mere feat of fertility it is remarkable; but we presume that the author would not desire this praise alone. Keats, who threw away sonnets in letters; Burns, who could produce his pencil and improvise a dozen stanzas at a dinner-party, could have rivaled this fecundity, had either of them chosen. But none better knew than they that the only facility of composition which is of value must be the result of long practice and completely mastered thought. The true master will aim at condensation as the first requisite; rapidity or ease of writing will be a thing that he will care literally nothing about. He will be thankful for it when it comes; but meanwhile do his work slowly. Along with this fecundity there is, in *The Wanderer*, a fearful diffuseness, which is among the greatest of poetical crimes. We are tempted to ask the Carlylean question: "Could he not have taken pains, and written it in half the number of verses?" There is another defect in *The Wanderer*, as compared with the earlier poems; it shows a conclusive failure of power of language. This is the natural result of the diffuseness of which we have complained. A further fault must be noted in the tendency to run into strange meters, which are sometimes elaborate without being effective, sometimes irregular without being wild. *The Wanderer*, on the other hand, shows increased power of thought and wider knowledge and sympathy; its author does unquestionably possess "the deep poetic heart," with its tremulous compassion of human

life, its sense of mysteriousness and infinity, its faculty of discerning sorrow in joy, and evoking joy out of sorrow. But this sympathy is, we think, not so natural nor so healthy as in the earlier volume: it is less inclined to deal with noble and honest things: it escapes on the one hand into depiction of human nature in its baser and more voluptuous moods; on the other, into the common-places of the grotesque, into a disgusting communion with ghouls, goblins, vampires, and worms. This last peculiarity, especially, which is strongly marked in *The Wanderer*, is the sign of a morbid feebleness singularly in contrast with the beautiful health of the first volume. How different is that real power over apparitions, possessed by such glorious natures as Shakspeare or Titian, whose spiritual creatures walk the earth, or "wing up and down the buxom air," in perfect beauty, from the peevish, ghastly, and horrible imaginings in which modern poets have too often indulged!

Some poetical minds seem incapable of cultivation, and can therefore never attain the highest perfection. Longfellow is one of these. His poetry is the most uncultivated possible. It has, however, a superficial smoothness, both in versification and tone of feeling, which satisfies the general run of readers, though no real judge of poetry would for a moment mistake this for true melody or deep reflection. Such a mind has its use, and Longfellow has fulfilled his vocation. But Owen Meredith is a very different and higher nature. Were he not so, we should have been much more lenient in our remarks. He is capable of extremely high cultivation, and is himself conscious of the fact. In the immense number of pieces published in *The Wanderer*, there is not one that is self-satisfied. All bear marks of a restless anxiety to render them effective; all bear marks, that is, of an attempted cultivation. It is this very anxiety which partly renders them, as we unwillingly pronounce them to be, failures. Poetical cultivation is the education of the whole man; the increase of the spirit in serenity, temperance, joy; the purifying and strengthening of the vision; the gentle reception of the teaching of the Divine Framers of the outer world and inner soul; not the restless adoption of man's devices or the fever of ambition. We can not trace this growth of the soul in *The Wanderer*. There is no love in

the work, except of a painful and horror-struck kind. The single sonnet which Juliet shares with Romeo on the night of the Capulet festival is worth it all.

We believe Owen Meredith to be capable of very high cultivation; and we further believe that he has sedulously attempted to educate himself; but we are also of opinion that he has proceeded in a wrong direction, upon a false method, and has made mistakes of a magnitude which, under other circumstances, would settle the question whether or not he is a great poet. Great poets may make mistakes, but they do not in general persistently carry them out. But Owen Meredith lives in a peculiar age under peculiar circumstances. The age is given up to experiments. He is, all the world knows, the son of an eminent writer, and is doubtless fevered with the filial anxiety to support his father's laurels—born to the purple, and eager to win battles. All this must be kept in mind while we estimate his position and work. If circumstances were different, the vast mistakes which he has made might be considered irretrievable. We believe them not to be so, and maintain that the world may yet receive something of real value from his pen. Part of his mistake has been over-anxiety and over-cultivation, or rather over-production. He seems to have set himself to the production of a vast number of verses as rapidly as possible, confiding in his poetical cleverness for their being good, without remembering that production is only one part of the poet's duty. Incessant production is not to be confounded with real poetical education. Rest is essential to the poet; and no mind can fail to deteriorate without this.

The year after the publication of *The Wanderer*, *Lucile* appeared. In this poem we have the result which Owen Meredith's poetical education has attained. *The Wanderer* is more in the character of a process, somewhat incautiously given to the public. *Lucile* is a work; it is the first finished product of that process. Its author has acquired his skill; and now the question is whether what he has gained the power to do be worth the doing. It is with heart-felt reluctance that we pronounce *Lucile* to be not of great value as a work of art. Although we grant it to be a great deal more important than *The Wanderer*—so far as the two can be com-

pared, either by regarding *The Wanderer* as a whole, or by cutting *Lucile* in pieces—yet it falls far short of the promise displayed in the *Clytemnestra* volume. In the first place it has the faults of *The Wanderer*. It is excessively diffuse; and although the language displays a kind of appositeness which is frequently brilliant, yet, as compared with the work of the great masters of language, it is defective in power. Then the length! Owen Meredith's first volume must have been printed about 1855. Within the five years between then and 1860 he has published *The Wanderer*, the length of which is considerably over eight thousand verses, and *Lucile*, which exceeds seven thousand. Is he aware that, if he publishes fifteen thousand verses every five years, in a comparatively short working-life of twenty years he will be the author of sixty thousand verses? Chaucer only wrote seventy thousand in the course of at least double that number of years. Milton's poetical works amount to about twenty thousand. The poems of Tennyson or of Browning fall somewhat below that sum. Spenser, Shelley, and Wordsworth are, indeed, instances of a similar fecundity to that of Owen Meredith; but diffuseness was the bane of all three, even of the first, whose conceptions of art were superior to those of the other two. Byron was equally rapid, it is true, and much more concentrated; but he is a solitary example. We certainly think that Owen Meredith would do well to consider the necessity of retrenching. His works might then acquire a very much higher value than at present belongs to them.

In the dedication of *Lucile* the author says: "In this poem I have abandoned those forms of verse with which I had most familiarized my thoughts, and endeavored to follow a path on which I could discover no footprints before me, either to guide or to warn." We may grant, indeed, the claim of originality, but still the question of value remains. In the first place, the author, whom we acknowledge to be a poet, and one of no ordinary powers, would perhaps be surprised to hear his critic ask the question: "Is *Lucile* a poem at all?" It might almost be described as a three-volumed novel rendered into a kind of verse. And another Carlylean inquiry comes in with terrible force: "Could not this

have been written in prose?" There are certain subjects and modes of feeling that are sacred to meter, and set themselves naturally to song; they could not be adequately expressed in any other manner. Is *Lucile* such a subject? It modern life in saloons and at watering-places a fit theme for poetry? In some of its aspects it may indeed afford scope for passionate or indignant lyric; but can it bear such a studied and length work as *Lucile*? The author found no foot-prints of direction or warning; was it not sufficient warning if he found no foot-prints at all? Exceedingly poetical we grant his work to be, but not more so than many novels; there are many parts, in fact, a large share of the volume, which are necessarily prosaic, and many other parts which are only redeemed from prose by satire, which is the lowest form of poetry. On the whole, we question whether it is a poem. We may remark, that there is now a tendency to desert the common walks of poetry, and choose out strange, unfrequented by-paths, which too often lead nowhere. The only answer in favor of Owen Meredith appears to be that he evidently takes pains to represent the life which he has seen himself; no great man really cares for what he has not seen; and Owen Meredith unquestionably shows in all his works the very highest conscientiousness and love of truth. To this consideration great importance ought to be attached.

The originality of *Lucile* consists in its being an attempt to revive the forgotten art of telling a story in verse. It is unsuccessful, because the verse is made subordinate to the story. It is a very interesting and, indeed, exciting book, so long as the reader does not regard it as a poem. When looked at as a work of poetic art, its grave defects become only too manifest. Its anapestic meter is the most unmelodious of all meters, and least of all adapted for a continued effort. Nor can we say that, bad as it is in itself, it is well managed. There is no poem of such pretensions in other respects, which has such small pretensions to the rather important merit of melody. On the other hand, this anapestic meter is the easiest of all to write in; it is the next remove from prose. It might be argued, that in this bold attempt to revive a forgotten art, Owen Meredith has a right to take the easiest meter. But the object, in the

first instance, in telling a story in verse rather than prose, is, that the story may gain by verse, not that verse may lose by the story. So far as a story is unfit for verse, it should be discarded; at all events, the dignity of poetry must not be conceded. This seems the reason why in Shakspeare many unpoetical things are set down in plain prose. It is also the reason why the poets who have been most endowed with the story-telling faculty have been noticeably fond of "twice told tales," of stories already well known, rather than of self-invented ones; so that there is in the world a regular cycle of poetical legend which the poets are never weary of repeating each in his own way. For the poets dread mere narrative, and, as a rule, wisely prefer well-known stories, which they need not elaborate to issues not known beforehand, which they can at pleasure diversify with incident, and treat as they like. It is true, that at first sight there seems no reason why a new story should not be told in verse. Scott and Byron wrote new stories in verse. But then, in their stories the poetry was every thing; the story would have been poor indeed, if set down in plain prose. Tennyson's *Maud* is a case more in point, because it is a story of modern English life. We think that it offers a very complete contrast to *Lucile*. The story in *Maud* is extremely slight, the charm of the poem entirely depends upon the treatment. The interest is concentrated upon one figure, one tone pervades the whole; it is a tale of "star-crossed love," like Romeo and Juliet; this key-note is struck at once, and repeated again and again; we feel the lovers are predestined to misfortune, and so we are at once prepared for its coming, and care the less how it comes; all minor interests are suspended in presence of the one catastrophe which is imminent from the first. For these reasons we regard *Maud* as a masterpiece of treatment; and this noble unity of purpose has enabled its great author to throw his whole strength into the versification; so that we know of no poem in the language which is so wonderful a piece of connected and varied melody. It is a sonata with every movement except the scherzo. *Lucile* is the opposite of all this. The interest is certainly not in the versification, it is therefore in the story, or to be more just, in the story together with the powers of

thought exhibited in considerable width and depth by the author. There is no unity of purpose, and the interest is scattered over the three or four principal personages. There might have been many endings to the story; several apparently impending catastrophes are got over, and the action still continues, or, rather, the action changes while the actors continue the same. The versification is what we have described. It is so bad as again and again to interrupt with disgust what would otherwise have been a very interesting story. But there remains also the graver difficulty of deciphering the moral purpose of such a poem. Has it a deep moral meaning? Is it, or is it not, a great woe-begone poet's complaint on life and fate, like *Maud*? or does it set forth a poet's insight into the sources of human encouragement? The author seems to sum up its intent in the following verses:

"For her mission, accomplished, is o'er.
The mission of genius on earth! To uplift,
Purify and confirm by its own gracious gift
The world, in despite of the world's dull endeavor
To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it forever.
The mission of genius to watch and to wait,
To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate.
The mission of woman on earth! to give birth
To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.
The mission of woman; permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse,
The blessing which mitigates all; born to nurse
And to soothe and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her. This was
Lucile."

The old moral of the coming of good out of evil might have been illustrated in a much shorter and simpler way.

We shall not attempt an analysis of the story of *Lucile*. It is very interesting, and very completely told. The characters are very graphically drawn, and show great power of analysis. Indeed, unflagging vigor in description of men and nature is one of the great features of the work. There is vast knowledge of modern life, and the keenest, occasionally the most satirical, observation. The reflective element, also, the amount of miscellaneous thought upon such subjects as art, art-morality, the claims of poetry

on the world, is extremely remarkable. These are some of the characters which claim our most willing admiration.

If these remarks should ever chance to meet the eye of Owen Meredith, he may be assured that they are those of a friend and well-wisher—of one to whom the interests of poetry are as dear as they can be to himself—of one who has watched his career with great interest, and who believes that he only needs more judicious self-training and legitimate ambition in order to become a great poet. The hand that has drawn the strangely reserved, strangely passionate, strangely bold, strangely spiritual *Lucile*, is surely capable of grand dramatic effects. But we will not impertinently advise; we only criticise. We conclude by quoting what is perhaps the finest passage in the book, the description of a storm in the Pyrenees:

"And the storm is abroad in the mountains!
he fills
The crouched hollows and all the oracular
hills
With dread voices of power. A roused million or more
Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hoar
Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake
Of the cloud whose reflection leaves livid the lake.
And the wind, that wild robber, for plunder descends
From invisible lands o'er those black mountain ends;
He howls as he hounds down his prey; and his lash
Tears the hair of the timorous wild mountain ash,
That clings to the rock, with her garments all torn,
Like a woman in fear. Then he blows his hoarse horn,
And is off, the fierce guide of destruction and terror
Up the desolate heights, 'mid an intricate error
Of mountain and mist.
There is war in the skies!
Lo! the black-winged legions of tempest arise
O'er those sharp-splintered rocks that are gleaming below
In the soft light, so fair and so fatal, as though
Some seraph burned through them, the thunderbolt searching,
Which the black cloud unbosomed just now.
Lo! the lurching
And shivering pine-trees, like phantoms that seem

To waver above in the dark; and yon
stream,
How it hurries and roars, on its way to the
white
And paralyzed lake there, appalled at the
sight
Of the things seen in heaven!
Through the darkness and awe
That had gathered around him, Lord Alfred
now saw,
Revealed in the fierce and evanishing glare
Of the lightning that momentarily pulsed through
the air,
A woman alone on the shelf of a hill,
With her cheek coldly propped on her hand,
and as still
As the rock that she sat on, which beetled
above
The black lake beneath her.
All terror. all love
Added speed to the instinct with which he
rushed on.
For one moment the blue lightning swathed
the whole stone
In its lurid embrace, like the sleek, dazzling
snake
That encircles a sorceress, charmed for her
sake,
And lulled by her loveliness; fawning it played
And caressingly twined round the feet and
the head
Of the woman who sat there, undaunted and
calm
As the soul of that solitude, listing the psalm
Of the plungent and laboring tempest roll slow
From the cauldron of midnight and vapor
below.
Next moment, from bastion to bastion, all
round,
Of the siege-circled mountains, there trembled
the sound
Of the battering thunder's indefinite peal,
And Lord Alfred had sprung to the feet of
Lucile."

Mrs. Browning speaks, in her preface to *Poems before Congress*, of the necessity which poets are under of justifying themselves "for ever so little jarring of the national sentiment, imputable to their rhymes." That national sentiment, which prefers to meet with assonance where it is to be expected, has often enough been jarred by her rhymes. In the same preface, Mrs. Browning expresses a supposition that her verses may appear "to English readers too pungently rendered to admit of a patriotic respect to the English sense of things." They are rendered too pungent, not merely by unpatriotic fury, but by bad taste. They are a perfect shriek. When we were reviewing Owen Meredith, we felt inclined to quote Waller to the effect that—

"Poets we prize, when in their work we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind."

We now feel more inclined to refer to a certain text about meddling with things too high. We regret to find in this volume the old, wild, reckless propensity to use the most sacred names and associations in a totally irreverent connection. Mrs. Browning surely can not expect to influence the English people by frantic all-to-nothing rhapsodies. The volume contains some of the very worst specimens of her worst mood. In one of her raptures on "the gloomy sporting man," Napoleon III., which we wonder whether he has read, she says:

"Is this a man like the rest,
This miracle made unaware
By a rapture of popular air,
And caught to the place that was best?
You think he could barter and cheat,
As vulgar diplomatists use,
With the people's heart in his breast?
Prate a lie into shape,
Lest truth should cumber the road;
Play at the fast and loose,
Till the world is strangled with tape;
Maim the soul's complete
To fit the hole of a toad;
And filch the dogman's meat
To give to the people of God?"

However, we will say no more about this strange book, and its almost disgraceful close in the celebrated "Curse," but that it contains one passage at least of splendid lyrical power. The whole (chapters vi. and vii. of *Napoleon III. and Italy*) is too long for quotation; we give the end of it:

"Now, shall we say,
Our Italy lives, indeed?
And if it were not for the beat and bray
Of drum and tramp of martial men,
Should we feel the underground heave and
strain,
Where heroes left their dust as a seed
Sure to emerge one day?
And if it were not for the rhythmic march
Of France and Piedmont's double hosts,
Should we hear the ghosts
Thrill through ruined aisle and arch,
Throb along the frescoed wall,
Whisper an oath by that divine
They left in picture, book, and stone,
That Italy is not dead at all?
Ay, if it were not for the tears in our eyes,
Those tears of a sudden, passionate joy,
Should we see her arise
From the place where the wicked are over-
thrown,
Italy, Italy? loosed at length

From the tyrant's thrall,
Pale and calm in her strength?
Pale as the silver cross of Savoy,
When the hand that bears the flag is brave,
And not a breath is stirring, save
What is blown
Over the war-trump's lip of brass,
Ere Garibaldi forces the pass."

The poems of the author of *John Halifax* are not by any means so good as her prose. They may be taken as a favorable specimen of the many volumes which in these days are written by persons of sensibility and thoughtfulness, who have certainly no vocation to be poets. Such persons very frequently produce pleasing verses; but to feel thoughtfully or even deeply is not enough to warrant them in coming before the public in the character of poets. There is an *amateur* appearance in this lady's volume; her pieces are generally of a languidly mournful nature, containing the usual things which every body now seems to think it necessary to say about life and death, and grief and angels, and statues and flowers. In the midst of all this we are startled by a lyric so beautiful and passionate, that it might have been written by Burns himself. It is entitled, *Too Late*.

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

"Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do:
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

"Oh! to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were
few;
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

"I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

"Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

There is not a poem in the language which more perfectly expresses its one sentiment than this; the simplicity, beauty, intense

passion, and sweetness of this little lyric are inexpressible. It is one of the most perfect gems in our language. Several other pieces in the book show great lyrical power, such as "Lettuce," "Lost in the Mist," and "The Voice Calling." A volume of lyrics from this lady might probably be of great value.

The writings of Mr. Coventry Patmore offer in many respects a pleasing contrast to the other works now under review. They have a culture to which Owen Meredith can lay no claim, a quiet dignity to which Mrs. Browning is a stranger, and an artistic completeness unattempted by the author of *John Halifax*. Mr. Patmore is what may be called a good poet, if the term be admissible, in contradistinction from a great one. His work is never hasty, and, even when tedious, can not be called diffuse. He does not rush into print with a first draft; nor produce a volume of inferior pieces, relieved here and there by something on which art has been really expended. On the contrary, every line published by him has been carefully weighed, and the whole work bears the equalizing touch of a careful workman. He has thus, more especially in his last poem, produced what has more of the character of a perfect whole than any other living poet except Tennyson and perhaps Browning. Of course there are some passages finer than others, but the change is not from bad to good, from diffuse to intense; but from good to better, from a less interesting to a more interesting part. It is impossible, in a word, to assign any thing but the highest praise to Mr. Patmore's execution. His command of language is very great; his meaning being always fully and deliberately expressed, without effort or violence; and this is one of the highest merits in a work the nature of which is to enter into the subtlest moods of the deepest of human passions. One of the peculiarities of his style is the power of using long words beautifully. But the great character which separates his work from that of every other genuine poet that we know, is the universal diffusion of the deepest quietude. It is difficult to express the effect of this. It is not the quiet of dullness or coldness; on the contrary, we can only describe it as the quiet of a soul full of the deepest emotions, but without any vivacity or animal spirits; of a man who

can be touched to the core by joy or sorrow, but to whom lyrical utterance is wholly denied, and who can but trace his emotions in a measured, monotonous chaunt. It is curious to observe how this element pervades his descriptions even of exciting natural phenomena, where the soul of Scott or of Burps would have danced for joy. For example, what can be more admirably faithful, yet more exceedingly quiet, than this description of a thunder storm?

"And now a cloud, bright, huge, and calm,
Rose, doubtful if for bale or balm;
O'ertrampling crags, portentous towers
Appeared at beck of viewless powers
Along a rifted mountain range,
Untraceable and swift in change
Those glittering peaks, disrupted, spread
To solemn bulks, seen overhead;
The sunshine quenched, from one dark form
Fumed the appalling light of storm:
Straight to the zenith, black with bale,
The Gypsies' smoke rose deadly pale;
And one wide night of hopeless hue
Hid from the heart the recent blue.
And soon with thunder crackling loud
A flash within the formless cloud
Showed vague recess, projection dim,
Lone sailing rack and shadowy rim."—P. 226.

This is very beautiful and perfect as description; but has not a touch of that wildly formative imagination of which Scott was a conspicuous master, and of which Wordsworth has many traces. The impulsively imaginative man could not have staid to limn the storm so quietly; he would have partially distorted it, run into it, so to speak, bathed in it, shrieked in it, battled in it, beholding its bulks as gigantic specters, its fury as the combat of gods. On the other hand, when this quietness is really appropriate, and may be conceived to be the sudden reining-in of an impetuous imagination, it is sometimes very fine.

"There fell
A man from the shrouds, that roared to quench
Even the billows' blast and drench.
None else was by but me to mark
His loud cry in the louder dark.
Dark, save when lightning showed the deeps
Standing about in stony heaps."—P. 61.

Here there is such a hurry of action, that the last quiet line, in itself immensely fine, is in that truth of situation in which the great lines of true poets are always placed. The contrast between the urgent need of promptness to save life,

along with the slender means of doing so, and the idle mightiness of the heavens, is one of the most perfect effects in modern poetry.

This quietness is at the root of Mr. Patmore's extraordinary analytical power, through which he is enabled to lay an arresting hand upon the most transient phases of the passion which he delineates. This is a valuable gift, though not a specially poetical one. Indeed, the analytic is in some sort the converse of the dramatic faculty. It enables Mr. Patmore to make his hero a type of "delicate love," but takes away all his individuality. He is simply an exceedingly good man, who has proper feelings on all occasions. Now a great poet would shrink from the unflinching exhibition of the feelings which Mr. Patmore gives us. His verse is so calm, and his manner so self-possessed, that neither he nor his readers are conscious that he is taking a great liberty with them. We confess to a feeling of half-offense at seeing emotions and facts of poor human nature, common to every man, not pathetically hinted at, in the manner of great poets; but pursued in this unflinching calm march, and detected in these unflinching chosen words. There is no sense of mystery, no distance, no acknowledgment of a reserve between man and man which can never be overpassed, and a silence which can never be lawfully broken. Then we really are constantly annoyed and ashamed at the revelations of domestic life. Love should be the poet's theme, not marriage. The parts on love are by far the best; but there is in every part the same enormous defect. A great poet could never have written so about love. It is the most unpathetic book we ever read.

Although, then, we give every credit to Mr. Patmore for conscientious execution, artistic attainment, and rectitude of purpose, we regard his popularity as a sign of vitiated taste on the part of the public. We said at the outset, that the English muse was become domestic, and had lost all idea of greatness. Mr. Patmore has domesticated her to the utmost, indeed, made her a housewife; and we regret that the nation seems to admire her so much in this capacity. Is there nothing in the countrymen of Milton, Bacon, and Keats, to demand and respect grandeur of purpose and fulfillment, those mighty workings of imagination through-

out heaven and earth, that deep and pathetic insight into human life and suffering, those mighty hues "of earthquake and eclipse," which were once comprehended in the name and work of a poet? or are they content to be addressed in strains like this?

"Dear mother, I just write to say
We've passed a most delightful day,
As, no doubt, you have heard from Fred.
(Once, you may recollect, you said,
True friendship neither doubts nor doats,
And does not read each other's notes;
And so we never do.) I'll miss,
For Fred's impatient, all but this;
We spent—the children, he, and I—
Our wedding anniversary
In the woods, where while I tried to keep
The flies off, so that he might sleep,
He actually kissed my foot—
At least, the beautiful French boot,
Your gift—and, laughing with no cause
But pleasure, said I really was
The very nicest little wife;
And that he prized me more than life."—P. 283.

Since the above was written, the small volume by Owen Meredith, entitled, *Serbski Pesme, or National Songs of Servia*, has been put into our hands, together with the *Saturday Review* of March twenty-third. An article in the latter contains severe strictures affecting the ingenuousness of Owen Meredith. The writer, evidently a man well acquainted with the subject, accuses the poet of entire ignorance of the language from which he professes to translate, and convicts him of a series of puerile blunders whenever he attempts to quote Servian. He furthermore proves, by parallel extracts, that Owen Meredith is indebted for most of the information contained in his own lengthy introduction to a French writer, M. Dozon, who has made a prose version of the Servian ballads in his own language. In effect, Owen Meredith has "cribbed" wholesale, transferring to his own pages not only the information, but the words, of what may be called his French original. All the pieces, also, of which he offers a metrical version, exist already in

M. Dozon's prose translation. The question is, how far Owen Meredith is justifiable, how far excusable. He acknowledges his obligations to M. Dozon, but not so directly as their extent calls for; and, although he seems to imply, he does not distinctly affirm, that he gained his information and took down his ballads from the mouths of Servian bards. Had he distinctly affirmed this, he could not have escaped the charge which the *Saturday Reviewer* brings. He might have had his "Dozon" on the Carpathian mountains, as he had his "Murray;" and the profession that his materials were gathered on the spot may refer to no more than the inspiring influences of the scenes where the ballads were once enacted. But that, if it be so, he might have said so more plainly, can not be denied. As to the extent of obligation, the question is less grave. The poetry of Owen Meredith is his own, and his version may be as legitimately derived from the prose of M. Dozon, as the plays of Shakspeare from the tales of Boccaccio. If he is ignorant of Servian, so was Pope of Greek. It is with regard to the Introduction and Notes that the charge of plagiarism presses. Here it seems undeniable that Owen Meredith has borrowed largely both in matter and words. He, however, probably considered that these were the least important part of the work, and that a poet might be allowed to enter into the labors of other men. And as he has made an acknowledgment of his debt to M. Dozon, we think the grave allegations of the *Saturday Review* sink into comparatively trivial dimensions.

With regard to the merit of the work, little can be said. It is only a fresh proof of the unrest of mind which is leading this once hopeful man to shower his verses by thousands over the world. Some of the lines are pretty and graceful; but they are much less a translation of a ballad literature than Pope is of Homer. They are the most luscious, self-conscious, intemperate style of the degraded modern school.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE BURIAL OF CAVOUR.

The deep-mouthed cannon speak, and, as each throb
Of the void air the shock convulsive owns,
From Naples' waves to the Alps' snowy zones,
Answers Italia's full heart with convulsive sob.
Toll the sad bells!

Gone to the earth the ethereal mind which trained
Spirits that slept t' aspire, held out the hand
Of union to the severed of one land,
Gilding the page once more dulled, gory, and tear-stained.
Roll the deep drums!

Oh! o'er peaked Alps, and Apennine, and sea,
Through the young realms late loud with joy and hope,
The cloud lowers, glooming the bright horoscope,
And all the drooping hearts his skilled hand had set free.
Trumpets, sound wail!

To the resurgent banners' blazonry
Add the fourth hue of grief—for he that wrought
In the mind's strife, no less than those who fought
On sanguined fields of arms, now dies for Italy.
Captains, lower swords!

To the fragrant earth where Dante, Petrarch, rest,
Whence he, bright sun-flower, rose, lay him once more;
His work done, mapped the chart of Freedom's shore,
The weary child returns to his loved mother's breast.
Fire, cacciatori!

Thought hath he waked, words spoke may not expire,
The vivifying finger to the clay
Hath placed, and, quickened to a brighter day,
The corse-like form upsprings on feet that shall not tire.
Forward, artillery!

Though the beacon he and his lit far appears,
Time conquers distance; *that* his wise words teach
Shall win i' the end. Howe'er faint, still gleams reach
E'en where poor Venice mourns, sob-choked and blind with tears.
Gunners, charge home!

Shall not the cause live his great heart that broke,
Shall not the captive's last bond yet be riven,
Shall jailer's hand aye work hell 'neath such heaven?
No! o'er all Italy's land hath an archangel spoke—
Freemen, stand fast!

Spirits of all, since Thrasymene that died,
You'll greet him, you of red Palestro's fray,
And you the left wing held Solferino's day,
As would a lover's arms a cherished long-lost bride—
Arise!

Big heart, that, weak of means, with the majesty
Of a high cause and mighty aim, dared think

The giant to face, safe treading ruin's brink ;
But every man a giant once content to die.
Fire !

'Mid statesmen ranks did higher name e'er allure,
'Mid patriot names what loftier deed was done,
Than kindle Savoy's spark to Italy's sun,
Gilding such opposite natures--thou deplored Cavour,
Farewell !

Laid in the grave--the salutes' volleys o'er ;
The wreathing smoke hath passed from earth on high,
E'en as thy orient fame, no more to die--
Prometheus of to-day, join Romulus of yore !
Farewell !

J. C. F. K.

From the British Quarterly.

PAUL THE POPE AND PAUL THE FRIAR.

THE most interesting of the moral phenomena presented by the close of the sixteenth century was the reaction by which Roman Catholicism was, in modern phrase, "restored." The strife in which it had been engaged was in great part political, but, in greater part, theological. In the strife of the fourteenth century, on the contrary, its troubles--notwithstanding the embroilment therein of mutually-excommunicating popes--were essentially political and not theological, much less not religious or spiritual. Out of these, it is to be noted, Rome extricated herself without having suffered much, as was thought, and her nominal power became once more as great as ever. In her next great war against the interests of mankind she was utterly worsted. The curses, which Leo X. and his immediate successors scattered over Europe with unexampled profusion, failed on this occasion to produce the legions of either destroying angels or destroying devils which were to have given them effect. The giant whose limbs had been bound with green withes while he slept, unexpectedly awoke,

and, perceiving the ignoble shackles with which he was bound, he burst them asunder with irresistible strength, and has insisted ever since on retaining the use of his limbs. But a "gigantic man" metaphor is inconvenient, no matter for its recent sanction ; and dismissing it we must rather say, that the lately awakened might, and the new clearness of European thought were, even in that ever-glorious sixteenth century, neither strong enough to rend all the shackles with which in some parts it continued bound, nor clear enough to convince all into whose minds it had endeavored to throw light. Of the realms from which the incipient heresy of Reformation principles had been apparently eradicated, and in which the Pontifical authority was bowed to with an unquestioning and scarcely interrupted submission, was the Republic of Venice. By the time, however, that the seventeenth century approached, it had become evident to the Papal Court that the orthodoxy of its theological professions was not accompanied by that traitorous servility in its politics and government, without which it was impossible for Venice to please the Pope. These evil symptoms were from time to time aggravated, till, in 1605, Rome declared they had come to a head and required prompt use of knife

* *Paul the Pope and Paul the Friar.* A story of an Interdict. By T. ADOLPHUS THOLLOPE, Author of *Filippo Strozzi: A Biography*; *A Decade of Italian Women*, etc. etc. London: Chapman & Hall, 1861.

and cantery. The newly elected Paul V. declared with loud haughtiness that the aggressions of the Republic could be no longer endured, and demanded, on pain of his severest displeasure, that they should be immediately and thoroughly remedied. Paul V. was not a man to withdraw an inexcusable demand on any compulsion of mere moral reason, and his insolent unreasonableness was just as insolent and unreasonable as ever, when he had been shown that his wrongs were imaginary and his requirements unjust. He had immense decision of character—decision of that sort which Foster has described as arriving at its conclusions, not by any process of reasoning or reflection, but by a sort of natural gravitation of obstinacy, settling down into irrevocable resolve much as a stone flung into a pond gravitates to the mud at its bottom. Before his elevation to the Papacy, Paul V. was a diligent lawyer, magistrate, and inquisitor—in holy orders. Narrow, hard, despotic, pedantic, “obstinate as an Azaffer camel,” it may be wondered why he should have been chosen for so important an office. Mr. Trollope assures us it was *pour pis aller*—that he was chosen because he had no political enemies, and that he had no political enemies because he was wholly unknown to the political world. Perhaps it was rather hard upon the College of Cardinals that in the course of only three months they should have to elect two popes. But they had to do it notwithstanding. On the death of the wise and politic Clement VIII., they had made Leo XI. Pope. Unfortunately, he enjoyed his dignity for only twenty-six days, and then, to oblige some charlatan of a soothsayer who had predicted that Clement’s immediate successors would be a Leo and a Paul, he went off the stage altogether and left the Cardinals to bury him almost as soon as they had crowned him. In these circumstances they could not agree. Indeed, about this the most important and sacred of their functions—that of electing a Vicar of Christ, a Vicerent of the Almighty—they scarcely ever did agree. But they practiced upon each other the most knavish trickery and fraud, and were guilty of more revolting hypocrisy and rascality than could have been provided for by any “Corrupt Practices at Elections bill” soever. Soon after Leo’s death they proceeded to find his successor, and on the eleventh of May,

1605, were shut up from all intercourse with the profane external world in a part of St. Peter’s allotted to such purposes. They would be at liberty to return to society and their palaces as soon as they should have provided the bereaved Church with a new Pope—and no sooner. Couches, clerks, attendants, cooks—be sure the cooks were not forgotten—and a great variety of etceteras shared their seclusion, and their fate was ameliorated by all the appliances possible to such circumstances. All through the night of the eleventh, and on, without intermission, to the evening of the fifteenth, these most reverend and most holy fathers plotted and counterplotted, made this concession and required that, put up one candidate and withdrew another, to no purpose. Faction A performed absolute incredibilities to win over from faction B enough of cardinals to carry their man. Faction B was resolute not to be outwitted or outmatched, was consummate in cunning, and “up” to every move on the board; indeed, it went so far as to defy either A or C, or A plus C, to outwit, to outwatch, or to overreach it. When at length all these parties had repeatedly given checkmate to each other; when neither a *coup de main* nor a *coup d’inspiration* would carry it; when, *parva cum magnis comparare*, like hostile enemies suspending their exertions to plan yet greater ones, the more numerous party had withdrawn to the Sistine Chapel, and the less numerous, having enlisted a few hitherto undecided recruits, had established itself in the Pauline Chapel; when, after infinite maneuvering, it was found that nobody could be outmaneuvered, and that, under present conditions, the requisite majority was not to be obtained; the several leaders put their heads together, agreed to a drawn game, and, having admitted that there was one Camillo Borghese whom they had none of them taken the trouble to hate, the leaders and their factions coalesced and made him Pope accordingly. “Wholly ignorant,” says Mr. Trollope, “of the state and tendencies of the public mind of Europe, and of all those circumstances of the various states, which taught the wiser Popes when to insist and when to temporize,” he entered on his office under the title of Paul V., with a conscientious resolution which no reasoning could shake, and nothing but compulsion could change, to recognize “no rule

of conduct save that deduced from the writings in which Rome had registered her own notions of her own rights and claims. Thus eminently fitted to get himself and mankind into trouble, Paul at once resolved on putting Venice into its place—what he foolishly deemed its place. In the contest which he thus early commenced, and which soon led to deadly quarrel between Rome and Venice, the Republic took into its service Pietro Sarni or Paul the Friar.

For the moral or political, the commercial or state reasons which appear in the manifestoes of hostile governments in our day, the governments of that day—especially if Rome was concerned, published the theologico-political treatises, and gave innumerable references to Seraphic Doctors and Apostolic Fathers.

Paul the Friar, a Venetian by birth, and taking the Venetian view of the matters in dispute; being, moreover, a most learned theologian, a consummate casuist, a ready writer, a severe thinker, and an indefatigable combatant, was an invaluable ally to Venice, and was appointed by the Doge and Senate their Consulting Theologian at a salary of two hundred ducats a year. In consequence of his

ecclesiastical relation to the Pope, he was also guaranteed personal protection from all adverse consequences of his championship.

We have no space for an account of the bloodless war which the two governments waged, or of the discharge by Rome of her smokiest and noisiest broadside, an Interdict. Suffice it that Paul the Pope was in the end obliged to remove the Interdict; that it had done injury only to himself, his power, and his Church; that Venice acquitted herself with admirable skill and boldness combined with discretion, and came off at last, chiefly through her terrible Friar, unscathed and triumphant.

For further information concerning this matter, as for much else, we must refer our readers to Mr. Trollope's book. It is very interesting, abounds in information, is clear in arrangement, and animated in style. We are happy to mention in conclusion that Mr. Trollope's views of the relations of the State to the Church, and of the essential incompatibility of their union, are those which we have long advocated, and that they appear to us to be unfolded with clearness, and to be defended with force.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SOCIAL LIGHTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

If a practical knowledge of mankind could be gathered from many volumes of biographical memoirs, we of the present day should have little left to learn regarding our forefathers in the eighteenth century. Time and the printing-press have done nearly as much for them as personal intercourse and the newspapers have done for the prominent characters of our own day. If they had no photographers to multiply their personal, or cunning correspondents to draw out their mental likenesses, they have found plenty of kind friends and admiring descendants to put together the dry bones of their former

selves, and to embalm forever in printer's ink the stories erewhile left to molder away in mildewed manuscripts and half forgotten traditions. Whether the dry bones might not sometimes have been allowed to lie as they were, and the stories have been consigned to the flames or the rag-merchant, certain it is, that the rage for personal memoirs, growing like the dropsy with its own surfeit, has turned the printing-press into one vast reservoir of old family papers of every kind, from which the future historian will be even more puzzled to pick his matter than thankful for the aid thus granted in the

collection of it. Printing has become so easy a process, and literary gossip is already in such wide demand, that ere long every family which owns a dozen old letters hidden away for years in a musty old box, will doubtless hasten to prove its respectability by getting them published for the benefit of the world at large.

Besides those who read them for love of gossip alone, or from an idle thirst for any thing new, personal memoirs have a certain charm for the many who look to see in them a reflection more or less faithful of their own minds and circumstances. It tickles their vanity, or at any rate wakes their sympathy, to find their own thoughts and feelings dressed up for them in words such as they, too, might in their turn have used; and the pleasure is all the greater if the person speaking to them moves in a different circle or happened to live a hundred years ago. Great is the surprise awakened in such people at discovering the resemblance between their own experiences and those of some one whose recent death may have furnished the best excuse for writing the history of his life; but greater still is their surprise when they are engaged in realizing the wonderful fact, that human beings who made more or less noise in the world a century or two ago, were not so very unlike their countrymen of the present day. To them history speaks almost in vain, unless it clothe itself in a heap of personal details, or put on the mask of a historical romance. They worship Charles the First for his Vandyke face, and see no good in the great Protector who wore his hair cut short, spoke with the twang of a modern Methodist, and was charged by his enemies with having kept a brewery. Of George the Third they remember nothing but his domestic virtues, while the infamy of Charles the Second is glossed over by a kindly prejudice in favor of the King whose taste in women was so largely illustrated by Sir Peter Lely. William of Orange had few warm partisans until Macaulay attempted to prove that he had really been very fond of his wife. Could Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth have changed faces, we should have heard but little of the latter's cruelty and the former's innocence. Chatham's statesmanship is embodied for the many in the famous picture of his last exit from the House of Lords. Pitt and Fox are chiefly remembered, the one for

his precocious steadiness in youth, the other for his exceeding wildness and the devotion he inspired in the heart of the very beautiful Duchess of Devonshire.

Those petty personal details which Macaulay, in an evil hour, made so popular both with readers and writers of history, have long served as trump cards to the regular biographer. Ever since the days of Boswell's Johnson, the publication of personal memoirs has become more and more frequent, until no one who ever had a dozen admirers out of his own family circle need despair of leaving behind him provocation enough for at least two octavos.

In these days of microscopic realism, Mr. Mudie is sure to bespeak a good many copies of any new work that promises to throw the very feeblest light on the very paltriest secret in the life of former days. Scores of diaries, more or less readable than those of Evelyn, Pepys, and Madame D'Arblay, keep tumbling out upon us year by year. Letters more or less inferior to those of Horace Walpole demand our notice at every turn. A whole library of illustrative literature has clustered round such names as those of Pope and Johnson. The author of *Esmond* and *The Virginians* has taken much needless pains to clothe his students of human nature in all the outward appearances of the eighteenth century, and to prove how easily an able writer can delude himself and his readers into the notion that he has really given them a life-like picture of the very age whose externals he has drawn so well. We know exactly, from countless sources, whatever use there may be in knowing, what sort of clothes were worn by the gentlemen and ladies of Queen Anne's or Chatham's day, at what hours they dined and supped, what kind of letters they wrote each other, how often the ladies quarreled over their cards, or the gentlemen went drunk to bed. It seems to have become an article of popular faith, that the more we learn of a man's outward circumstances, the more we are likely to know of his inner self; that the character of Johnson, for instance, would not be complete without some allusion to his large appetite, his ungainly figure, or his inordinate love of tea; that Marlborough's avarice as a man had some mysterious connection with his greatness as a general; and that our appreciation of the letters written by Lady

Mary Montagu is greatly modified by a knowledge of her objection to clean linen. Knowing that a man's character will sometimes show itself in the smallest trifles, many of us seem to imagine that any number of trifles will enable us to work out the needful problem; and that from a crowded catalogue of promiscuous details it is easy for any one to shape out a truthful likeness of the whole living and thinking man.

Still, even in the dullest memoirs, there is usually something worth noticing; and those which relate to celebrities of an age comparatively recent have special charms for many who would scorn the notion of reading them for amusement alone. Readers of the fair sex, and some men of half-womanly natures, long to have a closer acquaintance with the man whose public deeds or writings they have learned to admire. They feel a friendly interest in all that he ever did or said within the charmed circle of his own household, or among the friends of his everyday life. They like to hear Johnson arguing or disporting himself with Mrs. Thrale; to look over Stella's shoulder as she reads the last tender love-letter from the great Dean of St. Patrick's; to follow Sheridan from Westminster Hall to the home where a loving wife awaits his return. They fancy they can not come too near or in too frequent contact with the great man whom they have hitherto worshiped from afar. They would peer into every line of his face, would ponder over every word that falls, however carelessly, from his lips. It may be doubtful whether they gain or lose most by the nearer view; but by themselves it is commonly accounted for a gain. Even if they miss the fair ideal they had once conceived, there is consolation of a certain kind in the thought that no man is quite an angel, and that all men are brothers in their weakness, if not in their strength. There is, for such persons, a mournful pleasure in finding the golden image resting on its feet of clay—in beholding before them the dark wall of rugged mountain that seemed an hour ago like a soft blue cloud on the far horizon. Some minds also need to come close to the mountain before they can be satisfied that it is not a cloud. Unless they can rest on a strong groundwork of illustrative facts, they can not form for themselves any distinct idea of the persons about whom these facts are

told. As ladies never can realize the fact of a wedding until they have had a very particular account of the looks and dresses worn by each bridesmaid, and of the manner in which the bride behaved at different parts of the day's proceedings, so people of an unromantic turn need helping out with plenty of those picturesque trifles wherewith domestic biographers are wont to fill up the pictures outlined for them by the regular historian. For them the greater always includes the less. Alfred the Great is nothing to them until they have heard the story of his forgetting to turn the housewife's cakes; nor would Henry II. be less mythical in their eyes than Stephen of Blois, but for the pleasing fable of his Queen's unkindness to the fair Rosamond.

In memoirs of the better kind there is, undoubtedly, much to interest the curious reader, whether he search them with some special view or merely with a mind held open to take in useful hints from every quarter. Sometimes, as in those of Mrs. Delany, we are invited to examine a series of old letters, illustrating, with unconscious happiness, the social peculiarities of the age when they were first produced. Or again, as in the new volumes relating to Mrs. Piozzi, new grounds are offered us for reconsidering the truth of certain statements hitherto pressing hard on the wrong person in the alleged dispute between that lady and her bearish friend, Samuel Johnson. Or else we get a volume like that written by Dr. Carlyle, in which the main interest turns on a series of graphic sketches of the many famous or eccentric characters with whom the writer had some personal dealings during the course of a long and busy life. With books like these no one who cares to trace the connection between his own and the experiences of other days, will be inclined to quarrel on the score at least of their general usefulness. In all of them will be found a good many bits of strange or suggestive information which the true philosopher will gather up and stow away into their right digesting places as he goes along. Between them the observant reader can, if he chooses, piece together a pretty broad panorama of England's social and domestic life in the eighteenth century.

The first work in our list contains, in three bulky tomes, the life and correspondence of a lady remarkable in her own

day for many bright charms of mind and person, as well as for those peculiar circumstances which colored and determined the course of her outward life.* Here, indeed, the editor's enthusiasm for her honored kinswoman has tempted her to give us rather too much of a good thing. Mrs. Delany had a good deal to say for herself, but three big volumes, with heaven knows how many more to come, make up a larger monument than such a character, with all her claims on our notice, can be held to deserve. Family affection has treated us to a full-length portrait as large as life, when a sounder discernment would have been satisfied with a miniature or a moderate bust. Easily and cleverly as Mary Granville wrote, her letters are neither models of style nor masterpieces of original thought. Written chiefly in return for those received from a dearly loved sister, they contain much that in these days would only interest her own kindred, and not a little which even the most admiring biographer should have declined to reproduce. A more careful regard for the reader's patience would have amply repaid the editor for the addition it might have caused to her work of love. Had some of the letters been omitted, and others wisely curtailed, a good many of those explanatory notes which bear witness to Lady Llanover's accurate painstaking, would at once have been rendered needless. Her own reflections on certain passages, which either convey their own meaning, or suggest a meaning less elaborate than the one proposed, might also have been left unwritten, without lessening the value of the book. Even in these days of petty moralizing, her remarks on Mary Granville's skill in packing a box, and on her good faith in carrying out a commission, will hardly be deemed less trivial than the letter which called them forth. If Mary Granville tells her sister Anne that "the Duchess of Kingston is actually married to Lord Clare," why must her descendant bore us with full particulars of two people in whose identity not a soul now living is likely to feel concerned? When the heroine parts forever from Lord Baltimore, on some misunderstanding, which another word might have

cleared away, why should the editor waste time in a groundless effort to prove his lordship unworthy of the lady's regard, capping her remarks, too, by a wholly needless reflection on the gain accruing to "many of the girls in this century, if they would thus heroically cast off, at once and forever, their dangling lovers, when convinced that they are only followed for pastime," and so forth? But these and such like blemishes apart, there remains over a pretty large proportion of agreeable and instructive reading. Mary Granville wrote well about other things than bridesmaids' dresses, and handled prettily other questions than those connected with the wearing of black silk, or "shammy" gloves. Without being always accurate in her spelling, or attentive to the rules of syntax, she had a knack of uttering in an easy, graceful, and sprightly way, whatever came uppermost in her mind; and her natural powers of expression were further quickened and set off by that warmth of kindly feeling which enabled her, when she took up the pen, to forget all things else but the person to whom she was writing. If her style, like the spoken discourse of her day, be sometimes more involved or bookish than that of ours, it is evidently the style most natural to herself, and the very quaintness of mis-calling people by names borrowed or imitated from old romances, reminds us pleasantly of an age when poets still sang of Corydon and Pancharilla, and writers of every sort were content to mold their sentences or take their sentiments from the classic masterpieces of Greece and Rome.

But who, may some one ask, was Mary Granville? Her history during sixty years of her life is traced in these volumes, partly through her autobiography, partly through the letters she wrote from time to time to her sister and a few of her intimate friends. Her father, Bernard Granville, younger brother of Lord Lansdown, was himself a grandson by the younger line of that Sir Bevil Granville, who died at Lansdown, in the year 1643, "fighting for his King and country," and whose eldest son took up the title of Earl of Bath, bestowed on the father just before his death. Mary herself was born in the first year of the eighteenth century, at a small country-house at Coulston, in Wiltshire. After two years' schooling under Madlle. Puella, a French refugee, she went at eight years of age to live with her aunt,

* *The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany.* Edited by the Right Honorable Lady Llanover, 3 vols. London: R. Bentley. 1861.

the wife of Sir John Stanley, at Whitehall. Here, among other acquaintances, she formed an intimacy with a girlish cousin of her own age, Catherine Hyde, afterwards Duchess of Queensbury, "whose wit, beauty, and oddities, made her from her early years, when she was 'Kitty, beautiful and young,' to the end of a long life, a general object of animadversion, censure, and admiration." Of her beauty we get some inklings in a portrait engraved for these volumes, from an oil painting done by Mrs. Delany herself. Her oddities seem to have resulted in part perhaps from the worship paid to her beauty, but chiefly from the natural independence of a strong mind. She was twice on bad terms with the Court: once for throwing at the lord-in-waiting an apron, which she attempted to wear in defiance of courtly rule; and again, for daring to ask subscriptions in the royal presence in behalf of poor Gay, whose *Sequel to his Beggars' Opera* had been held to glance injuriously at the government. On receiving sentence of banishment from Court for the latter offense, she wrote an answer beginning in the third and ending in the first person; but breathing throughout a high-minded contempt for those who had sought to prejudice the King against her innocent friend. When Lady Hervey told her, with a slight sneer, that, now she was banished, the Court had lost its chief ornament, the retort that came at once to her lips, "I am entirely of your mind," showed her to be as prompt at need in her own defense, as the previous circumstances proved her forwardness in that of others.

While the beautiful Duchess was hurrying off to enjoy herself in Scotland, her old friend, Mary Granville, was bearing with much complacency her release from the heavy burden of forced wedlock with a man whose advanced age was only the least among many points of contrast between himself and his elegant, witty, accomplished wife. The poor girl's immolation had happened in this wise. After the death of Queen Anne, her father, a zealous Jacobite, and brother to a nobleman whose politics sent him for a while to the Tower along with Lord Oxford, withdrew into the country, wherein young Mary, fresh from her first experiences of London gayeties, her hopes of becoming a maid of honor blasted suddenly at the eleventh hour, presently followed him with feelings

of natural regret for the change from a busy round of social amusements to the quiet sameness of a lonely country-house, in the depth of a hard winter. Hours of work during the day, followed by games of whist in the evening, made up for some time the noiseless tenor of a life relieved by nothing more than a flirtation with one neighbor, or a friendship with another. At length Lord Lansdown, on his release from the Tower, invited Mary to come and stay with him. The courtly nobleman, whose verses Pope had praised, and Johnson was one day to criticise, took a special fancy for his clever and agreeable niece, and her days passed happily enough, until an old Cornish friend of his, Mr. Pendarves, came to stop with him, on the way to London. This fat, brown, slovenly, dirty-looking Orson, of near sixty, at once began paying his court to the bright-eyed girl of seventeen, who showed in every way she could her invincible dislike to the mate her uncle and aunt were bent on securing for her. But her uncle's quiet bullying, in behalf of a friend and fellow-Jacobite, combined with her own fear of hurting her father's prospects, by angering the brother to whom he looked for the means of helping his children, at length wrung from poor Mary an unwilling consent to a marriage that was only too sure to prove for one of them a continual martyrdom. "I was married," she wrote, many years after her husband's death, "with great pomp. Never was one dressed out in gayer colors; and when I was led to the altar, I wished from my soul I had been led as Iphigenia was, to be sacrificed. I was sacrificed. I lost, not life indeed, but all that makes life desirable—joy and peace of mind."

For seven years she bore her burden with a patience and self-denial most creditable at her young age, and memorable in days of somewhat loose morality in many points of the social code. Alike in the loneliness of her dismal Cornish home and amid the amusements of fashionable life in town, did Mrs. Pendarves show herself proof to all those temptations which her own nature, the effect of her many charms on others, the fashion of the day, and the constant raillery of her nearest acquaintances, conspired to throw in her way. "Among the faithless faithful only found," she was ever on the watch to disarm her husband's jealousy, at whatever sacrifice of even the most innocent

pleasures, and schooled herself from the first to carry out in every particular the promise she had made him on their marriage-day. One year—the third of her married life—she passed in almost perfect happiness, for her husband had been obliged to go on business to London, and her parents and younger sister came to live with her in his stead. After a month spent with them in return, at Buckland, she went without a murmur to rejoin her husband in town, and put up with the airs of an imperious sister of his, who, in spite of former promises, was now to become a fixture in their house. Here Mrs. Pendarves saw but little of her husband, save when the gout confined him, sometimes for six weeks together, to his own rooms, and then she never left him. Between these fits he would go abroad for the day among his riotous friends, never returning sober, and sometimes having to be led up to bed between two servants at six and seven o'clock in the morning. Shielded by her own good principles, and strengthened by the counsels of her kind old aunt, Lady Stanley, Mary Pendarves ran the gauntlet of London gayeties without swerving from the line she had marked out for herself some years before. "My being young and new," she says, "and soon known to be married to a man much older than myself, exposed me to the impertinence of many idle young men;" but, "by a dull, cold behavior," she managed to keep them at arm's length, all but one tiresome foreigner, who followed her down to Windsor, and "a gay, flattering, audacious" Earl of Clare, whose evil addresses were forced on her by the arts of her libertine friend, Lady Lansdown. But neither of these fared better than the vulgar herd.

At length her husband's sudden death, a few hours after he had made her one of his tenderest speeches, freed her from a yoke which neither time, nor even his real love for her, had made the less galling. "Some natural tears she shed, but wiped them soon;" and when her spirits had recovered from the shock of so sudden an event, and she came into possession of her modest jointure, her mind soon settled into a state of tranquillity unknown to her for many years past. Her letters from this time to her dear sister, Anne, grow more and more frequent, entertaining, and unrestrained. Reflections on matrimony and friendship, talk about Han-

del's last new opera and Cuzzoni's last triumph of vocal skill, a few playful *bouts rimés*, a quizzical sketch of some town exquisite, a lively account of the new king's coronation, a short description of the writer's "new pussy," a passing allusion to the new mode of wearing the hair—these and such like passages, sweetened by many a phrase of deep sisterly fondness, follow each other by quick and easy turns in the letters written during the first few years of her peaceful widowhood. A love-affair with Lord Baltimore, in which, as it seems to us, the lady was shy and the gentleman too easily put off by a feint of coldness, first marred "the even tenor of her way," and left deep traces on her heart for many years. From both her accounts of that last meeting which brought their long and checkered courtship to an untimely end, it seems clear to us that neither of them quite understood the other, and that the lady's wonted truthfulness played her false at the very moment when a few plain words would have set all to rights. The lover's hasty marriage with the daughter of the rich Sir Theodore Jansen resulted far more probably from wounded pride than from a previous design to shake off his earlier mistress. Whichever may be the truer reading, poor Mary's health gave way under the blow to her hopes, and a trip to Ireland with her friend, Mrs. Donnellan, was deemed advisable to set her up again. About this time, in spite of friends who exclaimed at her folly, she refused an offer of marriage with Lord Tyreconnell, whose title and great fortune seemed to her but small atonement for his silliness of character.

Mrs. Pendarves reached Dublin in September, 1731, and the most part of her eighteen months' stay in Ireland was divided between that city and Killala, the abode of Dr. Clayton, then bishop of that see. Her impressions of our people were as favorable as could be wished. "There is a heartiness among them," she wrote, "that is more like Cornwall than any I have known, and great sociableness." One thing that specially struck her in her travels was the poor condition of many houses compared with the abundant feasting she found therein. With Dublin, as it then was, excepting St. Stephen's green and "a few good houses scattered about," she expressed but little pleasure, but the environs seemed to her "delightful."

Even in those days we learn that the Cathedral choir was famous for its excellent singing; and in her visits to the theaters, she saw the acting of Dryden's *Spanish Fryar*, and the entertainment set up by Madame Violante, in whose band of juvenile performers little Peg Woffington had just been enrolled. Concerts, play-going, balls at the Castle, pic-nics into the country, card-parties at "quadrille" and commerce, visits to or from distinguished persons of wit or beauty, and the writing of letters describing all these things to her sister, enlivened the months that Mrs. Pendarves spent in the Irish capital. It was there she first met and learned to admire her future husband, Dr. Delany, whose wit and learning were to her his meanest praise: "The excellence of his heart, his humanity, benevolence, charity, and generosity, his tenderness, affection, and friendly zeal," as she writes in her autobiography, "gave me a higher opinion of him than of any other man I had ever conversed with." At his house she made acquaintance, the next year, with the great Dean Swift, with whose writings she had already become familiar, and with whom she was afterward to stand on the footing of a near friend. At this time she thought him "a very odd companion," who talked a great deal without needing many answers, had "infinite spir-its," and said "abundance of good things in his common way of discourse." But both then and afterward she seems to have found a more lasting pleasure in the less dazzling wit and milder virtues of Dr. Delany.

Like other women of her day, the liking shown for her by the Dean evidently flattered her into admiring him in return, and helped her to put up with the outbreaks of a temper not often sweet, and with attentions not seldom of the rudest sort. After her return to England they kept up a correspondence, of which her own share chiefly has been preserved; but enough of his remains to account for her perseverance in writing to one whose answers betrayed so flattering a mixture of tender compliment, witty trifling, and kindly, humorous good sense. It was something for any woman to be assured by such a man that one of her letters had made him happy for three days, besides sensibly improving his health; that her absence from Ireland was a heavy loss to the friends she had left there; that in all

the time he had known her he had never once found her guilty of a *boulade*; and that if he had tired her by the length of his letter, it was all owing to his great esteem for one of the few exceptions he had found to the prevalent heresy about women being bound to make general fools of themselves in order to please the men. The lady's letters to her "master," as in Dublin he used to call himself, are written more carefully, but with less ease of expression, than those she addressed to others, her willingness to amuse being checked by a pupil's fear of making some womanly blunder that might lower her in the esteem of so awful a critic. For betraying this fear on one occasion she was taken to task by the Dean, who protested against being taken for a pedant, pointing out to her the mistake of imagining that those who had most learning were inclined to be most critical, and declaring, that since his youth "the ladies in general were *ex-tremely* mended, both in writing and reading."

For ten years after her Irish trip Mrs. Pendarves lived an easy, cheerful life, surrounded, for the most part, by congenial friends, and able to devote herself with nearly equal zest to the reading of a hard book on philosophy and the excitement of a debate in the House of Lords or Commons. Her good father she had lost before her husband's death, and her aunt Stanley a few years later; but her mother and sister were still left to her, and the happiest moments of her own life were those in which she and Anne Granville could talk together, either by letter or word of mouth. Her favorite pursuits at this time were music and painting, in the latter of which she attained to no small excellence, if we may judge by the copies engraved from her own works. Of Handel's music she could never have enough. Of the speakers she heard in Parliament Lord Chesterfield was the one that pleased her best. Her account of the many hours she once waited in a fearful crowd before the doors of the House of Lords, and of the arts she used to get in at last against all rule, proves her to have been as thorough a woman in that respect as in any other. Like all the ladies of her day, she dabbled in lotteries and gambled, not without secret compunction, at cards. She enjoyed the theater, and could give her own reasons for liking the *Beggar's Opera* better, on the whole, than Field.

ing's *Pasquin*. Among the friends she made in these years was the clever and amiable Duchess of Portland, to whom, by request, she wrote that series of autobiographical letters which forms the setting of the present memoirs. At length, in 1740, her sister married a Mr. D'Ewes, and three years after, Mary Pendarves gave her hand and a good bit of her heart to that Dr. Delany whom she had first known twelve years before, and who had meanwhile gained and buried his first wife. Some months after the marriage she writes to her sister, that "if we are not happy, it *must* be our own faults; we have both chosen worthy, sensible friends, and if we act reasonably by them and ourselves, we may hope for as much happiness as this mortal state may afford." Dr. Delany was Dean of Down, and bordering on sixty at the time of his second marriage.

With this new husband Mrs. Delany passed many happy years, checkered by few clouds of domestic sorrow. As the most prosperous period of a nation's life is commonly the dullest to read, so the latter half of these volumes contains little enough to interest those who care neither for minute details of ordinary events, nor for the frequent mention in the text of names that need elucidation in the notes. Mary still writes away as often as ever to Mrs. D'Ewes, touching lightly on every thing that might amuse or interest her old friend; but either we have got tired by the end of the second volume, or her letters have lost the freshness and fire of early youth. Interesting items, however, turn up here and there. Mary still kept up her old tastes and employments, copied pictures from the great masters, missed no opportunity of hearing Handel, and made up an oratorio from *Paradise Lost*, for which he was to find the music. Her aversion to the exaggerated hoops the ladies began to wear about 1750 is amusingly suggestive at this very hour, in which the absurd fashion once more reigns supreme. The recipes quoted by her as infallible for ague, such as ginger plasters and sealed-up spiders hung as talismans round children's necks, might easily be matched by like whimsies in the present day. Her enthusiasm for the author of *Sir Charles Grandison* will tempt some few, perhaps, of the rising generation to dive into the pages of that half-forgotten leviathan. *Peregrine Pickle* she could

not read, because her sister had not recommended it; but in *Count Fathom* she discovered a more moral purpose than in most of the modern romances, the heroes of which seemed to her quite unworthy of the heroines. Fielding's *Amelia* neither she nor her husband liked; more moral but less humorous than *Joseph Andrews* or *Tom Jones*, it lacked the power of touching her deeply. In 1752 she saw Peg Woffington, at Dublin, enact Lady Townley better than she had ever known it done since Mrs. Oldfield's time. Her friendly regard for Swift, whose mental sufferings had at length been buried in his grave, drove her, about this time to express her deep resentment of the manner in which his character had been handled by his self-styled friend, Lord Orrery. Allowing the general truth of his lordship's remarks, she inveighed strongly against that silence on some points, and that undue dwelling on others, which seemed to her doubly disgraceful in the friend who had so often shared the dead man's privacy and seen him "in his most unguarded moments."

Excepting her mother's death and her husband's law-suits, which seemed for a time to cast some slur on his good name, Mrs. Delany had comparatively few troubles, until befell her the one great trial with which these memoirs come to a temporary close. That trial was the death of Mrs. D'Ewes, after an illness of several months, to which the Bristol waters had given no relief. She died in July, 1761, the year after the accession of George the Third. In her Mrs. Delany lost the friend and confident of forty years, a sister more beautiful than herself in person, and little, if at all, inferior in mind. In the volumes yet to come will be continued the story of her own life, which was prolonged for twenty-seven years more. That her *Remarks on the Court and Private Life of George the Third and Queen Charlotte* will be worth reading, we for our part, have little doubt; but the volumes that are to contain them will not be the worse for a careful abstinence on the editor's part from all those reflections, moral and biological, which the reader, if he chooses, can always make for himself.

There is some truth cutting more ways than one, in the proverb, that no man is a hero to his own valet. In such cases the heroic suffers eclipse nearly as often through the fault of the master as through

the blindness of the man. Few men of eminence can bear to be looked at in very homely undress. At such times they are but too likely to resemble those charming women who dazzle their little world of nights with a vision of angelic sweetness, and repay themselves with a two-fold discharge of sour looks and sharp words on all who have to encounter them the next morning. How many men or women are there who do not keep their virtues for the public, and their vices for their own families, or nearest friends? And who, we wonder, is most to blame, if constant familiarity with a man's faults drives his neighbor to ignore the virtues he has seldom if ever seen? The picture of a great man unbending may, sometimes, be very ennobling, but is it not oftener the reverse? Perhaps, it is Johnson's highest praise that his greater qualities were so readily acknowledged in his own day, by many who had most reason to cry out upon his glaring defects of mind and manner. Creditable to himself, and still more creditable to those who, under all provocations, continued to be his friends, is the fact of the personal homage so generally paid by both men and women to the rudest, roughest-spoken, least considerate, most overbearing of men—to the man who prided himself on being a good hater, who had no belief in disinterested kindness, who gorged himself at every meal, who turned the house of his hostess upside down, that others might share with him those hateful night hours which he himself could never while away in sleep. Here is the character given of him by his cotemporary, Soame Jenyns:

"Here lies Sam Johnson: Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly lest you wake a sleeping bear;
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was; but self-sufficient, proud, and vain;
Fond of, and overbearing in dispute,
A Christian and a scholar—but a brute."

This was the man to whom Mrs. Thrale during her husband's lifetime played the part of an admiring hostess, and whom, according to Lord Macaulay, she unkindly threw over soon after her husband's death. The latter assertion, Mr. Hayward, in his introduction to Mrs. Piozzi's Autobiography, has now shown to have sprung like many more ventured by the same writer, from nothing sounder than the decorative fancy of a brilliant es-

sayist.* Other misrepresentations touching the character and conduct of "Streatham's Hebe," come out clear in the new light which this editor has thrown on various passages in the works of Boswell, Madame D'Arblay, and some more cotemporaries of Johnson and Mrs. Piozzi. He has certainly succeeded in making a good defense for a lady whose own good name has suffered even more than it has gained from its connection with that of Johnson. It has been too much the fashion to interpret in the great man's favor every circumstance to which two meanings could anyhow be applied. Implicit credit has been given to a biographer who set himself from the first to glorify the one great planet at whatever disparagement of the "lesser fires," that helped to light up the same heaven. Because Boswell wrote circumstantially, at great length, he was supposed to have always written the truth, although he was the very last man whose word should have been readily taken against any one but himself. If he had wit enough to discern his master's greatness, he was none the less capable of revenging himself on Mrs. Thrale for the attention paid her by that master, and for the slights he doubtless suffered from a woman who would take no squeaking counterfeits of the original thunder. Mrs. Piozzi had talent enough to have shone conspicuous in any circle, but her nearness to the great literary star of her day, imparted a false and a fiery color to a light in itself remarkably pure. It has been her hard fate to be charged with ingratitude to the friend whose life her constant kindness had sweetened, if not preserved; while his gross impertinence toward her in the matter of her second marriage has been viewed as nothing more than an outburst of friendly zeal for one who was about to do a very shameful thing.

It seems to have been in 1764 that Johnson was first introduced to the Thrales at Streatham Park. The master of the house—a gay-looking man of the town, as his wife describes him, and a rich brewer, as every one knows—took an interest in his new guest, who spent the summer of the next year but one at Streatham; and from that time forward

* *Autobiography, Letters, and Remains of Mrs. Piozzi, (Thrale),* edited, with Notes and an Introductory Account of her Life and Writings, by A. Hayward, Q. C. London: Longman & Co. 1861.

for sixteen years Johnson continued to be a very frequent inmate of the house that had opportunely sheltered him in one of his darkest fits of morbid melancholy. So much had he liked his new acquaintances from the first, that in 1765 he followed them down to Brighton; and finding them flown before his arrival, fired off an angry letter, as if he had been personally misused. However, he seems to have been soon coaxed to return to a house in which he was always sure of finding an agreeable hostess and a first-rate dinner—two things for which he displayed, by all accounts, an equal liking. Thrale himself was fond of good dinners and gay company, while the charms of his wife's conversation drew to their house many who cared little enough for the good looks or courtly accomplishments of her husband. But for his timely introduction to the Thrales, Johnson's life would, probably, have been shortened and his latter days wholly embittered by the ascendancy of his old ailments over the mind they had already begun to weaken. That dreary menagerie of quarrelsome poor men and women which his great charity had brought together in the dingy old rooms in Bolt Court, was no resort for a man of his nervous sensibilities; and the soothing attentions of his new friends were needed to restore the balance of a mind already tottering on the brink of premature ruin. "To have been the confidential friend of Dr. Johnson's health, and to have in some measure, with Mr. Thrale's assistance, saved from distress at least, if not from worse, a mind great beyond the comprehension of common mortals," was an honor of which Hester Thrale gladly owned herself proud; but the service she thus rendered him was one which, perhaps, few women under the like circumstances would have rendered so uncomplainingly and for so long a time. With all his virtues the author of *Rasselas* had a weakness himself for the flattery he condemned toward others, and an amount of selfishness which would soon have sickened the most yielding of men, and cooled all but the largest-hearted of women. It was no small triumph of good-nature or even friendly forbearance for one of the most charming and talented women of her day to place herself, her house, her servants, for weeks together, at the great man's disposal, to wait breakfast for him till twelve o'clock and keep

filling his tea-cup till the bell rang for dinner; to be scolded by him for wearing a gown or ribbon which happened to jar upon his feelings or offend his taste, and to have herself or her servants kept up far into the small hours of morning for one who gave nobody credit for acts of voluntary self-denial. Granting him to have been as great and good a man as she herself believed him to be, it was not pleasant for a lady of fine culture to sit day after day at table with a man who disliked clean linen, ate his fish with his fingers, and lobster-sauce along with his plum-pudding, blurted out the most offensive truths on all occasions, and abused without mercy every one whose opinions differed from his own. If an allowance should be made for an eccentric genius, let us, at least, give full praise to those who bear with the worst eccentricities for the sake of that which they overlie. When the Thrales took pity on the poor melancholic giant, theirs was well-nigh the only house of any fashion which had hitherto received him as a guest. We wonder how many modern drawing-rooms would be opened to such a spirit entering in such a guise!

In his own rough way, however, Johnson was continually showing that regard for his new friends which time increased to something like a warm attachment for the lady. To her he addressed his choicest compliments, few and precious as gleams of sunshine between the showers of a winter-day. In honor of her thirty-fifth birthday he wrote the prettiest verses that ever came from his not ungraceful pen. For her sake he trotted with her about Southwark canvassing for Mr. Thrale, and shared with her the hard task of evolving order out of the chaos into which that gentleman's affairs had for some time been muddled up. His admiration for the rival in intellectual and the superior in womanly graces of Mrs. Montague has been not unfairly described as a mixture of "cupboard love, Platonic love, and vanity, tickled and gratified from morn till night by incessant homage." In spite of Mr. Boswell's sneers and innuendoes, Johnson's letters, verses, and reported sayings, contain no scant tribute to the mental and moral worth of his "lovely Hetty." Naturally fond of the women, he succumbed to the soothing spells of one whose match he had never yet seen for all the finer accomplish-

ments which set off the virtues of a kind hostess and the learning of a distinguished bluestocking. She, on her part, would not be slow to return the deferential tenderness shown her in his softer moments by the literary Goliath of her day, whose force of character and powers of speech confirmed the sway he already wielded through his pen. Through all their outward differences they were bound together by a fiber of common feeling that never quite gave way, even when her love for Piozzi stretched it to the breaking point. To him she doubtless appeared in the light of a favorite pupil, as by herself he was certainly regarded with the worship due to a Plato or a Pascal.

Lord Macaulay's occasional recklessness of statement has once more been thoroughly exposed in the matter of Mrs. Thrale's behavior toward her friend after the death of a husband who never cared much for her, and whom she had little reason to regret. Working on a hint from Boswell, the brilliant historian has made out a touching picture of Johnson's last visit to Streatham in 1782, when, after many broad hints that his company was no longer desired, he was fain at length, with many a prayer and sob, to leave forever the beloved home where he had once been so welcome a guest, and hide himself for the rest of his days in "the gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet street." In all this there is not a word of truth. Mrs. Thrale and Johnson left Streatham together, because the house had been taken by Lord Shelburne. Instead of retiring to Bolt Court, Johnson accompanied his "mistress" first to Brighton and afterward to Argyll street, which he seems to have made his home for all that winter. In the following spring, for reasons of economy, added to the worrying effects of Johnson's unhappy temper, Mrs. Thrale went to Bath, where she continued to interchange letters with her querulous but still loved friend. The worries she herself endured at this time on account of her domestic affairs and her known attachment to an Italian singer, whom her daughters and other dear friends determined she should not marry, did not prevent her from doing all she could to soothe, during the illness that befell him that June, the man whose selfish demands on her good nature nothing but absence could help her to evade. While her heart was breaking for a lover

whom she had just been bullied into sending away from her, she was forwarding to the sick lion kind messages and thoughtful presents in return for the letters in which he kept her minutely informed of his own health and doings. Nor did he, for his part, shut himself up in the house behind Fleet street. Whenever he was well enough to leave his rooms, he kept away from them as long as he had a friend to visit or a dinner to bribe him elsewhere. The greater part of 1784, the year in which he died, was spent in visits to Oxford, Lichfield, Ashbourne; and from a second visit to Dr. Adams, of Pembroke College, he returned, about the middle of November, to die a month after, of the dropsy. In the spring of that year he was still writing regularly to Mrs. Thrale, and in July, after the violence of his rage at her intended marriage had blown over, he sent her his kindest prayers for her future happiness, and hinted in a postscript, his desire to hear from her again during his trip to Derbyshire. These things being so, where is the grain of truth in Lord Macaulay's statement, and what becomes of his other assertion about Johnson's resentment leading him to forswear the very memory of his friend, and to fling into the fire every token of her which met his eye? Which is the more probable view of the latter incident—that Macaulay made much ado about nothing, or that Johnson said one thing to Mrs. Thrale and quite another thing to the rest of his friends?

Like others who have made some noise in the world, Mrs. Thrale had to go through a very trying ordeal before and even after she married her Italian lover. The taunts of her own daughters, who avenged on her the loveless union into which she had been driven with their father, the cool looks and loud remonstrances of her nearest friends, the unsparing comments of the public prints, on a matter with which the public had not the least concern, did indeed, for a time, frighten her into consenting to recall her promised troth. But nature was too strong for public opinion; her health gave way; and after a year's absence Piozzi was sent for, at the doctor's advice, to cure the complaint of his own causing. Nothing loth he hurried back to his dear mistress, and a few weeks after, on 25th July, 1784, a marriage took place of love on both sides, and of long-continued happiness on her

own. Once more the world that loved her dinners, or admired her verses, stormed loudly at the widow's breach of public and private decencies, but the thunder fell faint and meaningless on the ears of a woman who felt that no harm had been done to any one by an act which saved her own life, and brought her an amount of happiness such as she had never known before.

Among those whom she had acquainted with her intent to marry was Dr. Johnson, who replied to her in terms too savagely unjust for a spirited woman to take quietly, even from a friend so honored. "If you have abandoned," he wrote, "your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief." Because she was going to marry a Lombard gentleman, whom fate had driven to teach music in a foreign land, this sage old mentor at once believed her guilty of every crime and baseness under the sun. The spoilt old man had so long regarded her as his special property, a being ordained by Providence solely to amuse and feed him, that he at once hailed as a personal affront, her "igdominious" marriage with a foreigner who was sure to carry her away from the friends and social enjoyments of so many years past. The lady's answer was just what any one who cared for her husband, and knew herself free from blame toward her old friend and the world at large, would have written. Declaring Piozzi's birth, sentiments, and profession, to be at least equal to Mrs. Thrale's, she hoped his religion would teach him to forgive insults he had not deserved, while hers would enable her "to bear them at once with dignity and patience." To hear that she had forfeited her fame was, indeed, the greatest insult she had yet received, unless, perhaps, by her fame the Doctor meant "only that celebrity which is a consideration of a much lower kind," and for which she cared only as it gave pleasure to her husband and his friends. This letter, with its words of kindly farewell to one who had "long enjoyed the fruits of a friendship never infringed by one harsh expression" on her part, shamed Johnson into a milder mood. He wrote back to wish her every blessing consequent on a step, which, however he lamented, he had "no pre-

tense to resent," and urged her to prevail on Mr. Piozzi to settle in England, where her rank would be higher and her fortune more under her own eye; not to name other reasons which he would not then detail.

This piece of counsel had been already forestalled by Piozzi himself, who purposed to bring his wife back to England as soon as he had shown her to his friends and family, and paid off the debts she had incurred to her own relatives. Had Johnson lived a very few years longer, he would have seen his old mistress giving great dinner-parties in the old house at Streat-ham; courted once more by her old rival, Mrs. Montague, and fondly embraced by that dear Miss Frances Burney, who had quarreled with her at the time of her second marriage, and was afterward as Madame D'Arblay, to draw in her diary a pretentiously lame comparison between feminine Mrs. Piozzi, and the far from feminine Madame de Staël. He would have seen the hateful music-master received by the daughters his wife had never abandoned, with the courtesy due not only to their mother's choice, but even more to his own birth and mental attractions; while the happy wife was queening it with her wonted ease over a society whose jokes and slanders had gradually been hushed by the reports of her late reception in the best circles at Florence, Milan, and Brussels. As for her religion, she had had a hard fight to keep it whole between the opposite attacks at Milan of German philosophers and Italian priests; while the easy morals of her husband's countrymen had exposed her to another ordeal, out of which she came as clean as the most prudish of her sex could have wished to do. From her reappearance in England, to the day of her death in 1821, Mrs. Piozzi continued to charm and astonish more than one generation with the same flow of terse, witty, comprehensive talk, the same quick play of buoyant spirits, genial sentiment, and racy good sense, which delighted the cotemporaries of Mrs. Thrale. If unfriendly judges condemned her writings, and pulled to pieces her private character, there were hardly two opinions as to the excellence of her colloquial gifts, and the unfading richness of her social attractions.

Her writings in which she expressed herself too colloquially to please such purists as Gifford and Horace Walpole, help

us, for that very reason, to realize the general character of her talk. As Ovid lisped in numbers, and Sydney Smith poured out one witty fancy after another, so Mrs. Piozzi wrote as she spoke from a mind stored with any amount of apt illustrations, pointed epigrams, happy turns of thought, which a marvelously prompt memory and a quick apprehension brought up with equal ease to the point of her tongue or her pen. Of course like most women, she showed, at least in her younger days, continual traces of her companionship with minds of the stronger sex; and for some years her talk no less than her writings must have smacked largely of the Johnsonian manner, dashed with slighter borrowings from Burke. Yet the series of letters to Sir James Fellows, written when she was past seventy, fully accounts for the fame she still enjoyed as a social cynosure and talker of the first rank. In these her ready wit, invincible sprightliness, and wide range of illustration, seem brought out the more clearly from the easy terseness of a style that is all her own, while her old affection for all literary and political topics vents itself in scraps of verses, references from modern to ancient history, scholastic disquisitions, sharp but pointed, and criticisms on every new book that comes in her way.

Mr. Hayward has given us in these two volumes a most readable medley of choice extracts from her autobiography, diaries, letters, marginal notes, and fugitive poetry, besides selections from her work on *British Synonymy*, of all which the latter alone might as well have been omitted. It is a pity that the rest of his matter has not been worked into a regular biography. Between his own and her part of the performance, he has, however, succeeded in presenting us an agreeable picture of a woman, as estimable, on the whole, as she was brilliant, whose sound heart and generous impulses were acknowledged by many of those who looked coldly on her more eccentric deeds. For what the world deemed her greatest folly, she has offered the best defense in a passage from her dairy, written partly in 1782, before she had fallen in love with Piozzi: "A woman of passable person, ancient family, respectable character, uncommon talents, and three thousand a year, has a right to think herself any man's equal, and has nothing to seek but return of affection from whatever partner she pitches on. To marry for love would, therefore, be rational in me, who want no advancement of birth or fortune; and till I am in love, I will not marry, nor perhaps then."

From Colburn's New Monthly.

MODERN FRENCH HISTORIANS.

NOTHING is more curious than the backward movement which has been going on in French literature during the past few years, and the disputes to which apparently well-recognized historical facts gave birth. The Reformation, the Renaissance, and the Great Century could not be alluded to without at once entailing quarrels and abuse. One furious writer, who constantly rages against every thing connected with modern enlightenment, boldly declared that Louis XIV. acted very wisely and rightly in the revocation of the Edict of

Nantes, and the friends and defenders of tolerance wrote most earnestly against him, as if they were defending a cotemporary fact. On another occasion, an abbé poured out his Dominical gall in a pamphlet, in which he demanded in the name of his religion and Church that the study of the old classics should be abolished from schools as godless rubbish, and at once a pen-and-ink warfare began, into which the whole of the French clergy were gradually drawn. Soon after began a dispute about the Middle Ages, which had long

been consigned to a literary limbo, and in which one party saw a model of development and government, the other only bigotry and reaction. But the explanation for this may be easily found: French authors are unable to write what they would wish with that freedom necessary for a satisfactory result, and they vent their spleen on M. de Persigny by attacking one another.

An interesting history might be written about French literature under the Empires and the Restoration. Before the Revolution authors were under strict police control. We must not forget that Father Daniel was accused of high treason, because in his history of France he omitted four of the Merovingian kings, and Fréret did penance in the Bastille for his daring assertion that the old Franks were not a nation, but a federation. The Revolution removed none of the obstacles in the path of historians, and the Empire which, as Thierry wittily observed, held a state monopoly of history, ordered the official continuation of President Hénault's poor *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France*, and of the Abbé Velly's *Histoire de France*. During the Restoration authors fared no better, and the censorship absolutely prohibited Augustin Thierry's treatise on the time of the Merovingians, under the pretext that he had maliciously lopped off five hundred years from the age of the French monarchy. But history could not be impeded by police regulations, and ere long it rent all the red-tape bonds that held it. Original memoirs and documents were sought out and cleansed from the dust that covered them; chronicles, poems, medals, portraits, all were cross questioned: in a word, a renaissance on a small scale commenced. The Middle Ages, so long contemptuously treated, regained their honor and repute, and the whole learned world went mad on Gothicism. Never during their existence as a nation have the French displayed greater reverence for their history, and perseverance in the restoration of monuments than from 1818 to 1848.

Since the last revolution, however, great changes have occurred. The events of the years 1848 to 1852, which let the history of France slip from the straight path, and altered its apparently logical progress, embarrassed the historians, and they held their hand. A great change, too, had taken place in the nation. With the de-

velopment of commerce and industry, a taste has been aroused in them for increased expenditure, though we fear that the publishers derive the least profit from it. The present state of literature in France is unparalleled. Such books as the memoirs of Leotard, or of Rigolboche, are sold by thousands or tens of thousands, while a publisher turns with pious horror from any manuscript of respectable caliber. We will not assert that books do not appear: on the contrary, more are now produced in Paris than ever was known, but they are no food for strong men. History made easy, and immoral romances, such is the pabulum offered the rising generation of France. Under these circumstances we have thought it would not be beside the question if we cursorily ran through the list of French historical writers, and showed our readers the nature of the works on which the next history of France will require to be based.

There was a time when Augustin Thierry could write, without fear of contradiction, that "France possessed no national history." The great question was, who should undertake such a task, which demanded a combination of powers and qualities rarely found in an individual. Several distinguished men, therefore, divided the labor between them; the brothers Augustin and Amédée Thierry taking up the oldest period of French history, in which they made some valuable discoveries, while Guizot, Ampère, Villemain, and several others, undertook special departments. Bolder than these, Michelet and Henri Martin set to work writing the complete history of their nation.

Michelet has now all but terminated his *Histoire de France*, which he has constantly begun and left off again. The first six volumes (1833-1845) contain the history of the oldest period and the middle ages: they are written in the romantic style prevalent at the period, and may be regarded as the author's masterpiece. In the seventh volume, entitled *Renaissance*, Michelet assumes a perfectly different tone, and speaks contemptuously of the middle ages. The liberal way in which Michelet confesses his error, certainly redounds to his honor, still, it is a pity that he did not adhere to his original plan. When he began his history he was not mixed up with the commotions of parties and journals, which took scarcely any notice of his work; he was regarded as a

fanatic writer, and christened the "hierophant of historiographers." Aroused from his contemplative life by a dispute with the Catholic party, his passionate temper hurled him into the bitterest polemics. His bold demeanor cost him many friends, and the Minister of Worship threatened to deprive him of his professorship at the College de France. This was pouring oil on the flames, and Michelet at once sought support from the extreme party. In his *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, a painfully bitter tone is perceptible, and this was carried into the other volumes of his great historical work. Though his descriptions are always peculiar and lively, there is an exaggerated straining after effect, and he passes almost without transition from the most poetical style to the coarsest language. Indeed, he appears to have an indescribable delight in seeking out and employing cynical and improper language, as witness his characters of Mary Stuart, Marguerite de Valois, and Catherine de Médicis. We are bound to say, on the other hand, that he is most impartial in his abuse of Guises and Valoises, Catholics and Huguenots, Leaguers and Frondeurs; in short, all France of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is morally guillotined. If Michelet complains against the harsh verdicts passed on him, (as he does against the Doctrinaires, for instance,) he ought to confess that he is measured by his own wand. At the close of the tenth volume he says plainly—"This history is not impartial," and we might overlook this, were he not at times purposely and prematurely severe. His descriptions frequently do not agree with what he tells us in cooler blood about the same persons or others connected with them.

The eccentric medley of good points which easily degenerate into faults, and and of faults which often possess the charm of beauties, justifies the most contradictory opinions about Michelet. However much we may protest against his fashion of writing history, we can not close our eyes to the fine thoughts, pointed remarks, witty suggestions, and admirable qualities scattered through his writings. The most striking thing about Michelet is, however, his individuality; his pen follows the changes of his temper, and appears to be governed by his digestion. This individuality is the spice of his writing, but it is also his greatest

injury, for he pleases the reader or displeases him *personally*, just in the same way as we feel an instinctive attachment or revulsion for a person for which we are quite unable to account. When we have read the last six volumes of Michelet's history, we are full of the impressions the spectacle has left upon us; we have been present, so to speak, at the representation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on the stage; the feasts of the Borgias, Savonarola's martyr-death, the merry life at Fontainebleau, the gloomy apartments of the Escorial, the roof of the Sistine Chapel, Luther's writing-cell, Albert Durer's workshop, the Parisian marriage of blood, the menagerie of Henri III., the murder of Henri IV., Richelieu's cabinet, Corneille's tragedies, the accouchement of Anne of Austria, the sleeping apartments of court ladies and nuns, under Louis XIII., all this we see vividly, and yet have no distinct general idea of those two centuries. The Renaissance, the Reformation, the League, and the Fronde show us their stormy scenes, but do not reveal their mysteries.

Although Michelet fails in his general representation of history, he can describe in the most masterly manner concrete things; and that quickness of temper which renders him unfitted to contend with abstract ideas is most serviceable to him when he has to introduce a character, describe a landscape, or explain a work of art. In such instances he displays an astounding wealth, an inexhaustible store of images and parallels, which he dispenses with profuse liberality, but always with the instinctive tact of the true artist. It is just the same with the colors he employs; they are at times glowing and dazzling, but never false or offensive to the eye. As regards his portraits, we may safely assert that since Saint-Simon no Frenchman has drawn them so vividly and correctly. In his last six volumes we find them in every variety; full-lengths in gala costume, miniatures, and even profiles, drawn with a couple of bold strokes, but all of extraordinary similitude, because the characteristic feature is eagerly sought and brought out. An artist himself, Michelet has a fine feeling for works of art; and this picturesque, descriptive talent, and constant reference to domestic history, form the greater part of his originality, and render him worthy of a place among the first writers of the age.

Henri Martin has recently completed his *Histoire de France*, in sixteen volumes, and the merit of the work consists in its being written after a regular plan; and while containing the result of much personal research, has appropriated the labors of other historians. It is, in fact, merely a new edition of a former work, five times crowned by the French Academy, and which appeared completed; but the last volume had scarce come out ere the author determined to remodel it entirely. Henri Martin evidently rivals his master, Augustin Thierry, and has many of the qualities that go to constitute a good historian; morally regarded, his love of truth and desire for accuracy become in him timidity and passion. Though indefatigable in his researches, his conscience never appears satisfied, and his work is overlaid with references, which is much like giving the reader the dross from which the gold has been extracted. Henri Martin is the produce of that mental movement which took place in French literature in 1820, and is in action to this day. The parliamentary age was certainly a glorious one for France, especially the first half of it, which produced so many orators and poets, philosophers and historians; men such as Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Augustin Thierry, Cousin, Thiers, Royer-Collard, Villemain, and Guizot. The French still live on these names, and through them maintain their literary reputation in Europe. Strangely enough, the same men whom the revolution of July tore from literary pursuits and introduced to a political life, the February revolution sent back from politics to literature. Deprived of all sympathy with affairs of state, they live in great retirement amid a very limited circle of friends; as silent observers of the present order of things, but by no means as idle lookers on. On the contrary, they wield the pen diligently, and any mental movement still existing in France emanates chiefly from them. The events which deprived them of their honors and offices have fortunately left them their courage, their talent, and their love of work. After forty years have elapsed they again find themselves at the head of the literary world, as they were in the most brilliant days of the Restoration. Since the political system they sought to establish has been overthrown, they can only keep its memory alive in the histories they write. History,

in short, is the consolation of these literary John Lacklands.

Like other ex-ministers of the July dynasty, Guizot sought solace for his enforced absence from the scene of splendor and grandeur in severe study, and obtained a compensation for his fall in continuing the labors of his life. Since 1848 he has continued one of his most valuable works, which he commenced in 1820, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*, and to the two first volumes has added four others, containing the history of this revolution from the death of Charles I. to the Restoration. Guizot was always attracted by English history, and derived from it that anti-Gallican, almost superstitious reverence for constitutional forms, which compose what we may call his state religion. A man who, like Guizot, regards the English and French revolutions "as two battles in the same war," can not help anticipating the same result, and foreseeing a restoration across the water. Still, we must do him the justice of stating that if he entertain this opinion, he has kept it to himself, and in his description of the English republic and dictatorship strictly adhered to his functions as historian. His language is always masculine, serious, and effective; and though his views may not always be tenable, they are certain to be clever and sharp. Guizot has not yet completed his work, which he hopes to do with the deposition of James II. We shall then have a perfect history of the English revolution, and in it a fine and lasting memorial to modern French literature.

Thiers has all but completed his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*. We are not aware whether it cost him any trouble, but he has certainly not poured out on the First Empire his wrath with the second; perhaps, though, he foresaw the same termination for both as a logical sequence. He treats his subject with a decided liking for it, and develops in its full power his world-renowned talent for bringing facts superficially together, and for explaining in a fluent, ready style (which has no other attractions than those qualities, however) financial matters, strategic movements, diplomatic negotiations, etc. While Thiers as historian has not at all altered from the outset his descriptive manner, Mignet, on the other hand, has in his later works greatly departed from his original style. His *Charles Quint, son Abdication et sa Mort à St. Yuste*, is the

most interesting of his works in the second manner. He has so admirably combined grave historical facts with epistolary gossip, politics with anecdote, while at the same time evidencing intense research, that his work reads exactly like memoirs left by a cotemporary. We will not assert that Mignet was the first French author that employed this method of treating history, but we claim for him the merit of having ennobled and almost appropriated it.

At the same time, Mignet employs the utmost pains to impart to his story of the ailing emperor all the dignity of history. Rarely have smaller things been produced in a grander style, or ordinary objects treated with a nobler pencil: in fact, like Murillo, Mignet has succeeded in throwing the brightest and most golden sunshine over common-places which are not often exposed to the brilliancy of daylight. So great is his art, that although Mignet details all the events of Spanish history from 1555 to 1558, the turmoil of the political arena does not cause the reader such excitement as the silence and solitude in Charles V.'s bed-chamber; and the news from Valladolid or Brussels, Fontainebleau or the Quirinal, appears almost insignificant compared with the story of the sickening Emperor. Any one acquainted with Charles V.'s ordinary character from general history can easily imagine how he speaks of friend and foe, how he writes to the heirs of his kingdom, or how he receives the news of the defeat of the Spanish army, and a disadvantageous treaty of peace; but the majority have no idea of the real man, of the many details history necessarily leaves unnoticed, of his private friendships, his mode of conduct, his weaknesses, his whims, his contradictions, his absurd amours, his noble impulses, his incurable gluttony, and his few great and noble actions in private life and dressing-gown. What most fascinates attention, then, in Mignet's book is the sickly Emperor, speedily about to die; the kindly master of Chamberlain Quijada, and the faithful patron of the Jesuit Francisco; the tender father of Don Juan of Austria, and the equally affectionate brother of Eleonore of France; the timid sinner who says to his confessor, "Listen, brother; it is my firm will that you do not go from here without my knowing it, because I insist on you not leaving me for a moment;" the gouty and obstinate old pa-

tient, who amuses himself with clocks, has a superstitious faith in dates, ruins his digestion with fresh tunny, swallows quarts of ice-cold beer even in winter, and who receives as presents from Queen Catherine of Portugal sweet-smelling essences, Indian cats, and parrots; the pious old man, who has it made known by trumpet-sound throughout the land that no female is to come within two bow-shots of the monastery under the penalty of two hundred lashes—all this, we repeat, great and small strangely mingled, fascinates us in this description of the last years of Charles V.

The authors hitherto mentioned sufficiently testify that the culture of history, developed under the July dynasty has been till very recently fostered and maintained. Instead, however, of obtaining a fresh impulse or progressing, it has at present remained stationary — perhaps even retrograded. A fashion grew up of selecting unimportant historical personages as a peg on which to hang piquant details, and the public grew tired of books which it has recently become the affectation in this country to call monographs. As Michelet very justly said: "We have evoked history, and now it is crushing us under its weight." Fortunately some clever men hit on the idea of writing what we will call, if we dare, the romance of history, and as a necessary consequence the women of history resumed their proper place, and the great and most popular leader of this movement is Cousin. Deserted or unhappy lovers, as a general rule, summon philosophy to their aid, and implore it for consolation or forgetfulness, but Cousin does exactly the opposite; he consoles himself with pretty women for the faithlessness of philosophy and politics, and, to be quite secure against betrayal and perfidy, he selects them at a distance of two hundred years. He is impassioned for the ladies of the Fronde, among whom he has chosen the Duchess de Longueville as the charmer of his heart. From the outset, rather the historian of philosophy than the founder of a distinct philosophical system, Cousin has thus fortunately entered his right element. In the lively and warm coloring which he spreads over his description of historical facts, in his talent to render archæological studies attractive to the general reader, and the fantastic glow with which he illuminates the cabals, quarrels, and scandal of a past age, he is unequalled. He is an historian *sui generis*,

and he has been justly surnamed a seventeenth-century man, for in style and treatment his books seem written by a cotemporary of Pascal, who might have been in correspondence with Madame de Sévigné, and written additions to the memoirs of Cardinal de Retz. His *Études sur les Femmes Illustres et la Société du XVII^e Siècle* consist of four female portraits—Madame de Longueville, Madame de Sablé, Madame de Chevreuse, and Madame de Hautefort. He represents the ladies of the Fronde not only as historical, but as poetical personages, and his books possess, if not the certainty of thorough historical works, at any rate the attractiveness of historical romances.

The only fault we find with Cousin is that he has become the founder of a bad school. At the present moment France swarms with small historians, who, not having the talent to generalize, crowd the market with "mémoires pour servir." No personage is too insignificant to become the hero of such volumes, and the public buy them up eagerly as a pleasant way, we assume, of learning history. Voltaire alludes somewhere to the congregation of unimportant details, which he calls the "vermin of history;" and at the present moment France is terribly plagued with them. You see nothing but Bossuet and his age, Colbert and his age, Diderot and his age. This adoration of personality in history is a sign of the times; memoirs are said to be easier and pleasanter reading than history proper, and the most earnest men no longer venture to go thoroughly into a subject for fear of wearying their readers. In a word, the superficiality, which has been growing the curse of France under the Empire, has fairly invaded her literature. Still it is difficult to find fault with a system to which such men as Mignet and Cousin have lent their powerful sanction.

Even from the earlier period of French history Amédée Thierry selected biographical details and collected them into a work, bearing the title of *Histoire d'Attila et de ses Successeurs*. Still, much has not been dug up from this poor soil, and the more fertile ground of the Reformation has been left to lie fallow; but, on the other hand, the age of the Reformation has been industriously turned up, and we have been favored with full information about the League before all. On this important point two camps have long

been formed; one party regarding it as the protector of the monarchical system, the other as a democratic movement emanating from the people. M. de Chalambert, in his *Histoire de la Ligue*, stepped forth as defender of the first view, but with such weak arguments that his opponents very easily refuted him. It was found much more difficult, however, to put down the second and absurd notion, which is very popular in France. Michelet was the first to attack it with the whole weight of his eloquence, and at a later date Henri Martin coincided in his views. Both characterize the League as "a system of terror in the Hispano-Catholic interests." In no history is any thing so fearful to be found as this mad government of monks, fencing-masters, students, and priests, in the pay of Philip II.; rapine and bloodshed preached from every pulpit, and proclaimed in every street and square; murder and arson, robbery and plundering going on in open day. Attempts have been made to persuade people that there was a political idea in this horrible chaos, but both writers we refer to declare that any "idea" must be sought at Madrid: in Paris only mercenaries could be seen, who performed their sanguinary task for the stipulated price, and killed men like dogs for a few sous. But we do not agree with the two historians, when they try to draw a distinction between the days and nights of anarchy and popular fury in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, between the Leaguers and the Septembriseurs. It is clearly proved by the Marquis de Saint-Aulaire, in his *Les Derniers Valois, les Guises et Henri Quatre*, that the murderers of September are descended in a straight line from those of St. Bartholomew, just as the Leaguers of what is called the "day of the barricades," (May twelfth, 1588,) are the lineal ancestors of our "Reds" of the July days. France still possesses her Leaguers, although, in the present state of things, they do not speak out so openly, and do not look for assistance from Spain so much as from Austria.

The impatiently awaited work of Mignet, in which his lasting fame will be established, *L'Histoire de la Réformation*, could not appear at a more fitting time than the present. In the mean time people must content themselves with the history of the French Reformation, written by M. Puaux, a Protestant minister. The

two volumes which have hitherto appeared bring the history up to St. Bartholomew's night. It is carefully and rather warmly written, and is remarkable among other respects for the avoidance of all polemical questions, as far as possible. Altogether, it is a work which should be better known in this country than we believe it to be.

A very peculiar bias taken by the most recent French literature is the preference displayed for what is called in that country "the Great Century." It is not so long ago when the French gladly recognized all that was good and noble in all nations and times; no heir of the great human family was repulsed, neither the middle-ages, Rome, Athens, nor the East; Shakespeare and Dante were esteemed as highly—perhaps more highly—than the old favorites of the nation, Corneille and Racine; Walmski stood by the side of Homer, Kalidasas with Virgil, Hafiz with Horace: a desire was entertained to love and honor all. The nineteenth century, it was proposed, should be a true Pantheon of centuries, where a man could wander among the manes of all the great immortals who have shed lustre on the power of the human mind. But this desire for universality was, after all, only a foreign fashion introduced into France, and after a while things grew as they were, like a bow of which the string has been loosened. The French are now as fully convinced as they formerly were that all foreign models when compared with native, are as dwarfs to giants, and they believe that the seventeenth century is the ideal of human perfection in literature, art, mind, and character; in short the real *sacculum summum*. With many we allow that this is only an historic belief, but many, on the other hand, take the trouble to give it a critical justification, and excellent French authors display a peculiar zeal in this. Every page of their books testifies to a lively preference for an age, which certainly, from a certain point of view, has good points to recommend it. Taking the space occupied by a few years, and restricting ourselves to the court circle, it offers us a wondrous spectacle; characters, passion, talent, and minds, all bear a powerful impress of greatness and thoroughness; but on leaving the charmed sphere, we find in other classes of society, oppressed, irregular, and sad relations, as bad as at any other epoch of history. While the small

selection glistens with splendor, the mass of the nation lives in outer darkness. We can understand the admiration for the seventeenth century on the part of those who are of opinion that in the world any thing great can only be effected by the few, and at the same time the views of those who believe that no permanent grandeur is possible in a state unless the majority coöperate in the government. Hence there are two ways of regarding the seventeenth century, and every thing depends on our choice of the wider or the narrower. Most French authors nowadays select the latter, and we can not blame them for doing so, regard being had to the present state of matters in France. Men who feel an aversion from the existing rule only too gladly seek an elysium in a time of past glory. The Horatian *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo* will long remain the favorite motto of a great number of patriotic spirits, who will select the seventeenth century as their gathering-ground, for it was the seventeenth century in which that motto was most brilliantly illustrated, and we have no cause to complain of this, for the reverence for the Great Century produces works which have their value, after all. For instance, Cousin has raised himself in his *Lives of the Distinguished Ladies of the Fronde*, a monument which will longer protect him from oblivion than his philosophic works will do. The number of such biographies annually increases in France: their authors have more or less kept the celebrated model before their eyes, and, thanks to the prevailing love of imitation, it seems as if every body connected with that age will march past us life by life. The best memoirs of this description, however, have hitherto been produced by Oscar de Vallée and Amédée Renée.

Oscar de Vallée made his début as a political writer with a philippic against the Bourse mania, *Les Manieures d'Argent*, which produced a sensation, if not an effect. A conviction of the impotence of struggling against the spirit of the age probably led him to historical studies, and at present he holds a high place among the distinguished authors who have emigrated into the seventeenth century. His latest work, *Antoine Lemaistre et ses Contemporains* is no mere memoir, but a picture of the day, and throws a brilliant light on the satirical side of life and man-

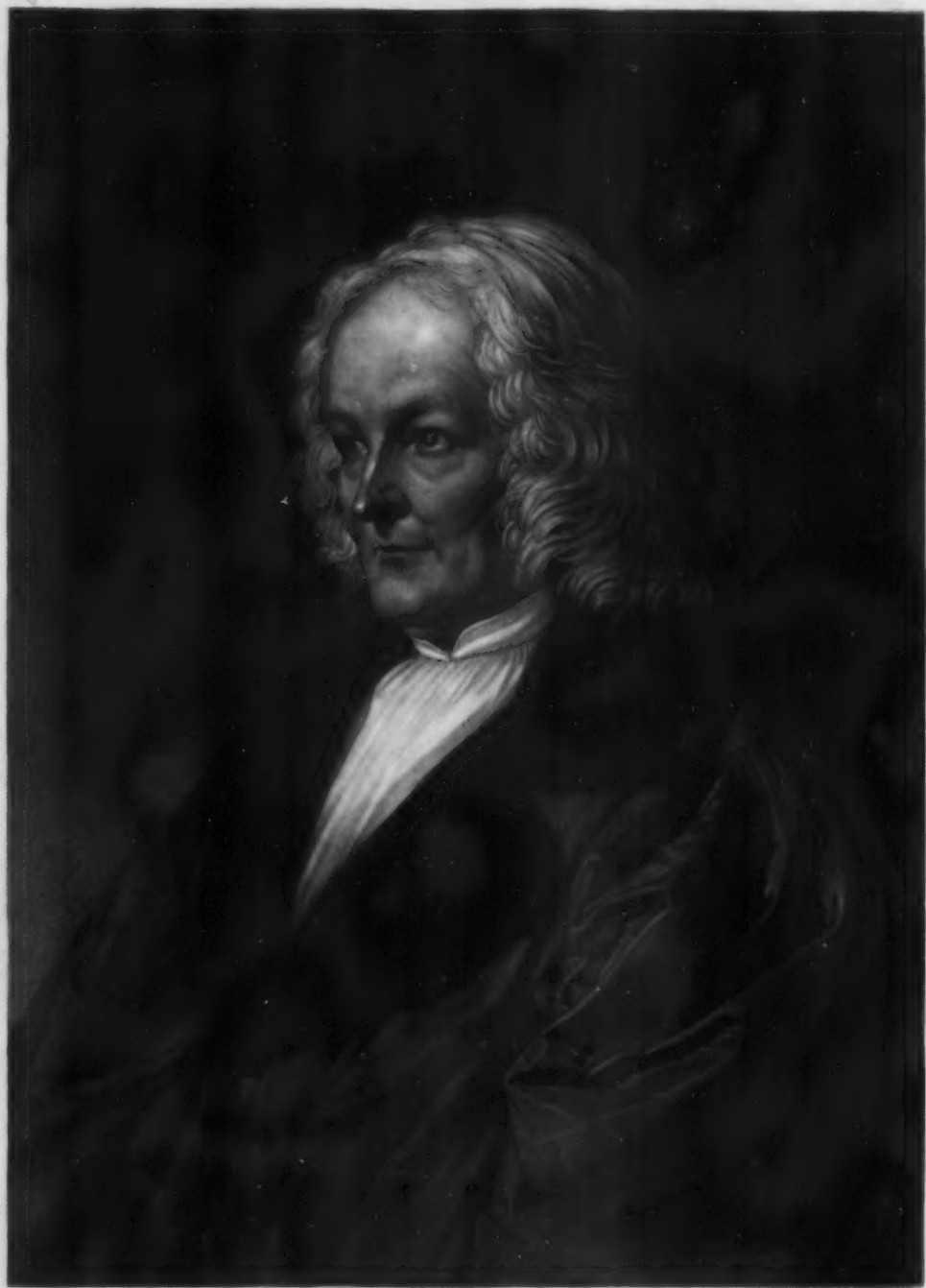
ners at that day. Other books have depicted this century at court, in salons, theaters, and the confessional, but De Valée goes deeper, and mercilessly exposes the rottenness of the scaffolding on which the state building was erected.

Amédée Renée has lately become distinguished as author of several historical works, and not so long ago conducted the political department of the *Constitutionnel*, which, as the world knows, has been converted from a liberal Saul into a right-minded Paul. His volumes, *Les Nièces de Mazarin* and *Madame de Montmorency*, prove how thoroughly Renée is up to his work. He seems really to have lived in the past, and been the confidential adviser and friend of the personages he introduces on the scene, and all this, too, without parade of learning or attempted fine writing. Some years back Renée was intrusted with the completion of Sismondi's *Histoire des Français*, and wrote the thirtieth and last volume, which has recently been brought out in a separate and improved form, under the title of *Louis XVI. et sa Cour*. This volume forms a strange contrast to Sismondi's manner. The other volumes are Genevese; that is to say, full of information, but without color, life, or warmth. The last is Parisian; that is, piquantly witty, at times even brilliant, always lively, and admirably written, for Renée is what Sismondi never was in the higher branches of literature. He also varies greatly in his mode of handling his subject: he is not a Protestant, like Sismondi, and consequently more free from the influences of the eighteenth century. With him history is before all personal, and he considers that enough has been done when correct likenesses of the characters are given.

From the Great Century to the times of Louis XV. seems but a step, and that step has been taken by M. de Capefigue, at the present day the most daring adulator of the eighteenth century, and author of a great number of historical works, which find a ready sale, at the expense of good taste and healthy discrimination.

Capefigue treats history like a huge Bologna sausage, from which he cuts off slices to serve up-on publishers' counters. His treatment of history is indubitably piquant and highly spiced, and his views are so strikingly novel that he stands alone among historians. This was specially the case in two of his recent works, one in a sky-blue wrapper, entitled *La Marquise de Pompadour*, the other in white, with a rosary upon it, and the title *La Comtesse du Barry*. The interior of these books harmonizes exactly with their exterior: that periwig age which persons have hitherto fancied concealed in a dense cloud of powder, M. Capefigue sees in the most brilliant light, and what ordinary mortals regard in this age as rouge, falsehood, and impotence, is in his sight naught but nature, truth, and energy. He very bitterly upbraids the immorality of all the historians who have treated of the reign of Louis XV. before him, and zealously attacks the philosophers, parliaments, Montesquieu, D'Alembert, Voltaire, but above all, Diderot, "the epicurean swine from the herd of Encyclopedists," who insulted the charming Marchioness and Countess, and deferred the hour of their canonization. At the present time M. Capefigue is engaged in collecting materials for the lives of the French royal mistresses of the sixteenth century, having already produced those of the mistresses of the Grand Monarque in his *Mademoiselle de la Vallière*. Alexandre Dumas fils, as dramatic author and writer of romances, is of mental affinity with Capefigue as historian, and they are both on the same road to immortality.

And here we must break off for the present, though our subject is far from exhausted. In fact, space has forbidden us touching on the legion of books referring to the first French revolution, but we propose to make them the subject of a separate article. Our object having been to point out to the student of French history the more important works he should consult, we have necessarily omitted many, but the works to which we have alluded may be regarded as trustworthy.



the steel by John Sartain Phil^a

for the Editor

the Original by F. Krøyer

ALBERT THORWALDSEN.

ALBERT THORWALDSEN.

THE name of this eminent man and renowned sculptor will live in the art which he adorned as long as admiration for beautiful statuary shall last. We deem a portrait of this great man and artist a fitting adornment of *THE ECLECTIC*. Among the names and portraits which embellish this work, the lineaments of his face and its strongly-marked features will excite interest and attention. ALBERT THORWALDSEN was a native of Denmark, and his lineage said to be traceable from the ancient and royal house of Harold Hildetand. His father, Gotschalk Thorwaldsen, was an Iclander, and a carver of figure-heads for ships. Albert was born at Raisciawich, near Copenhagen, November 19th, 1770. At the age of twelve years he was admitted as a student at the Academy of Fine Arts at Copenhagen, where he received instruction from the painter Abildgaard. In 1787 he gained a silver medal; and two years after, a gold one, for a composition of Heliodorus driven from the Temple. In 1793 he received the highest reward that could be conferred on a student; this was the grand prize which carried with it the substantial advantage of an allowance, for a term of years, of five hundred thalers, equal to rather more than a hundred pounds English. This provision placed it in his power to travel, and after some time he proceeded to Italy, the great school of art. He arrived in Rome, after a tedious voyage of ten months, in a Danish frigate, in 1796.

For some time he was undecided whether to devote himself to sculpture or painting as a profession, till his visits to the Vatican, where so many masterpieces of sculpture are collected, determined his choice. For a time he doubted his ability to approach the high excellence of the great works of art. Under this feeling of depression he destroyed many of his works, in spite of the encouragement of his friends, who saw in him the promise of a great artist. He continued his labors, and modeled various works of Greek subjects, but with no profitable result of increasing his means of support. The turning-point of his fortunes was, however, at hand.

Among the works he had contemplated was the model of a statue of Jason of heroic size, naked, and bearing on his arm the golden fleece; a figure exhibiting an intimate acquaintance with the human form, simple in treatment, and of a fine style of art. Thomas Hope, Esq., the well-known banker of London, happened to visit the studio of the young Dane. He was struck with the noble character of the Jason, recognized at once the ability of the sculptor, and commissioned Thorwaldsen to execute it for him in marble. This timely assistance gave a fresh impulse to the exertions of our artist. The opportunity he had so ardently desired and so long waited for was now afforded him, and from this beginning may be traced an unceasing flow of employment and success. For the remainder of his career, till his death in 1844, he was constantly engaged in the active exercise of his art. He now determined to fix his permanent residence at Rome.

It would not be possible in our limited space to describe particularly all the works deserving of notice of this indefatigable artist. Of his numerous statues of Greek subjects, as Mars, Mercury, Ganymede, the Graces, Venus, Hebe, Psyche, and others of the pseudo-classical school, it is not necessary to say more than that they bear the stamp of the master hand, and admirably imitate the idealized character of the best ancient examples. His statuary of Mercury watching Argus, may be selected as one of the happiest illustrations of Greek poetry in this imitated style of sculpture. Another of his fine productions, representing, in a series of *relievi*, the triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon, is a noble work, sufficient of itself to establish the fame of its author. It was originally designed, by command of Napoleon I., to decorate a part of the Quirinal Palace at Rome. Afterward it was executed in marble for Count Somariva, for his villa at Como. It is now in the Palace of Christianburg at Copenhagen.

The real genius and individual feeling of Thorwaldsen are more truly and more

favorably shown in those works which illustrate religious and similar subjects. His colossal statue of Christ, executed for a church in Copenhagen, is of this class, and stands preëminent among modern works in sculpture; for sentiment, as well as other art qualities, it may fearlessly compete with any ancient work. The Saviour is represented as standing, with both arms extended and but slightly advanced. The hands are open, as if inviting approach. The action is simple and dignified, and the expression at once noble and tender. The forms are of the purest type of beauty; and the large mantle, which constitutes the drapery, is boldly and skillfully arranged, leaving the arms and feet exposed. Statues of the Twelve Apostles, for the same church, are equally admirable specimens of this sculptor's deep feeling and judicious treatment, when engaged on works of this class.

Among the more important portrait works executed by this artist, may be mentioned two equestrian statues of Maximilian Frederick of Bavaria, and Poniatowski; also a fine seated figure of Galileo, and another of Byron, now at Cambridge. A work of Thorwaldsen, well known to travelers, is a colossal lion erected near Lucerne, which commemorates the gallant Swiss guards, who fell in defending the Tuileries on the tenth August, 1792. The *bassi-relievi* by Thorwaldsen, representing Day and Night, are amongst his best known smaller works.

Canova, the great Italian sculptor, was in the height of his fame when Thorwaldsen began to attract the attention of judges of art; and it may be truly said that the latter was the first and only competitor, who proved himself worthy to dispute the well-earned preëminence of his distinguished fellow-laborer in the art.

Thorwaldsen died at Copenhagen on

the 25th of March, 1844. He attended the theater, as was his custom, in the evening of that day. Before the performance commenced, he fell back in his chair in a fit of apoplexy, and although he was immediately conveyed home and received the most anxious attention, he expired without speaking.

Thorwaldsen received during his lifetime the most honorable testimonials of respect and admiration. Frederick of Denmark conferred on him letters of nobility, and he received decorations and orders of knighthood from various sovereigns of Europe. His obsequies were performed with great pomp in the Holm church. The King, in deep mourning, was present at the funeral, at which the Crown-Prince and other royal and distinguished personages also attended, walking as mourners. The Queen and Princesses also assisted at the ceremony, and the concourse of people, including the public bodies, municipal and academical, amounted to many thousands. An interesting part of the ceremony was the performance of the *requiem*, written by the sculptor's intimate and dear friend, Ehlenschläger.

Thorwaldsen was rather above the middle height. The outline of his face was rather square. His general expression was calm and thoughtful, and very pleasing. His eyes were light and penetrating; his mouth wide, and usually closely shut. He wore his hair, which had grown nearly white, in large masses divided over his fine broad forehead, and falling on each side, something like a lion's mane, nearly to his shoulders. It is interesting to gaze on his expressive face, as thus described and presented in the fine portrait which adorns this number of *THE ECLECTIC*, adding to the rich variety of portraits which have appeared in this work.

THE HISTORY OF THE EARTH AND OF ITS INHABITANTS.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL HAUGHTON, F.R.S.,

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A HISTORY of a people would be considered very imperfect which did not also give some account of the country inhabited by that people, and it would be regarded as somewhat unnatural to separate the actions, the wars, and the polity of any great nation from their due alliance with the climate, the productions, and the natural resources of the land they lived in.

In like manner a mere geological sketch of the successive inhabitants of the globe we live on must be meager and unsatisfactory if unaccompanied with an astronomical account of the planet which constitutes the arena on which these successive races of inhabitants have lived and died. A short time ago an essay on the history of the inhabitants of the earth would have led one to presuppose an essay on history, properly so called; but every person is familiar with the fact, that in the history of the earth and its inhabitants we now include within our view a much larger range of animals and objects of interest than merely our fellow-men. We are bound, in fact, to consider not only our fellow-men, our brothers and sisters in creation, but also what have been described as "our humbler fellows." I am not sure that I regard these humbler fellows with as great a degree of reverence and superstitious awe as some of our modern writers, but I am prepared to regard them with interest and even affection, as I believe them to be, like ourselves, wonderful and remarkable examples of the almighty power of God, who has placed them in this world to enjoy with us the benefits and blessings with which he surrounds us all.

The first attempt to give an account of the history of the globe on which we live was made by one of the greatest men that ever lived upon that globe, Sir Isaac Newton. In speculating in his *Principia* on the shape of the planet Jupiter, and in comparing it with our own planet, he arrives at the conclusion that these planets may have been originally in a state

of liquid fusion, and that they owe their present shapes to their rotation around their axes. The idea thus thrown out by Newton was taken up afterward by the celebrated Clairaut, and, in later times, formed the basis of a most remarkable passage in the writings of Laplace. This great man threw out the idea that the planets and the satellites that surround them were originally not only fluid but might even have been gaseous, and that a single origin must be sought for all the planets that encircle our sun. The speculation to which I allude does not occupy more than a few lines of one of the many volumes written by Laplace—he notices the subject and dismisses it in the same cursory manner in which he introduces it. Now, it is a curious fact, that since his time many books and treatises have been written on this subject at great expenditure of pen and ink, though without much addition to our knowledge. It is the privilege of genius like that with which Laplace was endowed to throw out words and hints that shall constitute a sort of center or rallying-point around which hundreds and thousands of second and third-rate men will cluster and attempt to gain for themselves notoriety by repeating, like a cuckoo-cry, the doctrine their great master had first uttered; but if we examine the nebular hypothesis minutely we shall find that not one iota has been added to Laplace's speculation. His hypothesis is expressed in very few words: he finds the sun in the center of a system revolving in a direction from right to left, the planets, one after the other, around the sun, revolving in the same direction with the sun, from right to left, revolving nearly in circles and in orbits which are almost all in the same plane. He finds each planet revolving on its axis in the same direction as the sun, and their satellites revolving, like themselves, in circular orbits, with small inclinations. No person acquainted with the meaning of these facts can hesitate to believe that they point to a common origin for the sun,

planets, satellites, and the various bodies that surround that sun—with the exception of comets, which do not come within this class. This brilliant idea, first thrown out by a man of genius, has never been added to, for I believe that all subsequent attempts to add to that first great and brilliant idea of Laplace have been successive failures. The illustrious Comte, in a portion of his work on *Positive Philosophy*, and afterward in a paper which he read (never printed) before the Academy attempted to demonstrate the mathematical necessity of the nebular hypothesis. The result, as is now well known, was to show that if Comte was not more exact as a metaphysician than he was as a mathematician, it would have been better for him not to have published his book at all. His mathematical demonstration was a complete delusion. He re-discovered the third law of Kepler, a law that was well known to every mathematician in Europe hundred of years before Comte was born. In later times attempts have been made by mathematicians much more trustworthy to contribute information additional to that first afforded by Laplace. The University of Cambridge, which, I believe, even now produces some of the best and greatest analysts in Europe, (I will not except in this statement even the University of Dublin, which, I believe, in its elegant and more beautiful geometry surpasses Cambridge, while it yields to her in analysis,) has for many years past produced a number of treatises on this subject written with more or less ability, all of them aiming to add something to the words of Laplace, but they have added nothing whatever to our real knowledge. Whether it is that the custom prevails in that University, so familiar to lawyers, of quoting a precedent or saying found in a book and then believing it to be true, I can not say, but certainly this does prevail in Cambridge—the mathematicians of that University too often take hypotheses in this subject for granted, as if they were laws of nature.

So much has this custom prevailed in our sister University, that our critics complain, that at a recent examination, the existence of matter was ignored altogether. I mention these researches of Mr. Hopkins and of Archdeacon Pratt, for the purpose of expressing my belief, that when examined by the test of time, and by the careful consideration of competent

mathematicians, however valuable they may be as mathematical exertations, they will be found, in no respect, to have added to the real knowledge possessed, when Laplace invented the nebular hypothesis. This remarkable speculation of Laplace, to which he himself appears not to have attached a due importance and weight, has led to a universal conviction among scientific thinkers, that we must look for the origin of the sun, planets, and satellites, to some unique physical cause, such as he has assigned; we are, therefore, forced to go back to a time, beyond any thing that geologists can tell us of. And astronomers may claim their right to say to the geologists, your epochs are highly respectable, but they are mere "modern instances," compared with our "ancient saws." They may say that they know the history of the world before geologists can trace it, or before they can find in its crust a single record of the past.

The history of our globe may be divided into three periods—the astronomical, the geological, and the historical periods.

Of the first period, I believe that Laplace has already written all that we shall ever know; its scale of time depends on the conditions of the cooling and consolidation of planetary nebulae, with respect to which we must be content to remain in perpetual ignorance; its phenomena are beyond the boundaries of positive science and of real knowledge; it resembles the epoch of myth and fable which, necessarily, it as would seem, must precede the advent of true history and knowledge.

With respect to the third, or historical epoch, we all know what it means; its periods are measured by days, and months, and years, and though its records are sometimes wanting, yet if found, there would be no difference of opinion as to the standard of time with which we ought to compare them.

But what shall we say of the measure of time involved in the second or geological period of the Earth's History? It is a history in which the order and succession of events is recorded, but the standard of time is lost; for no one knows what interval of time is involved in the "duration of a species," or the "deposition of a mile of sediment." On this question geologists divide themselves naturally into two schools, namely: Those who adopt,

as the unit of time, the existence of a species, and those who prefer, as the measure of that unit, the deposition of a given quantity of mud.

In the opinion of the latter, the former class of geologists have greatly exaggerated the duration of the Secondary and Tertiary periods, in consequence of the more rapid change in organic life, which has characterized these latter periods as compared with the Palæozoic epochs. Let any one consider, for a moment, the analogous case of history. Let him compare the Empire of China with the Republic of Greece. From the time that the three hundred Spartans, under Leonidas, fought at Thermopylæ, to defend their country against the innumerable hosts of the Persians, to the time when Demosthenes uttered his Philippics, a period of somewhat less than three hundred years elapsed. Let any man having a heart to feel, who can understand history, and poetry, and the ideas which great men are capable of giving to their descendants, compare these three hundred years of Greece's history, with the three thousand years by which the great Empires of Japan and Cathay reckon their ages, and let him say to which would he give the greater importance. The answer would be obvious. In like manner, I believe, the greater interest that these recent deposits possess induces us to regard them in such a way as to lead us to magnify their importance, and to transfer to them a dignity which can not spring from the length of time to which they can lay claim. I do not mean to say that a mile of mud and a mile of limestone represent the same period of time; but that a mile of limestone in the older world represents the same period—as far as we can judge—as a mile of limestone does in the later periods of the world; and when we find in the older periods five species per mile of limestone, and in the later ages fifty, we are not therefore to conclude that the period of the one is not of equal duration with that of the other. The most recent information we possess on the subject leads me to the conclusion that the following scale represents the thickness, and, as I believe, consequently, the duration of the four great periods into which the strata of the globe may be divided:

Geographical Miles.

I. The Azoic Strata.....	4-333
II. The Lower Palæozoic.....	5-082
III. The Upper Palæozoic.....	4-458
IV. Secondary and Tertiary.....	4-512

18-385

During the periods represented by these eighteen miles of strata, the creative force that produced species of animals was very variously exercised.

From this representation it is evident that the crustaceans were produced most rapidly at the close of the Lower Palæozoic period; that the reptiles reached their maximum of development at the beginning of the Neozoic period; that the fishes enjoyed two maxima of rapidity of production, one at the commencement of the Upper Palæozoic, and the other at the commencement of the Neozoic period; and that the mammals approached their greatest rate of production at the close of the Neozoic, and commencement of the Historical period, just previous to the creation of man.

These represent the zoölogical importance of the crustaceans, fishes, reptiles, and mammals at each period of the earth's history.

These four classes of animal life have never coëxisted in equal amount on the surface of our globe, but have reigned in succession, as the dominant races that ruled their fellows, both by force of numbers and by virtue of superior bulk and intelligence.

The crustaceans attained their maximum of development in the Lower Palæozoic period, attaining a proportion of twenty-four per cent, or nearly one fourth of the coëxisting species.

The fishes succeeded the crustaceans—not *gradatim*, but *per saltum*—and in the Upper Palæozoic period attained a proportion of twenty-four per cent of the coëxisting species.

A glance at the crustaceans and fishes is sufficient to show that the law prevailed in the history of the earth, that a dethroned race never again acquired the ascendancy it once had. The crustaceans and fishes both made an attempt to resume their former position at the commencement of the Neozoic period, but appear to have been rapidly extinguished

by the dominant reptiles, who at that time rose to eminence, and reached the high proportion of twenty-four per cent of the coëxistent species.

The zoölogical importance of the reptiles rapidly declined, and they were succeeded in the government of the world by the mammals, which finally attained a preponderance of twenty-two per cent at the period immediately preceding the creation of man—the last, the most powerful, and the most cruel of the successive races that have governed the globe since it was first inhabited. It appears, therefore evident, that four successive races have lived and ruled upon this globe; that they have succeeded each other abruptly, and not by transition of one species into another; and that their power was partly due to numbers, and partly due to superior size and force.

Thus, four successive aristocracies lived and flourished on the surface of this globe before "God created man in his own image" to people it and to have dominion over all. It appears that these aristocrats, the crustaceans, fishes, reptiles, and mammals, each attained, in that order of succession, their maximum degree of development and importance. They lived, they flourished, they had their day; they declined again, and are past and gone as much from us as the dynasties of Assyria, Babylon, Greece, and Rome. Now will any man who reads the history of the human race tell us that Assyria produced Babylon; that Babylon produced Alexander; that Alexander made Cæsar? He would be regarded as a lunatic who would hold such a doctrine as this. And are we to believe that the crustaceans, fishes, reptiles, and mammals, because they have lived and tyrannized in succession on the earth, followed from each other by a law of descent? That the crustaceans produced the fishes; that the fishes gave birth to the reptiles; that the reptiles were developed into the mammals. No—the reptiles are not born of the fishes; the mammals are not sprung from the reptiles; and God forbid that man should be born of an ape. Base, degraded, and cruel as he is, he was once made in the "image of God," and carries with him in his degradation the ineffaceable lineaments of his parentage.

If the doctrine of the "pithecoïd origin of man" were true, we should expect to find the reign of the mammals culmi-

nating in man as their ultimate and highest development; but their rule is over and gone; for even adding man, who represents but a single species in number, they have fallen from twenty-two to five per cent of the coëxisting fossilizable species, and have lost their ascendancy as completely as the crustaceans, the fishes, and the reptiles, whom they have succeeded, but from whom they are not descended.

Who, then, and what, are we, who now govern the globe with a more absolute and monarchical sway than the other dynasties that have preceded us? We govern as the vicegerents of God, made in his image, and in no respect more so than in this: that we rule, not by dint of numbers, not by virtue of superior size or strength, but by the power of intelligence, which enables us, though only a single species, to subjugate the globe.

Thus, then, it happens, that although man, representing only a single species, could never appear as the monarch of the globe, yet his dominion will be proved to future geologists by another and equally certain test, namely, the universal distribution of his remains. Every land on the globe and the floor of every sea will contain the fossil traces of the last and greatest race that ruled our globe, by virtue of intelligence, and not of brute force, until the sound of the dread tramp shall call upon the sea and land to give up their dead, and the monarch created in the image of God shall be summoned to give account of the manner in which he discharged his appointed trust. In this rapid sketch of life upon our globe it is impossible to enter into details; but there are some points so striking in relation to the reign of the fishes and that of the mammals, that I shall briefly mention them.

Not only did the species of Fishes at their maximum attain from twenty to twenty-five per cent of the coëxistent fossils, but at their maximum of numbers they possessed the maximum of organization and of force. The Placoid and Ganoid fishes, now scarce among us, and represented by the Shark and Sturgeon as their largest types, constituted in the newer Paleozoic period the whole of the dominant race of fishes. The inferior orders of fishes, now so familiar to us, did not come into existence until the rulers of their race had lost their sovereignty, and

resigned the government of the world into the hands of more powerful and more intelligent successors.

No doubt whatever can exist as to the superiority of the Placoids and Ganoids, as evidenced by their occasional ovo-viviparous reproduction; by their reptilian heterocercal tails, and by the splendid armor of enameled bone in which the Ganoids were cased. Clad in this defensive armor from snout to tail, these mailed monarchs swam at large through the Palæozoic seas, tyrannized over the inferior orders of creation, and asserted for themselves the prerogative of governing the world. One great peculiarity of these fishes is the remarkable position of the eye. When you catch a mackerel, herring, or salmon, you will find, upon taking it from the water, that its mild, round eyes look at you with reproach, and seem to say: "Why have you taken me? What have I done? What mischief have I committed?" If you draw a dog-fish from the water, you will find a totally different meaning in his lurid, pale-blue eyes, which are placed in a sinister position, with an ugly and dangerous expression, at the angle of the mouth, as if so placed, to enable him to judge the flavor of a portion of your flesh. Such was the ugly but unmistakably kingly mark of these great monarch fishes.

Not only is the degradation of the fishes proved by the high organization they possessed when they ruled the world; but it is confirmed by the special creation of the Pleuronectoids (or flat fishes) immediately previous to the creation of man. This is a fact with which most educated persons are familiar, but which, in relation to the history of life, can not be too frequently insisted upon.

Let us examine this sole, condemned to swim upon its side, and to prevent its realizing in this position the Irish definition of a squint, "one eye skimming the pot and the other eye up the chimney," it has been made to undergo a curvature of its spine and a corresponding distortion of the face, so as to bring both eyes to the left or uppermost side to protect him from the numerous enemies surrounding him. No person examining the structure of this sole, and observing its crooked spine and distorted eyes, can regard it as any thing but a testimony from nature; or rather, I should say, from the God of nature, to the

fact, that he fashions these creatures according to his will, and endows them with faculties—some higher, some lower; but all according to his good pleasure, and that the arbitrary character of will is not to be taken from him as one of his prerogatives. It was no blind freak of nature that produced, in the first instance, the greatest fishes, and afterward allowed them to deteriorate, as if their Creator had made them and afterward forgot them. I can not believe the cold philosophy that would ascribe this to chance. I believe that he who made them knew what he was about; that he created them for the purpose of illustrating to us, his thinking creatures, the inexhaustible resources of his intelligence, the Almighty power of his will.

If the deterioration of the fishes, from the time that they governed the world, to the present day, is remarkable, that of the Mammals is scarcely less so, and it appears to have taken place in a much shorter space of time.

In proof of this deterioration, I need only appeal to the diminutive Sloth of South-America, the representative of the gigantic Mylodon, measuring upward of eleven feet in length, which sought and found its leafy food, not like its dwarfed successor, by climbing, but by uprooting trees—and even this gigantesque sloth sinks into insignificance in presence of his cotemporary, the Megatherium, measuring upward of eighteen feet in length, and provided with a muscular cylindrical tongue, capable of licking the branches off the largest trees.

In like manner the little *Armadillo* of South-America, was represented during the reign of the Mammals, by the gigantic *Glyptodon*, measuring nine feet in length; and the kangaroos of Australia are the degenerate successors of the great Diprotodon, a specimen of the lower jaw of which, lately brought to Dublin by Captain Vigors, belonged to an animal that must have weighed between fifteen hundred pounds and sixteen hundred pounds. Numerous other examples of deterioration in size, ferocity, and numbers, will occur to the geological reader—such as the elephants, rhinoceroses, mastodons, and bears of Europe and America, whose extinction, as is proved by recently discovered remains of man in France and England, was hastened, if not altogether occasioned by the

arrival on the globe of the last and only monarch who was to govern, like his Maker, by intelligence, and not by force.

It has often struck thoughtful men, among the ancients, why that wonderful faculty of intelligence, which enables us to rule the largest brutes—the elephant, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros of the globe—why that faculty should not reside in the larger animals, but in an unarmed and apparently helpless creature: it is to show us that the faculties and powers which the Creator gives, are not to be measured by size; that those things which appear of little value, such as modesty, humility, gentleness, and intelligence, are, in the sight of Him who knows all things, of greater worth than the more sensible, more brilliant, and more powerful attributes of larger though less gifted creatures. This same lesson is written in the reign of the Mammals, those monarchs that lived before us, and which are now gone and past. It may be a matter of dispute when their reign began, and when it ended; however, it is clear that, sooner or later, Man has superseded them, and it appears to me equally clear that he has dethroned them, because he is not of them, nor descended from them. The Mammals do not culminate in man, for their zoölogical supremacy is gone. Let not any socialist presume to tell us, that when Hanno's sailors slew with their bows and arrows, and afterward skinned, the horrible gorillas of the West Coast of Africa, that they mistook them for men, and were guilty of murder—they were no such fools—and it has been reserved for our modern naturalists to regard those ugly brutes as their ancestors. I admit that the gorilla is a larger, stronger, and more ferocious brute than I am, but "give me a little time," as Bishop Butler says, give me time to combine with a few unarmed, ignorant creatures like myself, and I will destroy fifty millions of these brutes. All we require is time; therefore, mere size, mere force, can not govern the world which is now ruled by a creature "made

in the image of God," who has dethroned those monarchs, and in all probability banished many of them from the globe; whose reign will be as permanent as the Creator's will who produced him.

In the controversy, as to the origin of the human race, that now occupies the naturalist's spare moments, the combatants naturally take one side or the other, according as their sympathies are with reason, intelligence, and thought; or with the objects of sense and nature that surround us—and it would seem that the more important question of the future of the human race is involved in this dispute. If this be so, the question is decided easily and finally against the "pithecoïd origin of man," in the mind of every Christian philosopher.

It would indeed appear to be the height of folly and of bad logic, to claim for man a miraculous future, such as the resurrection of his race would be; and, at the same time, to assign him a natural origin, by descent from the humbler races that have ruled the globe before him.

Let those whose minds have been dwarfed by the exclusive study of some minute branch of the great tree of knowledge, defend such paradoxes—we prefer to cast in our lot and faith with the great Hebrew warrior-king, whose theory of the origin of man, suggested by the study of the phenomena of nature, is contained in the words which will last while the world itself endures:

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor; thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea."

O Lord! Our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the world.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

THE Black Country, as it is picturesquely and not inaptly termed, is a sight well worth seeing. Black and grimy though it be, cheerless and unlovely as it looks, it contains within it more elements of material prosperity, a greater amount of mineral wealth, and a more densely populated area than any other equally sized tract of country on the face of the globe. Its entire length, from north to south, is a little more than twenty miles, extending from Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, over Cannock Chase, to Beverton, near Badgley, and its breadth is about ten, Walsall and Wolverhampton being its opposite boundaries. In the daylight it is a region of illimitable chimney-shafts and innumerable furnaces, of miles upon miles of dull, dead brick walls, broken by doors and windows, in which the miners have their dwellings, and where they rear, after their own fashion, their generally large broods of young. Here and there are sparsely scattered better houses, the residences of the masters and factors, but the bettering consists usually in the size of the building and its small plot of brownish-green lawn, and not in any exhibiting of architectural ornamentations or refined taste. Over all these sixty square miles of superficies is spread an amazing net-work of canals and railways, all swarming with motion, all instinct with life. Every factory is connected with some main line of locomotives by its little branch and siding, and every mine has either the same or its miniature wharf, at which the long narrow barges lie and load. Notwithstanding the enormous population you know to be at work, there is a strange absence of noise, and bustle, and motion. Here and there you hear the dull, resonant "thud" of the ponderous hammer, the scream of the escaping steam, or the sullen, continuous rumble of the huge three-horse wagon, as it rolls cumbrously over the hard road; but there is none of that torrent-like roar of restless, unrestrainable life; that whirl and clash and comminglement of human

beings that you find in the great thoroughfares of London, or a large manufacturing city. The people are under ground, moiling and toiling, digging and delving, blasting and excavating. There they all are, fathoms deep from the sun's light and the glad air of heaven, and not a sound ever struggles up to earth to betray their whereabouts.

At night the scene is changed. So soon as the shades of evening drop darkling down, the country becomes a conflagration. As far as the eye can reach, volumes of lurid flames, issuing from a thousand furnaces, shoot up the empyrean. Long lambent tongues of fire strike their pointed tongues into the night, and transform it into a monster. For twenty miles round the horizon glows with fervent heat; the stars wax pale and lustreless, and even the silver moon is shorn of half her beauty. Earth becomes an inferno, stricken with a terrible beauty—the firmament is a red-hot roof. The very soil is alight with innumerable fiery horrors, and its every acre sends up to heaven its separate tribute of lurid glory. A journey by night through this strange region is a spectacle that can never be forgotten. It is a type of the nether hell, and the end of the world seems at hand!

They are not a bad race, take them all in all, these miners. Rude and uninformed as they are, they are industrious and honest. Good fathers and husbands are they, after their own uncouth fashion, and very many of them "fear God," while a still larger number "honor the king." Saturday is, to a certain extent, a day of rest, and it is then that they throw aside the pick and shovel, and in the company of their wives, if they have them, betake themselves to the nearest town, to lay in their weekly stores, and enjoy their brief hour of relaxation. It is to this town we propose to transport our readers—the hour being eight o'clock, and the evening cold, but seasonable for the time of the year.

Our borough is situated in the very heart of the "Black Country." For miles on all sides the eye rests upon nothing but the picture we have endeavored to represent. A few green fields may be seen here and there, at long intervals, and now and again, on the summit of some rising ground, a little wood or a small clump of trees, but these are rare exceptions. The landscape by which we are surrounded is brick and mortar, with mounds of coal and mountains of "slag," chimneys and furnace-tops its forestry, and its canopy an ever unscrolled veil of leaden-colored smoke. The market-day here, in its early part, is much like other country towns in its aspect. There is a little more bustle in the street, a more perceptible animation in the shops, but nothing more. As the day declines, the market-place, which is an oblong square of considerable dimensions, begins to lose its normal character of dignified inaction, and to start into life and bustle. All round it, closely impinging upon the footways, are rising up long rows of stalls, of every size and dimension, while at right angles across its breadth other rows are being erected, with a rapidity the result of lengthened skill and experience in the architects. Each of these stalls is brilliantly lighted with gas, supplied by the local company. The entire square is permeated with special mains, and each stall being provided with one or two branch pipes, as the case may be, its proprietor screws it on to the opening in the main, and secures a brilliant illumination over his motley wares for the evening. It has now grown dark, and the square becomes peopled—nay, we should rather say choked up with a dense mass of human life. From all the neighboring villages come trooping in, on foot or by rail, droves of men and women, overflowing with pent-up spirits, and determined to "make a night of it." The uproar is deafening. The loud defiant shout of the venders, the shrill treble of the female bargainers, (in nine cases out of ten the wives carry the bag and make the purchases,) the clamorous appeal of the "touters," the prolonged bellow of the Cheap Jack, the wild yell of the peripatetic auctioneer, as he commends the unsurpassable cheapness and excellence of his wares, the hearty, outspoken recognition of mutual friends, and now and then a full-volumed war of words, (but never a fight,) all combine one grand over-pouring diapason that never ceases

for a moment, and to which "naught but itself can be its parallel."

Let us take a glimpse at these stalls—this multiform conglomerate of wood and canvas—this artificial city of evanescent commerce. The central stalls are the most pretentious. They are large and roomy, with four or more streaming gas lights, and, generally speaking, have several attendants at the well-filled counters, if we may so term them. The main street, so to speak, is the bazaar of the fish-dealers, and an extraordinary sight it is. As a rule the miners are fond of fish. In all inland places this is generally the case, but in the mining districts it is especially so, and as long as it can be procured, in season or out, fish forms the staple of many dinners. It is a fact, too, not less noticeable, that inland towns are, for the most part, better supplied in this article than seaports, Birmingham, for instance, having a much better selection than Brighton, and Cheltenham or Manchester than Hull or Plymouth. The reason is explicable enough. In our borough it is only the coarser fish that are to be met with. Turbot and salmon are things unknown, but in their stead plaice and cod, eels, sprats, and herrings abound in shoals. Plaice are the most plentiful, and are most affected. The price at the present season is one and a half pence per pound, and the quantity that changes hands is almost incredible. Cod, somewhat limp and sickly-looking after its long journey, is to be had for three pence; soles, very small, and by no means attractive, are four pence; sprats, of fairish quality, one pence; while herrings in multitudinous array are shouted out at "foive vor thrappence—twenty vor a shillin," and go off with astonishing rapidity. Hillocks of mussels and mountains of whelks are piled up to the extreme right and left of the fishy expanse, and excite juvenile longings to a frantic extent. Scores of coal-begrimed, smock-clad boys, who for five days out of the week never see the face of day, cluster eagerly round the latter dainty, and with sparkling eyes recklessly invest their hard-earned half-penny in a purchase, stentorously demanding a pin into the bargain, which useful implement indeed forms a part of the contract, and is instantly supplied from a well-filled paper by the vendor. To each stall is attached an operator, whose special vocation is curious. He is armed with a saber-shaped knife, about

two feet long, sharp in the edge and heavy in the back. So soon as a purchase, say of plaice, has been completed, it is handed over to him. Placing it on the board before him, he makes one keen deep incision above the gills, whips in his fingers, and extracts the entrails. With four rapid and unerring strokes he slices off the head, the fins, and the tail, crimps the fish deftly, from top to bottom, doubles it up neatly, and drops it gently into the expectant basket or handkerchief, in full preparedness for the culinary operation of the morrow. An unaffected fellow he is and takes no pride in his dexterity, though he evidently feels the importance of his mission, and is not to be laughed at with impunity.

Leaving the ichthyological department, we find ourselves at a step in another department, where pastry and confectionery pork pies and polonies, sugar, barley, and peppermint candy form the *summum bonum* of enjoyment. A very attractive collocation of saccharine comestibles is here displayed, and the consumption is enormous. Many of these combinations we have met with before, and appreciate their delectability to the full, while with a host of others we have never made acquaintance, and eschew them accordingly. They are odorous of hog's lard, and present anteriorly a sinister aspect; but they are cheap for the money, and their popularity is unquestionable. There be strong stomachs in these parts, and good digestion waits on appetite. Raw sausages are devoured as readily as fried, and "rendered" lard is not unfrequently gobbled up as a delicate tidbit. Passing beyond this savory scene, we find ourselves in the ruck of miscellaneous encampments. Here there is not a single conceivable thing that the working man requires in the way of food, clothing, or lodging, that is not ready to his hand. Stalls for hats, stalls for shoes and boots, for ready-made raiment, for brushes, combs, and such like gear, for beds and bedding, for hardware and ironmongery of every description, for all the innumerable mysteries of the feminine *toilette*, for bacon and cheese, butter and eggs, poultry dead and alive. Nothing is lacking. Each has its separate department, each its special locality, and each its crowd of shrewd and shrewish customers. Upon the bare pavement are strewn delf and crockery by the half-acre; cups and saucers, (the willow pattern pre-

dominating,) plates, bowls, jugs, and tea-pots—most of them of glaring and supernatural gorgeousness of coloring—are here in myriads which might baffle the science of arithmetic to enumerate; and the wonder is, as with the fly in amber, to discover "how they got there." A special goods train would seem inadequate for their conveyance; and we fear the number of killed and wounded in the transport, judging from the pile of breakages deposited out of pure bravado in the midst, is more than a full average. Here is an elderly costermonger, having before him a large barrow or hand-cart, in which reposes an immense lot of amorphous articles, which to the outward vision look not unlike thick pancakes, but from the sauce dealt out with them, vinegar and pepper, we have our doubts. It is, however, in extensive request by the youngsters, who are as greedily attracted by it as rats by rhodium, and its disappearance is astonishing. On propounding, rather nervously, a query to the benevolent custodian, we found the edible resolving itself into fried flat fish, exuberantly clothed in lard, and plentifully dusted with coarse flour. To us it did not seem to be a thing upon which a decently organized stomach would care to expend its capabilities; but the boys of our borough have no such scruples, and swallow their half-penny supper with an innocent unsuspicion, and a lively appreciation of the condimental vinegar and pepper, which spoke volumes for their faith in the salubrity of the morsel and the unsophisticated condition of their digestive organs. Not far from this fascinating barrow-knight, we light upon the universal quack doctor. His stall is decorated with bottles of all dimensions, some containing tape-worms of frightful longitude, "met with, gents, in the course of my practice," other holding suspicious-looking fluids of twenty different colors, some of them prettily enough tinted, others of so sanguinary an appearance, that even the pangs of gout would vanish at their presence, and the agonies of *tie douloureux* be clean forgotten. At intervals he regales his open-mouthed audience with a curt but sententious lecture, in which the consummate ignorance and crass stupidity of the licensed practitioner are vehemently denounced, and his own infallibility defiantly proclaimed. He has lots of customers, especially for pills, of which a good-sized bushel-measure stands

upon his board, and as he sells cheap, and hesitates at no lie to enhance the merits of his *nostrums*, his stock is speedily exhausted, while he chuckles in his sleeve at the gullibility of the simple Simons who do him reverence.

But it would be endless to particularize the amazing variety of commodities on show to-night. Mounds of burly potatoes, stacks of vegetables from pot-herbs to parsnips, literally litter the streets, while of oranges and apples their numbers are legion, and impel the conviction that the crops of Sicily, Malta, and Spain must have been prodigious. Garden-seeds, too, of all the commoner sorts, are here in profusion, and the collier and the miner with a poor little patch of ungrateful soil, have here full scope for the development of their amateur tastes. Peas with fifty high-sounding names allure him to purchase; and what between the merits of "Queen of England," "Marvelous," "Ne plus ultra," "Champion," and "Perfection," he ceases to have a choice of his own, and resigns himself in desperation to the dealer, who knows as little about them as himself. Onion seed is in large demand, as are lettuce and parsley; but beans are not much appreciated, neither are carrots nor parsnips. All, however, are more or less bought up, and the stall-keeper's sturdy little pony wends his homeward way lightened of the burden with which he plodded so wearily into market.

The evening is by this time far spent. Sight-seeing and bargain-making are well nigh at an end. Here and there already a stall is closed, and others are about to follow suit. It is high time to be making for home, and "Missis" has now to look for her "Maester," if she would reach her own ingle by midnight. But how is she to pick him up in such a wilderness of people? Never fear, good reader. She knows his favorite haunt, and darts upon her reluctant victim as unerringly as the hawk upon its prey. Our borough is infested with public-houses and beer-shops far more than are good for it in body or soul. To one of these, however, she repairs, and there she captures her man, and leads him triumphantly away, not, indeed, without remonstrance, though neither unkind nor prolonged. A creditable trait this, which it pleases us to record; for these places are very alluring to an over-worked man, and we should hardly wonder if the attempt to ferret him out

were angrily resisted. In these he meets friends and acquaintances, and there is set forth every appliance to gratify his senses and steep his faculties in forgetfulness. Each of these houses is flashingly decorated. Mirrors adorn the walls, and flash back the gleams of blazing gasaliers and gleaming crystal. Gilding and painting are lavishly displayed, and sensuous attractions reign supreme over all. In most of the better class—perhaps it might be said in all, without exception—music is provided as an unerring source of allurements, and it is somewhat remarkable that in very many cases, where love of drink or of good company assert no influence, the popular fondness for harmony presents an irresistible excuse for entrance. Some have a regular staff of male and female vocalists, many of whom would do no discredit to more ambitious localities; others trust to instrumental performances alone. In this one we find a fiddle and violoncello, in that a harp and piano; others sport "the musical glasses;" and in not a few are to be heard the euphonious strains of the Scottish bagpipe. The orchestra is mounted on a low platform in one corner of the room, and there they continue for hours together tickling the ears of the groundlings, while occasionally Jack or Bill, Joe or "Tammas," join in with a herculean bellow, and mark their appreciation by an uncouth jig or an elephantine caper. It is a sad pity to see so many of these strongholds of vice and waste in our borough. You meet them at every step, and it is mainly through them that the mining populations have acquired a character for drunken and unthrifty habits. Beer is the staple drink; but rum, gin, and whisky have many admirers, especially on cold or wet nights, when "maester" prescribes for himself two or three strong doses, just, as he says, "to warm un."

It is now verging upon twelve, and all parties set their faces homeward. Our "gudewife" has brought away her man, as have hundreds of others also, and every outlet of the town has its crowd of departing visitors. The broad road leading to the railway station is especially thronged, and the terminal approaches are well-nigh blocked up. Inside all is life and light. Station-masters, ticket-takers, and porters are on the alert. The engine puffs, and pants, and waxes impatient. All drop gradually into their seats, a shrill whistle, and the monster train glides

slowly from out the arched platform into the night, and is seen no more. The lights are put out, the weary officials lock up and proceed not reluctantly to their homes, and the station so lately instinct with life and bustle, is now as still and deserted as a city of the dead. The market-place, too, is voiceless and asleep. Profound darkness, only broken by the hazy glimmer of a gas-lamp, reigns around. The stalls are mostly taken down, and the motley contents removed, and there re-

mains for the solitary spectator only the hushed square, the fierce glow of the heavens overhead reflected from a thousand furnace-fires, and the memory of the busy scene so lately enacted before him. All else has vanished as a dream; but as he thoughtfully betakes him to his rest, he fails not to dwell upon the varied peculiarities and localized phases of habit and manners which go to illustrate "a Saturday night in the Black Country."

From Chambers's Journal.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

GLORIOUS summer weather has been favorable to floral exhibitions; and whatever there may be of art or of science in the culture of flowers, has had full exemplification, during the past few weeks in the Royal Gardens at Kew, the newly-opened Gardens of the Horticultural Society, and the Botanic Garden in the Regent's Park. Rhododendrons in full bloom under a tent are very beautiful; but some people prefer the display of magnificent foxgloves in Kensington Gardens. A curiosity of vegetation was shown at the closing meeting of the Linnean Society—tall tassels of silica growing from a lump of petrified sponge. The tassels are composed of slender thread-like stalks, springing from a sheath, beautifully transparent and so light, that they tremble like gossamer at the slightest movement. It is a remarkable instance, so to speak, of mineral vegetation.

The "Surrey side" of London is making a demonstration in favor of establishing a museum within its own limits, as a means of education for that division of the metropolis. Government is to be asked to give ten thousand pounds, and twice as much more is to be raised by contributions. We shall be glad to hear of the success of the project; but let us remind the promoters, that something more is needed besides a proper house, and a collection of noteworthy things, natural or artificial; which is such a spirit of manage-

ment as shall best accomplish the object in view—the diffusion of useful knowledge.

Now that Professor Max Müller's *Lectures* are published as a book, readers at a distance, who had not the privilege of hearing them delivered, will be able to acquaint themselves with the present condition of the science of language, and a highly interesting branch of study. Perusal of the *Lectures* will discover to many a significance and importance in words which they were never before aware of. A professorship of epigraphy and Roman antiquities has just been established at the College of France by command of the Emperor. It is only of late years that the study of inscriptions has become a real science; and if as a science it can be turned to the advancement of knowledge, then the new professor may do some good. The study has now its principles, rules, and methods, as many published works sufficiently testify; among which, Dr. Bruce's volume on *The Roman Wall*, and the handsomely illustrated books on Roman camps and stations in Northumbria, brought out at the cost of the Duke of Northumberland, are especially remarkable. We know, moreover, what has been accomplished by Rawlinson and Layard, and by Dr. Hincks, of Dublin; and that the subject is not exhausted, is proved by the broad folio volume of cuneiform inscriptions just published by the Trustees

of the British Museum. The Academy of Berlin are publishing a collection of the inscriptions of the Roman empire, going back to the first years of Christianity.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich have lately put forth a series of works on the earliest discovery of America, printed from heretofore unnoticed originals, and accompanied by large maps, which curiously exemplify the geographical knowledge of the time in question. And there has been printed in New-York a translation of a rare and remarkable tract, which first appeared in 1494 or 1495, written by Nicolo Scillacio, a Messinese, on the second voyage of Columbus to America. Little by little our knowledge of that great discovery widens.

Captain Jervois, commandant of the military convalescent establishment at Yarmouth, has delivered a lecture at the United Service Institution, on Recreations as a means of health for the army, showing the deterioration, bodily and mental, brought on by want of sufficient occupation, and the benefits arising from rational means of recreation. He advocates the introduction of recreation-rooms in all barracks, hospitals, and camps, with dominoes, draughts, chess, billiards, and other games, excepting cards, and in these rooms he would allow the men to smoke and have tea and coffee. At Hong-kong in 1851, and at Yarmouth in later years, he has found the most favorable results follow from offering to the men a resource which many were prepared to accept at once, and which many others preferred, after a little experience, to their usual dissipations. He would have recreation-marquees for troops in camp at home, or abroad on active service; and argues that though the marquees would be an additional burden, there would be a counterbalancing diminution of hospital baggage. The Captain shows, moreover, that it is bad economy to aim at producing cheap soldiers, inasmuch as, like other cheap things, they soon become unserviceable.

Another lecture, *On an Improved System of Ship-building*, delivered by Mr. G. R. Tovell, at the same institution, will commend itself to merchants and persons interested in navigation, for it shows that speed and capacity for stowage are possible, and have been accomplished. Accepting Mr. Scott Russell's proposition, that "a good ship should have the easiest form to go ahead, and the most difficult

to get to leeward," Mr. Tovell takes the salmon's head and shoulders as the model for the "fore-body" of his ship, and the hinder part of the swan for the "after-body;" and it is found in practice, that while the circular form gives great strength—there being little or none of that creaking noise usual in ships—a vessel built on the improved system will behave better in a gale of wind, and sail faster in any weather, than a vessel built on the ordinary system. When deeply laden, the improved vessels sail better than when light, for the reason that they are then longer at the water-line, and that below the water-line, no portion of the timbers is straight. Straightness in the sides of a ship, says Mr. Tovell, "is a hindrance to speed." Moreover, besides first-rate sailing qualities, and ability for scudding or lying-to, and other operations appreciated by mariners, the improved vessels cost less than others to build, because "they require less curb in their timber, less labor to bend the planks into shape, and no steam for the bending." The captain of the *Laughing Waters*, a swift ship, reports: "I can, now I am used to her, make her do any thing but speak."

Dr. Frankland has been investigating the effects of atmospheric pressure on flame, carrying out a course of experiments which may be said to have been begun on the top of Mont Blanc in 1859, by observing that a candle burnt at that elevation consumed less of its substance, and was less luminous than when burnt at Chamonix. In his trials with coal-gas, he finds that a quantity of gas which gives a light equal to that of one hundred candles when the barometer marks thirty-one degrees, yields the light of eighty-four candles only when the barometer falls to twenty-eight degrees. Hence we see that ordinary atmospheric fluctuations have a noticeable effect on illumination; and, in so far as experiments have been carried with a higher pressure than that of the atmosphere, it appears that the same law prevails.

Certain medical men of Manchester have been studying the effect of atmospheric changes in another way—namely, the influence of the changes on disease—and they find a marked relation between the fluctuations of health in that great town, and the rise and fall of the barometer, and increase or decrease of humidity.

Fevers, and especially scarlatina, are most likely to prevail when the atmosphere is damp; represent diarrhoea by a curved line, and it immediately begins to ascend as the thermometer rises above sixty degrees, mounting rapidly with increase of heat, and immediately sinking as the temperature falls below sixty degrees. The reverse is shown in diseases of the lungs and throat; in these cases, the curve rises as the temperature falls. Thus far, the inquiry only confirms popular theory on the subject; but there is no doubt that if all the meteorological elements were embraced, and the inquiry carried on over large districts simultaneously by competent observers, who would compare the state of public health with the prevalent winds, the electricity of the atmosphere, and its chemical condition, and with the rain and amount of moisture generally; if this were done, results of importance to sanitary science would not fail to be arrived at. Those readers who wish for more information on this subject, may find it in a paper by Messrs. Ransome and Vernon, published in the *Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester*.

At the last meeting of the Geological Society, a paper was read by the Rev. R. Everest, "On the Lines of Deepest Water around the British Isles," in which, by tracing the several lines of soundings, he shows that the isles constitute an unequal-sided hexagonal figure, while the lines round Ireland represent a pentagonal figure; and so on, giving other examples from smaller isles. He finds, moreover, some relation between these lines and present geological phenomena, such as dip and other characteristics of strata; and is of opinion that shrinkage is the cause of the special features in question. In England, as also in some continental countries, there are appearances as of "huge polygons broken up into small ones, as if the surface of the earth had once formed part of a basaltic causeway." At the same meeting an account was given of the recent outburst of a volcano near Edd, on the African coast of the Red Sea; and a notice of that terrible earthquake at Mendoza, where eighty-five shocks occurred in ten days, and more than ten thousand persons perished. The effect was felt in the Upsallata Pass of the Cordilleras, for at that elevation travelers met a shower of ashes, and found the way obstructed

by rocks and newly-opened chasms. And at Buenos Ayres, nine hundred and sixty-nine miles from Mendoza, it was observed that the pendulums which were swinging north and south were accelerated, while those swinging east and west were not affected.

The Astronomer-Royal's Report to the Board of Visitors shows that astronomy suffers as well as corn and fruit in unfavorable weather. A plan had been formed for a series of observations of Mars, with a view to the accurate determination of his parallax; but "the weather was unusually bad" in 1860, and the observations could not be made. However, as the Report testifies, good work in abundance was accomplished: "the quasi-permanent existence of a belt inclined to the ordinary belts" was noted on Jupiter; Saturn presented at times "the square-shouldered figure which Sir W. Herschel long ago attributed to him;" time-signals have been, and are sent to many parts of England; the post-office clocks are regulated from the clock at Greenwich; the time-ball at Deal has been regularly dropped by signal from the Observatory; and Mr. Airy constantly bears in mind the desirability of exhibiting daily time-signals at Portsmouth and Plymouth, and hourly time signals at Start Point. These would manifestly be of great use in nautical astronomy. The Ordnance Survey, in which the junction between England and Belgium is to be repeated, has been commenced under direction of Sir Henry James, and after that is complete, steps will be taken to determine the galvanic latitude of Valentia or Lowestoft.

The astronomical world was gratified on the last day of June with the sudden appearance of a comet; generally allowed to be larger than that of 1858, and which, it is believed, would have made a finer show than any in the present century but for the twilight lingering in the midnight summer sky. This bright stranger was observed by Mr. Burder of Clifton on the morning of Sunday, June thirtieth, in the constellation of Auriga, from which it receded in the course of two nights to the muzzle of the Great Bear. It had passed the perihelion on the tenth of June at the distance of seventy-six million of miles from the sun, and in its recession on the twenty-eighth, it had come within thirteen million miles of the earth. The nucleus is described as having had three luminous

envelopes. One observer has announced the probability, that on the thirtieth we were within the luminosity of the comet. At one time, the tail extended over seventy-six degrees of the northern sky. A French astronomer believes that this is the celebrated *Comet of Charles V.*, which appeared in March, 1556, and caused the retirement of that monarch, and the return of which has for the last few years been looked for; but Mr. Hind, whose opinion in such a matter is entitled to the highest respect, affirms it for certain not to be that comet.

It has been ascertained, from many years' observation, that the wind makes a number of revolutions all round the compass in the course of a year, turning usually in the direction of the hands of a watch—that is, from N. to E.S.W., and round to N.; but last year the direction was retrograde, or in the contrary direction—N.W.S.E., and N. Two entire revolutions were made in this direction, and the phenomenon having attracted at-

tention, the observations of past years were examined, and the remarkable fact was ascertained, that there appears to be a seven-yearly cycle in the course of the wind. In 1853, the wind made rather less than two rotations in the retrograde direction; in all the other years, the opposite direction has prevailed. But taking any period of seven years, we find it commencing with a small number of revolutions, then increasing to a maximum, twenty-one times, twenty-three or twenty-four times round the compass, then sinking to a minimum, and rising once more in the following period. On this remarkable fact Mr. Airy observes, supposing always that the septennial cycle be confirmed: "I should suggest, as possible cause, no cycle of actions of external bodies, but a periodical throb of temperature from the interior of the earth. It seems likely that a very small change of superficial temperature might sufficiently influence the currents of air to produce the effect which has been observed."

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE SEA. (LA MER.) From the French of M. J. MICHELET, of the Faculty of Letters, author of a *History of France, Love, Woman, The Child*, etc. Translated from the latest Paris edition. Pages 405. New-York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street. 1861.

THIS is a very interesting and instructive book, "another of Michelet's dreamy volumes," as the *Athenæum* says, "half-science, half-fancy, with a blending in both of sensuous suggestion. Michelet takes the seas of the world in his hands, manipulates them, invokes their monsters, assembles all their finny droves, gossips with the sirens, sails among the Hyperborean waters with Behemoth, and is on intimate terms with Tennyson's little Shell-King, who lives in a palace with doors of diamond, and wears a rainbow frill, for the admiration of the nations that dwell in his dim, sunken wilderness."

"He discourses upon maritime terrors and beauties, and tells the reader, as a sublime Peter Parley might, that the salt of all the seas, if piled upon America, would spread over the continent a solid, cliff-edged mass, forty-five hundred feet high. There are chapters on sands, cliffs and beaches; on waves; on the anatomy of the sea itself, which resembles 'a gigantic animal arrested in the earliest

stages of its organization;' on tempests; on the sympathy between air and water; on the fecundity of the sea, which, were it not self-devouring, would putrefy, according to Michelet, into one solid mass of herring; on fish of every species, and especially on pearls. The Queens of the East, he says, dislike the gleams of the diamond. They will allow nothing to touch their skins except pearls. A necklace and two bracelets of pearls constitute the perfection of ornament. The pearls silently say to the women: 'Love us! hush!' In the North, two dainty countesses love their pearls, wearing them beneath their clothes by night and by day, concealing them, caressing them, only now and then exposing them." The book is pleasant reading.

PHILIP THAXTER: A NOVEL. Pages 350. New-York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street. 1861.

THIS volume comprises forty-two chapters, and the captions of the chapters are nearly all sufficiently marked and definite to constitute the title of a book itself. The scenes are varied in the current incidents of life and the personages or actors on the different panoramas quite numerous enough to keep the mind and attention awake, as the curtains rise and fall.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD: A Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By the author of 'School-Days at Rugby,' etc. Part Second. Pages 430. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

THE literary and reading public will only need to be informed of the title of this book and its author, and that Ticknor & Fields are its publishers. As all of the published books of this house are of a high order and value, we have come to the impression that it is enough to inform the reading public that a certain book has been issued by them, in order to secure a gratifying patronage.

OFFICIAL CELIBACY AT CAMBRIDGE.—While Belgravian matrons are pouring forth their laments in the columns of the *Times*, that eligible suitors do not offer themselves in greater numbers for their daughters, it may be some consolation to match-makers, whether dowager or not, to learn that the course of matrimony is progressing slowly but surely on the banks of the Cam. There are now not less than three colleges at Cambridge, where it has been decided by a majority of the fellows that any one of their number may marry on the condition of vacating his fellowship at the end of ten years from the time of his induction. This decision also, we believe, renders it imperative, at the three colleges in question, that every new-made fellow should vacate his fellowship, whether he marry or not, at the end of ten years. The names of the innovating colleges are Clare, Trinity Hall, and Queen's.—*The Critic*.

NANA SAHIB'S PERSONAL PROPERTY.—The Sub-Treasurer of Fort-William lately inquired of the Government of India as to the future disposal of the jewels belonging to the arch-rebel Nana, which have been lying in his custody for some time past. The above-mentioned jewels consist of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls; gold and silver plate and utensils; dress pieces set with precious stones and pearls, and valued at immense sums of money. As the aforesaid articles have been lying in the Treasury godowns for a long time past, and some of them, such as the dress pieces, may probably be spoiled, early orders were required for their disposal. We do not find any record of the orders given.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN PARIS.—According to the recent Paris census, it appears there are rather more than twenty-three thousand photographers in this city. Some of our cotemporaries, in commenting on this, remark that one likeness-taker to every forty or fifty persons seems a large proportion, and shows that the people of Paris are particularly fond of seeing themselves reproduced upon canvas or paper. It does not follow, however, that the twenty-three thousand photographers are all and always engaged in likeness-taking: far from it: photography is there followed as a branch of fine art; and for many beautiful photographs and stereographs, having nothing to do with the likenesses of the Parisians, we are indebted to the Paris photographers.

A NATIONAL BOOK UNION.—The prospectus of a Book-Union has been issued, headed by known names, such as Layard, Massey, Kay Shuttleworth, W. H. Russell, Trollope, Lucas, Doran, Sala, and others, with Blanchard Jerrold as honorary secretary. The promoters anticipate that "the London Book Union will be to Literature that which the London Art Union has been to Art." The prizes will be books, instead of pictures. The first prize will be a

library of the value of three hundred guineas; the second a library of the value of one hundred guineas; and the rest libraries of smaller value. The books can be selected from any catalogues within reach. The large proportion of prizes will be five-guinea libraries. It is the declared object of the promoters to spread their libraries among the working-classes. They therefore intend to receive the subscriptions, of one guinea, in twenty-one shilling installments, payable within the year, at the subscriber's convenience. These installments may be remitted in stamps to the office in London, or paid through a local agent. Every subscriber will receive a copy of a new or standard work of the value of one guinea, and the work for 1862 will be an edition of *Shakespeare*. An act of Parliament is about to be applied for to legalize book-unions on the plan of art-union.—*London paper*.

WASTE LANDS IN BENGAL.—In this district nearly nine millions of acres have been surveyed and reported upon. Thousands of miles, besides, are unexplored. A late letter from Calcutta says: "In this vast extent of waste lands the Government possess a mine of gold. At present they bring in absolutely nothing to the Imperial treasury. The announcement of their sale in fee simple would not only result in a vast accession of ready money to the Government, but in the attraction to uncivilized and uninhabited tracts of those hardy settlers who belong to the same class as those who in all our colonies have acted as the pioneers of civilization. I believe that this matter of the sale of waste lands is now under the consideration of Government, and it is almost certain that the result of that consideration will be favorable. It will be one of the most acceptable measures ever held out to colonists, and it possesses at the same time the advantage of being alike politically and financially sound. This is one of the resources left to the Government of that country which seemed but the other day to be on the verge of bankruptcy."

CULTIVATION OF COTTON IN NATAL.—Experience has sufficiently proved that, with care, 600 pounds of cotton per acre may be obtained in Natal. Many estimates have been made at a much higher figure, but that may be assumed as a fair average. The plant, moreover, continues to bloom for a long succession of years. Sea Island appears to be the description best adapted to the coast, while inferior sorts are better fitted for the cultivation of natives. Coolies having been successfully introduced, the labor question has met with a solution; and if Manchester capitalists are disposed to assist Natal growers in any way, they can not do so more effectually than by importing a number of coolies and distributing them to men of small means on the coast or elsewhere, who will agree to certain terms regarding the repayment of expenses and the guaranteed supply of cotton. This would be a most certain and satisfactory method of insuring the extended growth of the plant. It would open up a remunerative avenue of enterprise to men of small means, who shrink from the costlier responsibilities of sugar-planting, and would render available much useless land.—*Cape and Natal News*.

MR. MILLAIS, the pre-Raphaelite master, has illustrated the collection of stories brought out by Miss Muloch a few years since under the title of *Nothing New*.

A TERRIBLE EXECUTION.—Five o'clock, the hour fixed for the execution of Biron, at length gloomily tolled—and as the last stroke of the great clock of the Bastille sounded, M. de Rumigny, M. de Vitry, Captain of the Royal Guards, and the Lieutenant of Montigny, Governor of Paris, followed by a company of soldiers, entered the chapel. "Monsieur," said one of these personages, "it is time now to descend with us, that you may ascend to God!" The Duke stepped forward with dignity and declared himself ready to follow them. He wore a suit of gray satin, a cloak of black velvet, and carried a hat adorned with white and black plumes. On the green before the Bastille a scaffold had been erected five feet high; it was undraped, and approached by rough steps. Around, troops were drawn up in close rank; while strong bodies of arquebusiers occupied the green under arms. The chapel-bells tolled mournfully; while many prisoners and officials watched the advance of the procession, shedding tears for the approaching miserable fate of so valiant and popular a nobleman. The Duke was received, close to the scaffold, by the provost of the high court, who was on horseback, bearing in his hand his wand. On the scaffold stood the executioner and his assistants, the notary of the high court, and the curé de St. Nicholas. As Biron gazed on these ghastly preparations his fortitude forsook him. He knelt, however, at the foot of the ladder, and thus received final absolution. On rising, the eyes of the unfortunate man wandered wildly round. "Oh!" exclaimed he, pointing to the companies of musketeers—"Oh! for a musket-bull through my body! Is there no mercy?"

He was then assisted to ascend the steps on to the scaffold. The warrant for execution was next produced and read by the notary, Voisin; the Marshal again fiercely denying that he had conspired against the life of the King. Biron then joined in prayer with the curé Magnan. A handkerchief being then given to him by the executioner, he bound it round his eyes and knelt. On hearing the swift step of the headsman behind him, the Marshal started from his kneeling attitude, and tearing the handkerchief from his eyes, exclaimed, "God! is there no pardon—no mercy?" and in his agony Biron commenced repeating rapidly to himself the word, "Minime! Minime!" which was supposed to refer to his confessor at Dijon, a monk of the order of Minimes; who told the Marshal that if Lafin revealed that which they had, with such awful oaths, sworn to keep secret, the fate of the former would be eternal perdition, and that of Biron salvation. Anxious to terminate so harrowing a spectacle, the authorities present conferred together, and calling the executioner, authorized him to bind the criminal, to cut the collar of his doublet, and to force him into the requisite posture to receive the stroke—the former being preliminaries usually adopted, but which in the case of the Marshal, had, at his own earnest prayer, been dispensed with. The face of Biron, however, glared with fury at the approach of the headsman and his assistants, for the terror and excitement of his position were evidently fast depriving him of his reason. "Ah! who dares approach me?" said he. "A finger shall not be laid upon my person! or I swear I will strangle every person present." After an interval of silence, the Marshal called M. Barenton, the officer to whom he had intrusted his message to Rosny, and with a face still vividly suffused, requested him to bind his eyes. Barenton complied; but the Duke again snatched

the handkerchief from his brow, exclaiming: "Heaven! let me gaze on the sky once more!" When the handkerchief was readjusted, Biron called impatiently to the headsman: "Haste! haste!" In a second the sword of the executioner was poised, and just as the unhappy Marshal was again rising, the blow fell, and the head rebounded from the scaffold and dropped into the midst of the horrified spectators. The body was immediately covered with a pall of black cloth: the same evening, at dusk-hour, it was placed in a leaden coffin, and at midnight interred in a vault constructed in the nave of the parish church of St. Paul.—*Miss Freer's Life of Henry IV.*

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.—Dr. Wallich, who accompanied the Bull Dog as naturalist in the recent survey of the North-Atlantic, for the proposed telegraph line, made a remarkable discovery. Nearly midway between the north of Ireland and Cape Farewell, soundings were obtained of twelve hundred and sixty fathoms. The sounding apparatus, which was of a very perfect description, brought to the surface a large mass of coarse muddy matter, no less than ninety-five per cent of which consisted of the shelly remains of Globigerina, a genus of Foraminifera—thus testifying that the ocean floor at that locality must be paved by countless millions of these animals, some of which were alive. But, more marvelous still, from this great depth, the sounding-line brought up starfish in full activity, radiant with beauty, which probably enjoyed life, though subjected to the enormous pressure of a ton and a half on the square inch. This most interesting discovery shows that no limit of life can be drawn in the sea. It has been found that the air on the summit of Etna, twelve thousand feet above the sea level, abounds with Diatomaceæ; and now the ocean, at a depth of upward of seven thousand feet, and about five hundred miles from Greenland, is found to teem with animals which have hitherto been supposed capable of living only in much shallower water.

A LONG-PROMISED WORK.—To the portion of Mr. Buckle's historical work already published are to succeed two more parts, devoted to the history of Germany and of the United States, and then the book itself, the subject of which is Civilization in England, is to be commenced; and we may probably see the first of it after a lapse of five years from the present time. It need not be said that, if the work itself bears any proportion to the introduction, it can be only under the advantage of an exceptional state of longevity that Mr. Buckle can hope to finish it.—*Manchester Review.*

THE Parthenon is to be restored! That venerable ruin which has for so many centuries mocked the petty triumphs of art from its rocky throne on the Acropolis, is to be remanded back to the age of Pericles—in France! The committee delegated to carry out this scheme is to consist of Prince Napoleon, the Duke of Luynes, the Count of Lobard and others. The modern Parthenon—like the ancient—will be built of pure marble.

A NEW historical work of considerable interest will shortly appear. It will be entitled *A Secret History of the Court of France under Louis XV.* The Editor, Dr. Challice, draws his materials from unpublished documents.